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THE CARTER INTERMEDIATE READERS

BOOK TWO

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A SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE PHILIPPINES

THE CARTER INTERMEDIATE READERS

BOOK TWO

BY

ANNA H. CARTER

TEACHER OF ENGLISH, MANILA HIGH SCHOOL
MANILA, P. I.

SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY
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PREFACE

THIS book, the second in the series of intermediate readers, has been constructed on the same ethical principles as its predecessor.

The central theme is labor, personal activity with its benefit to the individual and to the community. The theme is enlarged and enriched with anecdote, narrative, description, and poetry, giving the pupil the advantage of a great variety of material with unity of underlying purpose.

The subordinate theme portraying the humane treatment of domestic animals, is set forth in a number of incidents which show the usefulness and loyalty of these creatures to man, and their consequent right to proper care from him.

Without enjoyment and appreciation of the text, its ethical value is lost. In order that this pleasure in the reading may be present, the matter must be read with a reasonable degree of freedom from mechanical difficulties; hence, while the range and complexity of the thought has been increased, the aim has been to give the pupil an opportunity really to enjoy and appreciate the reading matter, rather than greatly to enlarge the difficulty of the sentence structure, or to increase the number of unfamiliar words.

ANNA H. CARTER.

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JOHN SCRATCHED HIS HEAD AND LOOKED DOUBTFUL

HIDDEN TREASURE

persevered	muttering	curiosity
nonsense	ungrateful	disappointed

THERE was once a farmer who had heard or had read about treasures being concealed in odd places, — pots of gold pieces hidden away in the earth. So in his heart there was always a deep longing that he, too, might find a hidden treasure. He spent all of his time hunting in this place and in that place for the pot of gold which he was sure Mother Earth would yield, if he only persevered in his search. He poked about all the old ruins in the neighborhood, and even wished to take up the floor of the church.

One morning he arose with a bright face and said to his wife, "I have found it, Mary; I've found the treasure!"

"Oh, John! Have you?"

"Yes, at least it is as good as found. It's only waiting

until I have had my breakfast; then I'll go out and bring it in."

"Oh, John! How did you find it?"

"It was revealed to me in a dream," said the farmer, gravely.

"Oh! where is it?"

"Under a tree in our orchard — no farther away than that."

"Let us hurry out to the tree and get the treasure, now," the wife exclaimed in great excitement. "Oh, John, how long you are at breakfast!"

They went out together into the old orchard.

"Now which tree is it under?" eagerly inquired the wife.

John scratched his head and looked doubtful. "I am blessed if I know!"

"Oh, you foolish fellow! Why didn't you take the trouble to notice, and mark the tree?"

"I did notice," retorted the farmer. "I saw the exact tree in my dream, but now, there are so many trees, and they all look so much alike, that I cannot tell just which one it is under."

"You ought to have cut a nick in the right one while you were there," exclaimed the wife in an impatient tone.

"That may be," answered the husband; "but now I see that I'll have to begin with the first tree and keep on digging till I come to the one with the gold under it."

This made the wife lose all hope; for there were more than a hundred fruit trees in the orchard. She sighed and said, "Well, if you must, you must, but do not cut the roots of the trees."

John was not in good temper, and he abused the trees with all the bad words he could think of.

"What difference does it make if I cut all the roots? The old trees are not worth a penny apiece. The whole lot of them don't bear a bushel of good fruit. In father's time they used to bear wagonloads of the choicest fruit. I wish they were every one dead!"

"Well, but you must remember, John, that father always gave them a great deal of attention and care."

"Care! Nonsense!" ejaculated John, spitefully. "They don't need care. They are too old, like ourselves. They are good for nothing but firewood."

Then, muttering to himself, he brought out a pickax and a spade, and began his work. He dug three feet deep all around the first tree, and, finding nothing but earth and stones, he went on to the next. He heaped up a mound half as high as his head, but still no pot of gold appeared.

He had dug around three or four trees before his neighbors began to notice him. Then their curiosity was awakened, and each one told another about the queer actions of their neighbor John. After that there was scarcely an hour in the day that seven or eight boys were not sitting on the fence and passing sly jokes to each other about the farmer and his work.

To defend himself, John ordered the troublesome intruders away, and after his orders became fierce commands uttered in loud, savage tones, the boys took the hint, and John was left to dig in peace till about the fourth Sunday. On that day the good priest saw fit to allude to him in

church. "People ought not to heap up for themselves treasures on earth," said the reverend Father.

But it seemed that John was heaping up only piles of dirt; for when he had dug the fivescore holes, no pot of gold came to light. Then the neighbors called the orchard Jacobs' folly, for the farmer's name was John Jacobs.

"Now, Mary," remarked the farmer, after his digging was finished and no treasure had been found, "you and I will have to find some other village to live in, for the jokes of these people are more than I can bear."

Mary began to cry.

"Oh, John, we have been here so long! You brought me here when we were first married. I was just a lass then, and you were the strongest and the best young man I had ever seen — at least I thought so then. Oh, I can never sleep or eat in any other house than this."

"Well, wife, then I think we will try to stay. Perhaps it will all blow over sometime."

"Yes, John, it will be like everything else by and by. But if I were you, I would fill those holes. The people come from far and near on Sundays to see them."

"Mary, I haven't the heart to do that," said the disappointed man. "You see, when I was digging for treasure, I felt sure I was going to find it, and that kept up my courage. But to take a shovel and fill all those holes! I would rather do without eggs every Sunday."

So for six months the heaps of earth and the roots of the trees stood in the heat of the day and the cold of the night. In the spring the old farmer took courage again and filled the holes, smoothing the ground until it was as level as before.

The month of April was warm, and out burst the trees into ten million delicate pink blossoms. "Mary," said John, "the bloom is richer than I have seen it for many a year; it's a good deal richer than in any of our neighbors' orchards."

After a time the bloom died, and in its place came many little green things, round and hard. Summer passed. Autumn followed, and the old trees were staggering under their weight. Each of the millions of small green things had grown to be a fine luscious fruit.

The trees were old and needed attention. John's digging had let in the air to their roots, and turning up the soil to the sun had renewed their youth. So John Jacobs learned that the earth does hold hidden treasures of uncounted value, but it is by careful tillage that the soil yields these treasures to man. Men are ungrateful at times, but the soil is never ungrateful; it always makes a return for the care that it receives from the hand of the husbandman.

— CHARLES READE.

SONG

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his Heaven —
All's right with the world!

— ROBERT BROWNING.

SONG OF THE HARVEST

The glad harvest greets us; brave toiler for bread,
Good cheer! the prospect is brighter ahead;
Like magic, the plentiful sunshine and rain
Have ripened our millions of acres of grain;
And the poorest may keep the [1]wolf from his door, —
There'll be bread and to spare another year more.
So sing merrily, merrily,
As we gather it in;
We will store it away gladly,
In garner and bin.

We hailed with delight, yet tempered with fear,
The corn as it grew from the blade to the ear;
Lest haply, though large is the surplus in store,
That bread might be dearer for twelve months or more;
But the sunshine and rain, how they ripened the grain
That waited the sickle over hillside and plain!
So sing merrily, merrily,
As we gather it in;
We will store it away gladly,
In garner and bin.

Oh, ne'er let us question the Wisdom which guides
Our feet in green pastures, and for us provides;
Who now, as aforetime, His glory displays,
In the bounty that crowns our autumnal days;
Let the glad tidings echo the continent o'er,
There'll be bread and to spare another year more!
So sing merrily, merrily,
As we gather it in;
We will store it away gladly,
In garner and bin.— HENRY STEVENSON WASHBURN.

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

A GIFT WELL EARNED

(A dialogue for four boys, for use in classroom and in school entertainments.)

Enter and sit, Persian nobleman and three sons.

Father. My children, I have already divided my goods among you, but I still have this precious stone. You see that it is a diamond of great brilliancy and beauty.

(Holds up something to represent a diamond.)

This I will give to that one of my three sons who shall earn it by performing the noblest deed. Go, therefore, and travel for three months; at the end of that time we will meet again, and each of you shall tell me what good you have done during your journey.

Three Sons (in concert). We will do as you desire, father."

Exit all.

Re-enter and sit, father followed by sons.

Father. I am ready to listen, my sons, to the report of your noble deeds.

Eldest Son. On my journey, O my father, a stranger intrusted to my care a great number of valuable jewels. One or two of them the owner would never have missed, and I might have enriched myself easily and safely. But I did not. I gave back the package exactly as I had received it. Was not this a noble deed?

Father. My son, you did what was right, and you did well to resist such a temptation. Had you acted otherwise, however, you would have been dishonest, and your deed would have shamed you through your whole life.

Second Son. As I was going on my journey, one day, I saw a child playing on the shore of a deep pool. Just as I rode by the little one fell into the water, and was in danger of drowning.

I dismounted, jumped into the pool, and brought the poor child safe to land. All the people of the village can testify to the deed. Was it not a noble act?

Father. My son, you did your duty. You could hardly have done less. You certainly could not have left an innocent child to die without making an effort to save it.

Third Son (modestly). I had an enemy, who for many years has done me much harm, indeed he has more than once sought to take my life. One evening I was passing along a dangerous road which ran over the summit of a steep cliff. As I rode carefully along, my horse started at something lying in the road just ahead. I dismounted to see what it was, and found my enemy lying fast asleep on the very edge of the precipice. The least movement in his sleep would have carried him over the cliff. I drew him away to a safe place, woke him, and told him to go on his way in peace.

Father. (springing to his feet and clasping his son's hand). My son, my son, the diamond is yours; for it is a noble and a godlike thing to help an enemy, and to reward evil with good.

BERGETTA'S MISFORTUNES

investigate	crunching	clumsy
bored	stilts	frisked

Old Bergetta lay asleep on the doorstep in the sun.

This morning she was having a delightful nap in the spring sunshine. Her two little white fore paws were gathered in under her chin, and she had encircled herself with her tail in the most comfortable way.

Now and then she lifted her sleepy lids and winked a little, and perhaps she saw, or did not see, the bright blue ocean at the end of the rocky slope before her, and the outline of Appledore Island across the sparkling water, and the white sails here and there, and the white clouds dreaming in the fresh sky of spring.

Presently a sound broke the stillness, very slight and far off; but she heard it, and pricked up her pretty, pink-lined ears and listened.

Two men, bearing a large basket between them, came in sight, approaching the house from the beach. The basket seemed heavy; each man held a handle of it, and very silently went with it round to the back entrance of the house.

Bergetta settled her head once more upon her folded paws, and tried to go to sleep again. But the thought of the basket prevented.

What could be inside that basket?

She got up, stretched herself, and lightly and noiselessly

made her way round to the back door and went in. The basket stood in the middle of the floor.

Bergetta wasn't afraid. She went slowly toward it to investigate its contents, but when quite close to it, she became aware of a curious noise going on inside, a rustling, crunching, dull, clashing sound which was as strange as it was alarming. She stopped and listened.

Suddenly a queer object thrust itself up over the edge of the basket, and a strange shape began to rise gradually into sight. Two long, dark, slender feelers waved about in the air for a moment; two clumsy claws grasped the rim of the basket; and a dark bottle-green colored body patched with red, bristling with points and knobs, and cased in hard, jointed armor, rose into view.

It was a live lobster.

You who have never seen a live lobster would be quite as astonished as the cat was. When you see these shellfish, they have been boiled and are bright scarlet all over. But a live lobster seems a mixture of spider and dragon. Its jet-black shining eyes are set on short stalks and stick out from its head, and the round balls turn about on their stems to look around the world. It has a long, jointed tail, which it claps together with a loud clash, and with which it draws itself backward wonderfully fast.

Such was the hard and horny monster that raised itself out of the basket and fell with a loud noise all in a heap on the floor before Bergetta. She drew back in alarm, and then sat down at a safe distance to watch this strange creature.

For a long time all was still. The lobster lay just where

"I NEEDN'T BE AFRAID OF THAT THING," THOUGHT SHE

it had landed. Inside the basket a faint stirring and rustling and clashing was heard from the other lobsters; that was all.

Very soon Bergetta felt herself becoming very much bored with this state of things. She crept a little nearer the basket.

"I needn't be afraid of that thing," thought she, "it doesn't move any more."

Nearer and nearer she crept. At last she reached the lobster. She put out her paw and touched its hard shell. It took no notice of this, though it saw Bergetta with its queer eyes on stilts.

She tried another little pat, whereat the lobster waved its long feelers, that streamed away over its back in the air, far beyond its tail.

That was charming. Bergetta was delighted. The mon-

ster was really playful! She gave him another little pat with her soft paw, and then playfully boxed his ears, or the place where his ears ought to be. Still the lobster scarcely stirred.

Bergetta continued to tease the lobster. It was such fun! First with the right and then with the left paw she gave him little cuffs and pushes and pats which moved him no more than a rock. At last he seemed to become suddenly aware that he was being treated with more familiarity than was agreeable from an entire stranger, and began to move his great front claws uneasily.

Still Bergetta frisked about him, until he thrust out his eight smaller claws with a gesture of displeasure, and opened and shut the clumsy teeth of the larger ones in a way that was quite dreadful to behold.

"This is very funny," thought Bergetta. "I wonder what it means!" and she pushed her little white paw directly between the teeth of the larger claw which was opening and shutting slowly. Instantly the two sides snapped together with a tight grip, and Bergetta uttered a scream of pain.

Alas, alas! In vain she tried to get away; the lobster's claw clasped her delicate paw in a grasp altogether too close for comfort. Crying with fear and distress, Bergetta danced about all over the room; and everywhere Bergetta danced the lobster, too, was sure to go. Up and down, over and across they went in the wildest kind of a jig. Such a noise! Bergetta crying and the lobster clattering, and the two bouncing about together!

At last some one heard the noise, and coming to her rescue thrust a stick between the clumsy teeth and loosened

the grip of the cruel claw. Poor Bergetta limped off to comfort herself as best she might.

For days she went limping about, so lame she could hardly creep round the house. When at last she began to feel a little better, she strayed one day into the same room, and seeing what she rightly guessed to be a pan of milk on the table, jumped first into a chair, and then up on the table to investigate. Naughty Bergetta!

When she lifted up her head after her first taste of the cream oh, horror! — what did she see?

Just opposite her on the table was another lobster with its long feelers bristling. It had been boiled, by the way, but of course Bergetta could not know this comforting fact. Bright scarlet, with its dull dark eyes pointed straight at her, there it lay.

Now it was washing day, and just under the edge of the table, behind Bergetta, on the floor, a tub full of hot suds had been left.

So eager had she been to look into the milk pan that she had not discovered the tub before, and now her fright was so great that she gave one leap backward and fell, splash! into the tub of warm suds.

Dear, dear! what a commotion! With eyes, ears, nose, and mouth full of soapy foam, she crawled out of it and ran to the door, leaving a long stream of suds on the floor as she went.

Poor Bergetta!

— CELIA THAXTER — *adapted.*

THE LOST FIDDLE

St. Malo was a quiet little town near the sea. The people who lived there were poor, for there was very little grass for the cattle, and no amount of care would make the corn grow well.

But if the people had no grass in their fields, they had plenty of stone. Stretching far away over the plain were two long lines of granite blocks which led to fairyland, so the people said.

Near the great wide plain lived a boy named Bernard. Bernard could play the fiddle; not as you or I would play it, but as if the fairies themselves were touching the strings.

One day when Bernard had gone to the fair, a beggar came by the little cottage. He chanced to see the fiddle hanging on the wall, and stole it, thinking he would sell it in the next town.

When Bernard returned there was no fiddle. He searched the cottage for it, but it was not to be found.

As the months went by, Bernard missed his fiddle more and more. He worked hard all that winter to buy another, but something always happened to use up the money which he had saved. Once his mother fell sick, and his savings vanished. Then again the roof of the house needed mending, and when that work was paid for, the fiddle seemed farther away than ever.

New Year's Eve came, bringing with it a storm so wild that no one remembered its like. Bernard listened in dis-

BERNARD STOOD STILL IN SURPRISE

may to the wind that shook the windows and threatened to carry off the cottage roof. He knew that the stable where the Donkey and the Cow lay was old and shaky, and he feared that harm would come to them.

At midnight he decided to brave the storm and see for himself whether the animals were safe.

Drenched with rain and buffeted by the wind, he reached the stable, and found that it had withstood the storm. He gave the animals some fresh hay, and was just about to leave them when he heard a voice say, "Well, my Master, you are very good to come and see whether we are safe."

Bernard stood still in surprise, for it was the old Donkey who had spoken. Then he remembered having heard that

every New Year's Eve at midnight, animals are given the power of speech.

The Cow turned toward him and asked, "Have you found your fiddle yet, my Master?"

"No," returned Bernard, "I have not found it, nor have I earned money to buy another."

"Is money all you need?" asked the Donkey. "I can help you to that."

"You?" asked Bernard in surprise.

"Yes, I," replied the Donkey. "Have you forgotten that every hundred years the great stones out on the plain yonder leave their places and go to the river to take a drink?"

"I remember that my grandfather once told me something of the kind," answered Bernard. "But I thought that it was a fairy tale."

"No, indeed! It is no fairy tale," exclaimed the Cow. "And besides, these stones hide great treasures, my Master. Long ago when they were first placed there, the fairies buried under them gold, silver, and jewels. The treasure is still there, and if you go to the plain next Thursday at midnight, you may be able to get enough gold to buy another fiddle. But be careful to take with you a five-leafed clover, for without that in your hand the stones would crush you, in their hurry to get into their places again. Good luck to you, Master. You have been very kind to us. We wish you well."

The Cow and the Donkey ceased speaking, and lay down on the straw and went to sleep, as do all four-footed animals.

At daybreak on the following morning Bernard was in

the fields searching for the five-leafed clover. His search lasted many hours, and he wandered far inland where the grass is always green. But on Thursday morning he returned to the village, carrying in the breast of his blouse the precious five-leafed clover.

An hour before midnight he was on the plain with a bag in his hand. By the light of the stars he could see the stones, big and ugly and gray, standing motionless in their places. Bernard made sure that the clover was safe in the breast of his blouse, and then sat down to wait for midnight.

At last the hour struck, and at the same moment there was a movement on the plain; the great stones left their places, and rushed headlong down to the river, jostling one against the other, and tearing up the ground till they were lost in the shadows.

Bernard went quickly to the plain. There where the stones had stood were deep pits filled with gold and jewels. He gave a cry of delight. "Here is enough gold and to spare. I shall have my fiddle at last."

He knelt and filled his hands with gold pieces. As he rose to his feet he heard in the distance a roaring sound; the stones had finished drinking, and were returning to their places.

They tore along, crushing everything that lay in their path. Bernard tried to step out of their way, but there were so many of them that to get out of the path of one meant to be crushed by the next.

All at once he remembered the five-leafed clover which the sight of the gold had made him forget. He plucked it from the breast of his blouse, and held it high over his head.

The great blocks of stone were leaping to their places as Bernard held up the magic leaves. They shivered, stopped, and turning out of their path, passed homeward on each side of him, settling into their places with a roar that shook the earth.

Bernard picked up his gold and hurried home. The next day he went to town and bought a fiddle which proved to be the most wonderful fiddle in the world. People said it was a fairy fiddle, for everybody who heard it danced and sang. Even the Cow and the Donkey frisked in their stalls when the wind carried the music to their rickety old stable.

So Bernard lived happily ever after with his fiddle; and good luck followed him all his life.

WHAT WE OWE TO OUR MUNICIPALITY

A city or town is in reality a great family. In the family the father, mother, and children work together for the good of all. The man earns the money which pays for the food and clothing. The woman cooks, sews, and keeps the house neat. Each child helps as much as he can in the house, and goes to school to learn to be more helpful as he grows older. So the people of a whole municipality should strive together for the good of all.

The men do the hard work and earn the money, not only for their own families, but for their taxes, which pay the expenses of the municipality for benefits that all its citizens share in common. The women care for their homes and work at the easier tasks in the factories and workshops. The growing boys and girls spend six hours a day in school. After school they play and do light work about the home. Many older boys by their own labor earn money to help pay their expenses while attending school. This useful employment helps them to be strong and well, and to grow into industrious and thrifty citizens.

A home is comfortable and happy only when each one in the family is doing his part. A city is a pleasant place to live in only when all the people do what they can to make it so. If we see men or women hurt or in trouble, or children neglected, we must help them as if they were our brothers and sisters. If we see a street or an alley dirty or a sidewalk

LEARNING A USEFUL TRADE IN SCHOOL

broken, we should report it to the police or to some other municipal officer.

The property of the city — its sidewalks, streets, schoolhouses, and other buildings — belongs to all the people. Hence each citizen, old or young, may have pleasure and pride in the substantial and beautiful buildings of the municipality, and each should watch to see that no harm comes to this property, which belongs to all in common.

The men and women in the city or town should plan how they can make their community a better place in which to live. This is a work in which all, old and young, can take part. No city can be a pleasant or a safe place to live in, where the citizens forget that the common good is more important than any one person's advantage, where they neglect the public welfare, where men even hate and injure one another.

But almost any municipality becomes a desirable place for a home, when the youth are growing up to be honest, courteous, intelligent, and thrifty young men and women; when the people are thoughtful and considerate of their neighbors' well-being, quiet and orderly in the streets and public places, and obedient to the laws of the community; when every man, woman, and child does what he can to make not only his own home, but the whole city, healthier, richer, and happier.

The town is made healthy when each family keeps its home and its surroundings clean and orderly, and takes care that no member of the family throws dirt or waste into the street. When each person feels that it is his duty not to throw dirt or unsightly litter into the streets, and to

do what he can to remove it whenever he sees it, the entire city will be kept as neat and sanitary as the individual home.

The town becomes richer when each citizen is engaged in some profitable labor, and is saving a part of his earnings. Wealth consists of what we save rather than of what we earn. When the habit has been gained, therefore, of saving and putting to good use some part of our weekly, monthly, or yearly earnings, the true foundation for wealth will have been laid. When we have neat, comfortable, pleasant homes on clean, beautiful streets, when the citizens are all engaged in useful, remunerative work, then we shall have municipalities in which the people are healthy, prosperous, and happy.

TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
  This new day was born;
Into Eternity,
  At night, will return.

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

ANDREW'S PLAN

"Oh, Andy!" said little Jenny Murdock, "I'm so glad you came this way. I can't get over the brook."

"Can't get over!" repeated Andrew. "Why, what is the matter?"

"The footbridge is gone," said Jenny. "When I came across, just after breakfast, it was here in its place, and now it is over on the other side. Oh, how can I get back home?"

"Yes, I see," returned Andrew. "The footbridge was all right when I came over half an hour ago. But some one has pulled it over to the other side."

"I'll have to go down to the big bridge, Andy. Will you go with me? I'm afraid to go through those dark woods by myself."

"I wish I could go, Jenny, but if I go with you, I shall be late for school. It's nearly schooltime now."

Andrew was a Scotch boy, and was a brave, honest fellow. He was the best scholar in his school, and he was as good at play as he was at his studies.

Jenny Murdock lived near his home on the opposite side of the brook, and the two had always been good friends. Jenny had no brothers nor sisters, and Andrew was as good as a brother to her. Therefore, when she stood on the bank of the brook that morning, she felt that he would surely help her out of her difficulty. He had always helped her before; why should he not do so now?

The brook was not very wide, nor very deep at its edges;

but in the middle the water was four or five feet deep, and the current ran very swiftly. It was dangerous for any one to attempt to cross it without a bridge, and there was no bridge nearer than the big wagon bridge, a mile and a half farther down the stream.

"Won't you go with me, Andy?" again asked the little girl.

"And be late to school?" he answered. "I have never been late, you know."

"Well, perhaps the teacher will think you have been sick," said Jenny.

"She won't think I have been sick unless I tell her so, and you know I won't do that."

"Well, then, if we should run all the way, couldn't you get back in time?"

"No, indeed, Jenny. It lacks but two minutes of nine o'clock now, and the bell will ring at any moment."

"Oh, what shall I do?" sobbed poor little Jenny. "I can't stay here till school is out, and the woods are so wild and dark that I do not like to go through them. Besides, I don't know the right path, and I'm sure I should lose my way."

"I must take you home, Jenny," said Andrew, thoughtfully. "It isn't right for you to go through the woods alone, and if you should wait here, your mother would be very anxious about you."

Andrew was much troubled. He could think of no way to take the little girl home without being late and losing his good standing at school. There was no way to get her across the brook without taking her to the "big bridge."

He would not take her there and make up a false story to account for his tardiness.

What was to be done? While he was puzzling over this question, the bell began to ring, and he must go to the schoolhouse at once. Poor Jenny was crying. He was very sadly perplexed, and was himself almost ready to cry. Could nothing be done?

Yes! a happy thought came into his mind. How strange that it had not come before! He would go to school first and ask the teacher to let him take Jenny home. What could be more sensible and straightforward than this plan?

Of course the teacher gave Andrew the desired permission, and everything ended happily. But the best thing about the whole affair was the lesson that both children learned that day.

The lesson was this: When we are trying to help ourselves or others out of a difficulty, we should always stop and ask ourselves, "Is there some simple way to overcome the difficulty, which will also be a perfectly right way?" If we do this, we shall probably find a way more easy and satisfactory than any other that could be devised.

— FRANK STOCKTON.

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BLACK BEAUTY

I

crupper headstall
breeching pales
restive

The first place I can well remember was a large, pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water lilies grew at the deep end. Over the hedge at one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside. At the top of the meadow was a grove of fir trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

In the daytime I ran by my mother's side, and at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot, we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold, we had a nice warm shed near the grove.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass my mother used to go out to work in the daytime, and come back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me; they were older than I; some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run about with them, and have great fun; we used to gallop all together round and round the field as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

One day when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her, and then she said:—

"I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. The colts who live here are very good colts, but they are cart horse colts, and of course they have not learned manners. You have been well bred and well born; your father has a great name in these parts, and your grandfather won a cup two years at the Newmarket races; your grandmother had the sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me bite or kick. I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways; do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick, even in play."

I have never forgotten my mother's advice. I knew

she was a wise old horse, and our master thought a great deal of her.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words. He spoke as gently to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate, she would neigh with joy and trot up to him.

He would pat and stroke her and say, "Well, old Pet, how is your little Darkie?" I was a dull black, so they called me Darkie. Then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favorites.

There was a plowboy Dick, who sometimes came into our field to pluck blackberries from the hedge. When he had eaten all he wanted, he would have what he called fun with the colts, throwing stones and sticks at them to make them gallop. We did not much mind him, for we could gallop off; but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.

One day he was at this game and did not know that the master was in the next field; but he was there, watching what was going on. Over the hedge he jumped, and catching Dick by the arm he gave him such a box on the ear as made him roar with pain and surprise. As soon as we saw the master, we trotted up nearer to see what went on.

"Bad boy!" he said, "bad boy! to chase the colts. This is not the first time, nor the second, but it shall be

HE WOULD HAVE WHAT HE CALLED FUN WITH THE COLTS

the last. There — take your money and go home; I shall not want you on my farm again." So we never saw Dick any more. Old Daniel, the man who looked after the horses, was just as gentle as our master, so we were well off.

I was now beginning to grow handsome; my coat had become fine and soft, and was a bright black. I had one white foot, and a pretty white star on my forehead. I was thought very handsome. My master would not sell me until I was four years old; he said lads ought not to work like men, and colts ought not to work like horses till they were quite grown up.

When I was four years old, Squire Gordon came to look at me. He examined my eyes, my mouth, and my legs, and then I had to walk and trot and gallop before him.

He seemed to like me, and said, "When he has been well broken in, he will do very well." My master said he would break me in himself as he would not like me to be frightened or hurt; and he lost no time about it, for the next day he began.

Every one may not know what breaking in is; therefore, I will describe it. It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and bridle, and to carry on his back a man, woman, or child; to go just the way they wish, and to go quietly. Besides this, he has to learn to wear a collar, a crupper, and a breeching, and to stand still while they are put on; then to have a cart or a carriage fixed behind, so that he cannot walk or trot without dragging it after him; and he must go fast or slow, just as his driver wishes.

He must never start at what he sees, nor speak to other horses, nor bite, nor kick, nor have any will of his own; but always do his master's will even though he may be very tired or hungry. But the worst of all is when his harness is once on, he may neither jump for joy, nor lie down for weariness. So you see this breaking in is a great thing.

II

I had of course long been used to a halter and a headstall, and to being led about in the fields and lanes, but now I was to have a bit and bridle. My master gave me some oats as usual, and after a good deal of coaxing he got the bit into my mouth and the bridle fixed. One who has never had a bit in his mouth cannot think how bad it feels; a great piece of cold, hard steel as thick as a man's

finger to be pushed into the mouth between the teeth and over the tongue, with the ends coming out of the corner of the mouth and held fast there by straps over the head, under the throat, round the nose, and under the chin. In no way in the world can you get rid of it.

It is very bad! yes, very bad! At least, I thought so, but I knew my mother always wore one when she went out, and all horses did when they were grown up; and so, what with the nice oats and what with my master's pats, kind words, and gentle ways, I got to wear my bit and bridle.

Next came the saddle, but that was not half so bad. My master put it on my back very gently, while old Daniel held my head; he then made the girths fast under my body, patting and talking to me all the time; then I had a few oats, then a little leading about, and this he did every day until I began to look for the oats and the saddle. At length one morning my master got on my back and rode me about the meadow on the soft grass. It certainly did feel queer; but I must say I felt rather proud to carry my master, and as he continued to ride me a little every day, I soon became accustomed to it.

The next unpleasant business was putting on the iron shoes; that, too, was very hard at first. My master went with me to the smith's forge to see that I was not hurt or frightened. The blacksmith took my feet in his hand one after the other and cut away some of the hoof. It did not pain me, so I stood still on three legs until he had done them all. Then he took a piece of iron the shape of my foot and clapped it on, and drove some nails through the

shoe quite into my hoof so that the shoe was firmly on. My feet felt very stiff and heavy, but in time I got used to the shoes.

And now, having got so far, my master went on to break me to harness, and there were more new things to wear. In time, however, I got used to everything and could do my work as well as my mother.

I must not forget to mention one part of my training, which I have always considered a great advantage. My master sent me for a fortnight to a neighboring farmer's, where there was a meadow which was skirted on one side by the railway. Here were some sheep and cows, and I was turned in amongst them.

I shall never forget the first train that ran by. I was feeding quietly beside the pales which separated the meadow from the railway, when I heard a strange sound at a distance, and before I knew whence it came, — with a rush and a clatter and a puffing out of smoke, — a long black train of something flew by and was gone, almost before I could draw my breath. I turned and galloped to the farther side of the meadow as fast as I could go, and there I stood snorting with astonishment and fear. In the course of the day many other trains went by, some more slowly; these drew up at the stations close by, and sometimes made an awful shriek and groan before they stopped. I thought it very dreadful, but the cows went on eating very quietly, and hardly raised their heads as the black, frightful thing came puffing and grinding past.

For the first few days I could not feed in peace; but as I found that this terrible creature never came into the

field, or did me any harm, I began to disregard it, and very soon, I cared as little about the passing of the train as the cows and sheep did.

Since then I have seen many horses much alarmed and restive at the sight or sound of a steam engine; but thanks to my good master's care, I am as fearless at a railway station as in my own stable.

Now if any one wants to break in a young horse well, that is the way.

My master often drove me in double harness with my mother, because she was steady and could teach me how to go better than a strange horse. She told me the better I behaved, the better I should be treated, and that it was wisest always to do my best to please my master. "But," said she, "there are a great many kinds of men; there are good, thoughtful men like our master, that any horse may be proud to serve; and there are bad, cruel men who never ought to have horse or dog to call their own. Besides, there are a great many foolish men, vain, ignorant, and careless, who never trouble themselves to think; these spoil more horses than all the others, just for want of sense. They don't mean it, but they do it for all that. I hope you will fall into good hands; but a horse never knows who may buy him; it is all a chance for us; but still I say, do your best wherever it is, and keep up your good name."

— ANNA SEWALL.

THE OLD EAGLE TREE

procure	perched	poised
clamorous	indecision	circuit

In a distant field stood a large tree, so old that it looked like the father of the surrounding forest. On the top of this tree an old eagle, commonly called the "Fishing Eagle," had built her nest every spring for many years, and, undisturbed, had reared her young; so it came to be known as the "Old Eagle Tree." A strange place to choose, as the eagle procures her food from the ocean, and this tree stood fully ten miles from the sea.

One warm, sunny day the workmen were hoeing corn in the field near by, and they saw the old eagle set off for the seaside to gather food for her hungry little ones. When she returned with a large fish in her claws, the workmen surrounded the tree, and by yelling and hooting, they so scared the poor bird that she dropped her fish, and they carried it off in triumph.

Soon all the men dispersed, but the boy Joseph sat down under a bush near the tree to watch with pity the disappointed mother return to her famished brood. The eaglets at once set up a cry for food, so shrill and so clamorous that the lad was greatly distressed to hear them.

The parent bird tried to soothe her ravenous family, but their appetites were too keen to be thus easily satisfied. She then perched herself on a limb just above the nest and

looked down into it in a manner that seemed to say, "I know not what to do next."

Her indecision was but momentary; for again she poised herself, uttered one or two sharp notes which said to her nestlings, "Lie still, I will bring you food," then balanced her body, spread her wings, and was off a second time toward the sea.

Joseph determined to wait and see the result. His eyes followed her flight till she grew small, smaller, a mere speck in the sky, and then disappeared.

In about two hours, which was double her usual time for the trip, she again returned on a slow, weary wing, bringing another fish in her talons.

On nearing the field, she made a circuit round it, to see if her enemies were in sight. Seeing no one, she once more reached the tree, drooping, faint, and nearly exhausted. Again the eaglets set up their hungry cry, but it was soon hushed by the distribution among them of a bountiful dinner.

"Glorious bird!" cried the boy. "Brave spirit! Other birds fly more swiftly, sing more sweetly, and scream more loudly; but what other bird, when persecuted and robbed, when weary and discouraged, when so far from the sea, would have repeated her wearisome journey?

"Thanks to you, noble bird! You have taught me that when the spirit is determined and yields not to discouragement, it can accomplish its purpose."

— JOHN TODD.

HONEST ABRAHAM

PART I

shaved	argument	loft
damage	husking	shingle

HIS BOYHOOD

A hundred years ago Abraham Lincoln's father went with his family to a lonely spot in the unbroken forest on the Ohio River. It was just before planting time in the spring. No home was ready for them.

So, ax in hand, the father entered the dark forest with his son at his side to cut the trees for a place that would shelter them until a better house could be built.

"Father, are there bears here?" asked the little boy.

"Yes, my son."

"And wolves too?"

"Yes."

"Then I will watch while you chop," said little Abraham.

The poles were cut, and the frame of a new home set up. Logs were cut and laid round three sides and overhead; then the new shelter was complete. The fourth side was open, and at night the blaze of the great fire in front protected those within from nipping frost and hungry beast.

"Now, Abe, my boy," said Mr. Lincoln, "we have a place to sleep. Next we must break the ground and plant the corn."

Abraham was only seven, yet he followed his father down the newly prepared ground and dropped the corn which was to bring forth the next winter's bread.

The family slept in the three-sided hut until the corn was planted and hoed, and the new cabin begun and finished.

This new cabin had four walls and a large fireplace of stone and plaster. There was a window cut through the logs, but it had no glass. There was a doorway, but no door. Bearskins and deerskins, hung before the openings, kept out the cold winter blasts, but they shut out the sunlight also.

There was neither lamp nor candle, and in the long evenings, the only light came from the big fireplace at the end of the room. All the furniture was homemade. But, poor as it was, this house was the best little Abraham had ever seen. One of his stories shows how poorly it was built. He says: —

"One morning I was awakened by hearing a turkey gobbler in the woods near our cabin. I got up, went downstairs, and, taking my father's rifle, I pushed it through a crack between the logs and shot the gobbler. At first I was very proud of my successful shot, but when I saw the poor bird lying dead on the ground, I took no more pleasure in it, and I never again killed a living thing."

Sometimes a wandering schoolmaster came into the settlement and opened a school in a deserted cabin. These men taught a little reading, writing, and arithmetic and their schools were held only a few months of each year. "I went to school by littles," Lincoln once said. "All my school life did not amount to more than a year."

But, though he had little schooling, Abraham Lincoln did a great deal of studying; and he did most of it under the greatest difficulties. During the day, he helped his mother about the house or his father in the field. Studying, therefore, had to be done at noontime or at night.

YOUNG LINCOLN STUDYING BY FIRELIGHT

He had no candles, so in the long winter evenings he would sit or lie in front of the fireplace and read by its flickering light. Sometimes, to make the light brighter, he burned a pine knot; at other times, when the firelight became dim, he threw on branches of spicewood, for a spicewood blaze made a better light than a plain log fire.

During the winter his mother taught him to write. There

were no pens, pencils, slates, or paper in the Lincoln home in those early days, so Abraham wrote his copy with charcoal on smooth pieces of bark.

Sometimes he used a wooden shovel. When he had covered it with writing, he shaved it off smooth again, that he might have a clean surface for his next lesson.

When he could get paper, he made pens from turkey feathers and ink from the juice of berries or brier-root. With these poor materials, he wrote his first composition, which was an argument against cruelty to animals.

Books were scarce in the settlement. In the Lincoln cabin there were only half a dozen. These Abraham read until he knew them by heart. Then he began to borrow books from the neighbors.

One day, he heard that a Mr. Crawford, living some miles away, owned a book that told about the first President of the United States. The young student set off at once to borrow it. Mr. Crawford was very willing to lend the book, but he told Abraham to be careful of it.

On his way home, the boy read until it was too dark to see the words. After eating his supper, he lay down before the fire and read until long past midnight. When he crept up the ladder to his bed in the loft, he laid the book in a crack between two logs, intending to waken and read again as soon as it was light.

In the morning the pattering of rain on the roof over his head aroused him. Instantly he thought of the book. There it was, soaked with the rain. The cover was ready to drop off and the leaves were stained and stuck together.

He hurried below, built a fire and dried the precious

treasure as well as he could, but it was ruined. So there was but one thing for him to do. That very day he walked through the forest to the Crawford cabin and explained what had happened.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Crawford," said Abraham. "I have no money, but I am willing to do anything you say to make it right."

"Well," said Mr. Crawford, "I am very sorry too. I thought a great deal of that book; but, as you say, it was an accident and cannot be helped. You say you are willing to pay for it. You may come and work for me three days and I will be satisfied."

"I am very willing to do that," replied Abe, "but I do not understand. Do you mean that three days' work will pay for the damage to the book, or will it pay for the book itself?"

"You just come and put in three days' work husking corn, and the book is yours," replied Mr. Crawford.

"Thank you, sir," replied the lad, and he ran home, the happiest boy in all Indiana.

After he had finished reading this life of Washington, he made this prophecy one day to Mrs. Crawford: —

"I think some day I shall be President."

"How in the world do you think you can ever be President?" asked Mrs. Crawford.

"Oh, I'll study and get ready," was the reply, "and then maybe the chance will come."

He had to work hard, but he became a great reader. He read every book and newspaper he could get, and if he read anything that he wished to remember, he copied it on a shingle. His father thought he read too much.

"It will spoil him for work," he said. "He doesn't do half enough about the place."

His stepmother took his side, and at last influenced her husband to let the boy read and study whenever he wished to.

"Abe was a good son to me," she said, many years after, "and we took particular care when he was reading not to disturb him. We would just let him read on and on till he stopped of his own accord."

The boy kept a sort of shingle scrapbook; he kept a paper scrapbook too. Into these he would put whatever he cared to keep: poetry, history, funny sayings, fine passages. He had scrapbooks for his arithmetic, also, and one of these is still in existence with this rhyme in a boyish scrawl, underneath one of his tables of weights and measures: —

Abraham Lincoln
his hand and pen
he will be good but
God knows when.

God did know when; and that boy, all unknowingly, was working toward the day when his hand and pen were to do more for humanity than any other hand or pen of modern times.

HONEST ABRAHAM

PART II

malice charity achieve persuasion

HIS MANHOOD

When eighteen, Lincoln worked as boatman on the Ohio River. He then got his first glimpse of the world beyond, the rough frontier life of Indiana as it was a hundred years ago. He saw boats moving up and down the river, loaded with produce and merchandise, met people from all parts of the country, and his longing to do something worth while in the world grew daily stronger.

His work as a ferryman showed him that there were other ways of earning money than by hiring out to neighbors at twenty-five cents a day. He tells in the following words how he earned his first dollar: —

"I was about eighteen. We had succeeded in raising, chiefly by my labor, enough produce, as I thought, to justify me in taking it down the river to sell. After much persuasion I gained mother's permission to make the trip, and constructed a flatboat large enough to take the few barrels of things we had gathered to New Orleans. A steamer was going down the river. We had then no wharves on the western streams. Passengers had to go out in a boat to the steamer which stopped and took them on board. I was looking at my new boat, and wondering whether I could make it stronger or improve it in any part, when two men with

trunks came down to the shore in carriages. Looking at the different boats, they singled out mine and asked, ' Who owns this?' I answered, 'I do.' 'Will you take us and our trunks to the steamer?' 'Certainly,' said I. I was very glad to have the chance of earning something, and supposed that each of them would give me a little money. The trunks were put into my boat, the passengers sat down on them, and I sculled out to the steamer. They climbed on board, and I lifted the trunks to the deck. The steamer was about to put on steam again when I called out, 'You have forgotten to pay me.' Each of them took from his pocket a silver half dollar and threw it on to the bottom of my boat. I could scarcely believe my eyes as I picked up the money. I could scarcely believe that I had earned a dollar by honest work in less than a day. From that time I was a more hopeful and thoughtful boy."

Young Lincoln's scrupulous honesty won for him the title of "Honest Abe." He was at one time a clerk in a grocery store and by mistake overcharged a customer six and a quarter cents. He walked three miles after closing the store to restore the money. At another time, in weighing tea for a woman, he used a quarter-pound instead of a half-pound weight. He discovered his mistake and promptly walked a long distance to deliver the remainder of the tea.

The young man's determination to improve himself continued to be the leading object of his life. No labor or trouble seemed too great, if, by it, he could increase his knowledge or add to his acquirements. And thus he rose step by step from plowboy, rail-splitter, boatman, clerk, lawyer, to be president of the world's greatest republic.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT

He was determined, in spite of all hindrances, discouragements, and hardships, to make the most of himself and to help others to make the most of themselves. He was one of the greatest and noblest of men. Hard work and the cultivation of every talent helped to make him great. Courage to be always on the side of right, and under all circumstances to aid the weak and needy, helped to make him noble.

When made President the second time, he ended his

address to the people with these words: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; that the nation may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

MY COUNTRY

I love my country's pine-clad hills,
Her thousand bright and gushing rills,
Her sunshine and her storms;
Her rough and rugged rocks that rear
Their hoary heads high in the air
In wild, fantastic forms.

I love her rivers, deep and wide,
Those mighty streams that seaward glide
To seek the ocean's breast;
Her smiling fields, her pleasant vales,
Her shady dells, her flowery dales,
Her haunts of peaceful rest.

I love her forests, dark and lone;
For there the wild bird's merry tone
Is heard from morn till night,
And there are lovelier flowers, I ween,
Than e'er in Eastern land were seen,
In varied colors bright.

— HESPERION.

From "Poetry of the Seasons."
Silver, Burdett & Company.

A LETTER FROM THEODORE ROOSEVELT[1]

responsibilities	penalty	husbanding
consumes	prodigal	consequences

A letter to the school children of the Nation

Arbor Day means simply "Tree Day." It is a day set apart to actual tree planting, in recognition of the importance of trees to us as a Nation, and of what they yield in adornment, comfort, and useful products to the communities in which you live.

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

It is well that you should celebrate your Arbor Day thoughtfully. For a Nation, as for a man or woman, or boy or girl, the road to success is the right use of what we have and the improvement of present opportunity. If you neglect to prepare yourselves now for the duties and responsibilities which will fall upon you later, if you do not learn the things that you

[1] This letter was written to the school children of the United States by Mr. Roosevelt while he was President.

will need to know when your school days are over, you will suffer the consequences. So any Nation which in its youth lives only for the day, reaps without sowing, and consumes without husbanding, must expect the penalty of the prodigal, whose labor could with difficulty find him the bare means of life.

A people without children would face a hopeless future; a country without trees is almost as hopeless; forests which are so used that they cannot renew themselves will soon vanish, and with them all their benefits. A true forest is not merely a storehouse full of wood, but is a factory of wood, and, at the same time, a reservoir of water. When you help to preserve our forests or plant new ones, you are acting the part of good citizens. The value of forestry deserves, therefore, to be taught in the schools, which aim to make good citizens of you.

Theodore Roosevelt

The White House.
August 15, 1907.

Not he who boasts of his country, but he who does something to make his country better is the real patriot.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE

Woodman, spare that tree!
  Touch not a single bough!
In youth it sheltered me,
  And I'll protect it now.
'Twas my forefather's hand
  That placed it near his cot;
There, woodman, let it stand —
  Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
  Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea —
  And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
  Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak,
  Now towering to the skies!

My heartstrings round thee cling
  Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
  And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
  And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
  Thy ax shall harm it not!

— GEORGE P. NORRIS.

WHAT WE CAN LEARN FROM THE CHARACTER OF TREES

Study a tree, watch it every day, make friends with all its inhabitants, and learn all its ways. Then, as we are said to grow like those with whom we live, surely some of the spirit of the trees will breathe in us, and the country will never be without true hearts, strong and brave to endure storms and tempests, steady and patient to do good work that will last, generous and ready ever to give shelter and support to the weak and needy.

People, like trees, have different kinds of work to do. Some have one thing to do, and some another; some can work fast, and some only slowly; and God gives each one the power that is best for the work he has to do. Our mistake is when we think our own work the best, and our own way the only right one. — MRS. DYSON, *from* "The Stories of the Trees."

THE PERFECT NITA

PART I

bronzed intentions

Nita, or as the neighbors called her "Nitaker," the perfect Nita, had been from her babyhood her father's constant companion and helper. But when Sebu, her father, married the second time, the stepmother did not love Nita, and sought to turn Sebu against his little daughter, of whom he had always been so fond. So poor little Nita found her life in her father's home a very unhappy one.

The mud house in which the family lived stood on the bank of the river Nile near the great temple of Pasht, under the cool shade of whose walls Nita had played all her life. Here the guardians of the temple had watched her grow from a baby into a sweet, beautiful girl of thirteen.

Now the people of Egypt in those far-off days thought that Pasht was a great goddess who protected all the cats of the country. They respected her for her care of these useful animals, and they established a great yearly festival in her honor.

One day near the season of the great festival of Pasht, as the family of Sebu were eating the evening meal, the father said to his daughter: —

"And whom, Nita, do you suppose the good servants of Pasht will select for the grove-girl to receive the honors of Pasht at the feast?"

Now the grove-girl was selected by the guardians of the temple of Pasht, either because she was the most beautiful or the most wealthy of all the maidens of the city, and during the entire festival she sat upon a decorated throne in the midst of the sacred grove of Pasht and there received the homage of all the people. To be selected for such a duty was of course the highest honor, and Nita's reply was a very natural one, when she said: —

"I do not know, my father; I wish the good fortune could be mine."

"Yours indeed!" exclaimed her stepmother, scornfully. "Yours indeed! As if these wise guardians would select such a pink-faced doll as you are for those grand honors. It is more likely to be the daughter of the treasurer, a beautiful girl, with black eyes and hair like night, much more like to the great goddess herself than such as you."

"Nevertheless," interrupted Sebu, quietly, "you are wrong, for one of these good men told me to-day that they had decided upon our Nita for the grove-girl at the feast."

And before little Nita had recovered from her joyful surprise, two messengers from the great temple entered, requesting the daughter of that humble home to sit upon the grove-girl's throne in the sacred grove and to be the queen of Pasht.

The time of the festival arrived. Gay boats with crowds of musicians and singers floated down the Nile to the temple landing. Thousands of people thronged the paths and roadways of the sacred grove and bowed in worship before the great image of the goddess, or danced and sang and feasted by the blue waters of the sacred river.

In the midst of the grove, upon her glittering throne, Nita, the daughter of honest Sebu, sat. The fairest youths and maidens of the land gathered round her, chanting hymns to Pasht, while the people, passing and repassing, praised the grove-girl's beauty and laid rich gifts at her feet.

Nita was dressed in a long robe of crimson and gold; round her waist was a purple sash decorated with silver figures of the goddess Pasht; a wreath of leaves was on her head, and on her pretty feet were sandals of bronzed leather, trimmed with fur and decorated with silver catheads.

One day near the end of the festival, as Nita sat upon her throne, the "toe piece" of her sandal became loose, and the shoe fell to the ground. At once three of the attendants sprang to pick it up, and there was a friendly scramble for its possession. One of the three, a ball-tosser, seizing the dainty thing, flung it high into the air, intending to catch it as it fell. But, alas for the intentions of the ball-player!

As the bronzed shoe went whirling through the air, a great black eagle flying overhead caught the gleam of the whirling slipper, and supposing it to be some choice bird, flew down and caught it in his talons. Then he sailed off through the clear Egyptian air, bearing the dainty slipper far away from the sacred grove of Pasht.

THE PERFECT NITA

PART II

Miles away in the royal palace at Memphis, the young Pharaoh Nebi, king of Egypt, sat in the midst of his royal greatness and splendor. In spite of all his power and the homage of his people, the young king was not happy. He was tired, discontented, and irritated, and wished daily for something, he knew not what.

One day as the young Pharaoh Nebi sat in his splendid apartment, looking off over the city to the hills beyond, something small and hard suddenly dropped from the clear blue of the sky into his lap. With a cry of surprise the young king sprang to his feet, and looking up into the clear heavens, he saw a great African eagle flying away toward the desert.

Putting his hand into the folds of his royal robe, he drew forth a sandal, dainty and tiny, made of bronzed leather, trimmed with fur and ornamented with silver catheads.

"Now," cried the young ruler to his counselors, "this gift is wondrous fair. To whom does the pretty thing belong, and what does it portend? — to the good of our kingdom?"

All the officers around the throne looked wise, and answered in great solemnity: —

"Do not touch it, O King, do not touch the unholy thing! It is an omen of evil to the land of Egypt."

"Not so," exclaimed the king, scorning their superstition; "this can be no evil sign. It is an emblem of grace and beauty. It has been worn by some fair and dainty foot. No

maiden of Memphis has a foot fitted for such a shoe, and she who can wear so small and fair a slipper must herself be wondrous fair.

"You have wished me, my counselors, to take a queen. Listen, then, to my words. She who has the mate of this dainty sandal, and can wear them both, shall share my throne. Find me the owner of this shoe, and you have found Egypt's queen, the wife of Pharaoh Nebi."

Throughout the kingdom, north, south, east, and west, swift messengers were sent to seek the maiden who possessed the mate to the sandal of bronzed leather, trimmed with fur and ornamented with silver.

At last the messengers came to the city of Pasht. There they heard the story of the grove-girl, the eagle, and the lost sandal. They hastened to the house of Sebu on the banks of the Nile.

Nita's little foot fitted the dainty sandal exactly. The mate to it was brought forth from its place among her treasures. And amid flowers, feasting, and song, Nita, the daughter of the humble but honest Sebu, became Nitaker, queen of Egypt.

— *A Tale of Egyptian Folklore.*

MULBERRY MOTHS

SILK CULTURE IN THE PHILIPPINES

warrant cocoons flourishing
distinctive particularly

The origin of silk raising is lost in the dim [1] shades of antiquity, but enough has been learned to warrant us in supposing that it was first successfully carried on by the Chinese or their ancestors, and that the original home of the silkworm is somewhere in the Himalaya mountains. To have attempted to bring silkworms into the Philippines directly from the temperate zone would have resulted in immediate failure; hence, in looking for a kind of silkworm which would thrive here, the Americans turned to a country where the climate is similar to that of the Philippines. Such silkworms were found in the island of Ceylon.

In its native home among the mountains and in many countries of Europe and the Orient where it has been carried,

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

the silkworm produces one or, at most two, crops of cocoons a year. If a race of these worms could be obtained that would produce more than two crops a year, the silk still being of good quality, the grower would profit in proportion to the added annual increase of cocoons. It was found that a race of silkworms producing six or seven crops of cocoons yearly could be obtained in Ceylon, and immediately these insects were imported into the Philippines.

Japanese *Philippine* *Ceylonese*

COCOONS

The worms thus imported in 1907 have since[1] produced forty generations, an increase of two or three generations annually above their previous productiveness, and are still yielding crops of excellent cocoons. And in at least two localities, namely, at Batac in Ilocos Norte and in the region of Pamplona, Cagayan province, where this experiment in silk culture is being tried, it has already proved a commercial success.

[1] 1911.

An Italian gentleman, who for eighteen years had been engaged in the raising of silkworms and in the manufacture of silk in the region around Milan, Italy, while upon a recent visit to Manila, made this remark: "After what I have seen of the work of silk culture in these islands, I know of no country where silk growing has a brighter outlook. I base my conclusion upon three facts: first, the mulberry tree grows well in the Philippines, unattacked by pests and diseases; second, the mulberry silkworm raised here has shown no sign of disease; and, third, the Filipinos like to care for the silkworms."

The Philippine Islands import annually a large quantity of [1] raw silk. This is used in making jusi, silk handkerchiefs, and numerous other fabrics which are distinctive of the Philippines. Nine tenths of this raw silk comes from China. One hundred thirty odd thousand dollars go to China yearly for [1] raw material, all of which could be kept in the Philippine Islands, were the culture of silk an established and flourishing industry here. And there is no reason why it should not become a profitable industry in the near future.

The mulberry tree grows readily in all parts of the Islands where it has been tried. It produces an abundance of leaf, and thrives best on soil that cannot be used for raising sugar, rice, or tobacco. Land may be obtained at a reasonable price in almost any part where one would wish to engage in silk culture, and there is probably no kind of agriculture that needs a smaller and a less expensive equipment for its success. This industry is particularly adapted to the

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

means of the man who has a small amount of land and who wishes to make it produce the greatest values of which it is capable. The question of labor in silk production need cause no anxiety. In all parts of the Islands where silk raising has been tried, it has attracted the Filipinos, because, while it may require patience, it does not demand that effort which is necessary in the cultivation of sugar, the cropping of copra, or the preparation of abaca.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that silk culture has been taken up readily by both Filipino young men and young women in several of the industrial schools of the Islands. As a consequence, there are at present a number of young teachers who have become fairly expert in the care of the silkworm, and who could be depended upon to take charge of a commercial silk farm.

The silk house can be erected in any part of the Philippines for practically nothing, as bamboo for the house and nipa for the roof furnish sufficient protection for the silkworms, both from sun and rain.

The trees must be planted two years before the silk grower desires to begin the raising of silkworms, and a moderate amount of care must be given to the trees during this period. One thousand to fifteen hundred silkworms can be fed yearly upon the leaf product of each tree.

It is not too much to suppose that when silk culture is taken up by those who know the work and who are determined to make it a success, the Philippine Islands will become as famous for their raw product in silk, as they are now for their delicate fabric known as jusi.

— CHARLES S. BANKS — *adapted.*

THE BAMBOO CANE[1]

expectation	trays	receptacles
generations	ceiling	discordant

The Festival of the Cocoons was the greatest festival day of all the year in China. On that day the people deserted their homes and met in the public squares to celebrate in honor of the little creatures that for rich and poor alike turned the mulberry leaves into silken robes.

Now it happened on this particular festal day that in a certain home expectation stood on the very tip end of her great toe, for was not Ho-No, the slave boy, to go forth to celebrate with a paper lantern and two rockets all his very own?

The master of this little family slave was a grower of silkworms. His establishment was on Fresh Fish Lane in a village on the Yang-tse river. The place had come down to the worthy gentleman from his ancestors, all having been in the same business. Hence it was that every shelf and corner in every part of the old house was filled with bamboo baskets and trays, receptacles for the cocoons of generations of silkworms. Joined to the back of the house was a long, narrow room with horizontal rows of bamboo poles extend-

[1] The silk industry is supposed to have originated in China hundreds of years ago, and for centuries the secret of silk making was carefully guarded by the Chinese.

This story is interesting as being one of many different accounts of how the knowledge of the industry spread to other parts of the world.

ing from one end to the other just under the ceiling. From these poles, at that season of the year, hung the strips of cloth which held the eggs of the silkworms.

It was in this atmosphere of silkworms that the slave boy, Ho-No, had spent the fifteen years of his life. How well he could feed and care for the wriggling black things, and how skillfully he could heat the cocoons in which they wound themselves for their last sleep! If Ho-No's mistress shook him by the nose, which she frequently did, it was not from bad temper; it was rather because she thought it good for him to be always busy. And if she sent him to sleep without supper, it was because she feared that too much eating might give him bad dreams. And if his lofty master jerked him about by his queue, it was because that gentleman felt sure that a boy ought to work sixteen hours a day to become a useful man.

But now was come the great Festival of the Cocoons, and Ho-No's heart was filled with joy. Each year the evening of this day was his to do with as he pleased.

"Te-he-he! I can see the rockets now," he chuckled, squatting in the corner behind a pile of baskets. "A short time, yes, a very short time now, and I go forth to the square. There I shall set off my rockets. I hope they will have dragons with fiery eyes."

But a loud, sharp knock on the street gong instantly put an end to these visions, and Ho-No, fearful lest his master should be at his heels with a bamboo stick, ran to the door. A moment later he put a letter into his master's hand, leaving the outer door open behind him.

Now the silkworm grower was a man of hasty temper,

and as he read, frowns and discordant looks, so familiar to Ho-No, appeared on his face. When he had finished reading, he turned the letter over and over in his hands, his anger growing the while. Then glaring at the slave boy, he inquired roughly, "You go forth to the square this night, do you?"

"If my highly honored and most respected master will allow," the boy answered, with a bow that brought his forehead quite to the floor.

"By the black dragon and smoking serpent, you shall remain behind the locks when we go forth," burst out the angry master. "So be off to your work."

Ho-No knew entreaty would be worse than useless. He went silently away, bursting into a flood of bitter tears when he was alone.

"I thought it a thing certain," he sobbed, "that my tower-of-wisdom master wished me to go forth this night. Could anything have been in the letter causing him to change his noble mind?"

Meanwhile the silkworm grower, his wife, and serving people prepared to join their friends in the festivities on the public square. The head of the household explained to his most favored wife, saying, "An unknown but gracious friend sent me a letter advising me to keep the boy Ho-No from the square this night, for the unpleasant mouse plans to escape to the edges of the world."

With this explanation the company sallied forth and turned the key in the heavy door, leaving Ho-No disconsolate within. With his head against the portal the unhappy youth wept as though his heart would split into a thousand splinters.

"My honored master has done me great wrong," he sobbed aloud.

"The wrong is now righted," observed a little voice from somewhere.

The sound of a human voice pleased the dejected boy. He listened; then ventured to look about him. His amazement was great upon seeing a round head rising from a certain large water jar in the corner of the room.

"Don't be frightened," came from the round head, as it continued to ascend above the neck of the earthen vessel, followed in turn by a short, thin body; and the good-humored face of a jolly little Persian monk beamed like a full moon upon the bewildered Ho-No.

"I say," continued the cheery stranger, "the wrong is now righted. The letter I gave you caused your master to lock you in. While you delivered it I squeezed into this water pot, from which it pleases me well to escape. This night you go with me where you need no longer fear your master. So now make haste and produce the key to yon chamber. I would have the eggs your master guards so carefully."

Ho-No felt that a friend was speaking, and without a word took the key and unlocked the chamber. The two entered the room and found the rows of poles hung full of the strips of cloth to which were sticking the tiny eggs. The monk took a slender bamboo cane from beneath his cloak and filled the hollow upper end with the eggs. Ho-No then locked the door and returned the key to the precise spot from which he had taken it.

"Now," exclaimed the little man, "I am content. I have the prize I have been trying for two years to get. Let us

be off. We must be a league down the river when the master returns."

"How shall we escape? My master has the key," objected the boy.

"Easily," replied the man.

The lower windows of the house were secured with iron bars, but those on the upper floor were free. "Let us go above," said the monk, and Ho-No led the way to an upper room and out on to a small balcony. Upon one of the posts that supported the balcony the nimble little man was not long in sliding to the ground. After some hesitation and a few unsuccessful attempts Ho-No followed.

The streets about Fresh Fish Lane were deserted. The two, therefore, made their way unseen to the river and were soon climbing over the side of a junk that seemed to be waiting for them. On the bow of the boat stood a man similar in appearance to the monk himself. He was in fact a friend, who had shared all his wanderings in the Far East. When the newcomers were safely aboard, the second monk signaled to the captain, and the boat at once headed down the stream.

During their two years' stay in China, these men from the Western world had learned to speak Chinese well enough to make Ho-No understand. They explained to him that their home was in a far country and that they wished him to go to that country with them, there to care for the worms that would come from the precious eggs hidden away in the end of the bamboo cane.

Ho-No had no love for his home, his master, or his mistress, and he was quite ready to go with his new friends.

After months and months of toilsome traveling, the three friends reached the city of Constantinople. There it was that the eggs were taken from the bamboo cane and the worms reared upon the leaves of the wild mulberry; there the worms spun their cocoons; and there Ho-No taught the weavers to weave the silken threads into the beautiful fabrics we now call silk. And thus it happened that China lost her secret of silk making which the nation for centuries had so carefully guarded.

THE SILKWORM

Silkworm, on the mulberry tree,
Spin a silken robe for me.
Draw the threads out fine and strong;
Longer yet, and very long!

Longer yet; 'twill not be done
Till a thousand more are spun.
Silkworm, turn this mulberry tree
Into silken threads for me.

Ye are spinning well and fast;
'Twill be finished all at last.
Twenty thousand threads are drawn,
Finer than the finest lawn.

What a change! The mulberry tree
Turneth into silk for me.

—Mary Howitt.

SAINT LAUNOMAR'S COW

switched	pallets	chuckled
meadows	grumbled	moo
cud	halter	interrupted

Saint Launomar had once been a shepherd boy in the meadows of sunny France, and had lived among the gentle creatures of the fold. So he understood them and their ways very well, and they knew him for their friend. For this is a secret which one cannot keep from the animals whose speech is silent.

Saint Launomar had a cow of whom he was fond, a sleek black and white beauty, who pastured in the green meadows of Chartres near the monastery and came home every evening to be milked and to rub her soft nose against her master's hand, telling him how much she loved him. Mignon was a very wise cow; you could tell that by the curve of her horns and by the wrinkles in her forehead between the eyes; and especially by the way she switched her tail. And indeed a cow ought to be wise who has been brought up by a whole monastery of learned men, with Launomar, the wisest person in all the country, for her master and friend.

It was a dark night, after milking time; Launomar had put Mignon in her stall with a supper of hay before her, and had bade her good night and a pleasant cud time. Then he had shut the heavy barn door and had gone back to his cell to sleep soundly till morning.

But no sooner had his lantern disappeared through the

gate of the monastery than out of the forest came five black figures, creeping, creeping along the wall and across the yard and up to the great oak door. They were all muffled in long black cloaks, and wore their caps pulled down over their faces, as if they were afraid of being recognized. They were wicked-looking men, and they had big knives stuck in their belts, quite convenient to their hands. It was a band of robbers; and they had come to steal Launomar's cow, who was known to be the handsomest in all that part of the world.

Very softly they forced open the great door, and very softly they stole across the floor to Mignon's stall and threw a strong halter about her neck to lead her away. But first they were careful to tie up her mouth in a piece of cloth so that she could not low and tell the whole monastery what danger she was in. Mignon was angry, for that was just what she had meant to do as soon as she saw that these were no friends, but wicked men who had come for no good to her or to the monastery.

But now she had to go with them dumbly, although she struggled and kicked and made all the noise she could. But the monks were already sound asleep and snoring on their hard pallets, and never suspected what was going on so near to them. Even Launomar, who turned over in his sleep and murmured, "Ho, Mignon, stand still!" when he dimly recognized a sound of kicking, — even Launomar did not waken to rescue his dear Mignon from the hands of those villains who were taking her away.

The robbers led her hurriedly down the lane, across the familiar meadows, and into the dense woods, where they

could hide from any one who happened to pass by. Now it was dark and they could see but dimly where they were going. The paths crossed and crisscrossed in so many directions that they soon began to quarrel about which was the right one to take. They did not know this part of the country very well, for they were strangers from a different province, who had come to Launomar's home because they had heard of his famous cow and were bound to have her for themselves.

Very soon the robbers were lost in the tangle of trees and bushes and did not know where they were, or in which direction they ought to go. One said, "Go that way," pointing towards the north. And one said, "No, no! Go *that* way," pointing directly south. The third grumbled and said, "Ho, fellows! Not so, but *this* way," and he strode towards the east. While the fourth man cried: "You are all wrong, comrades. It is *there* we must go," and he started to lead Mignon towards the west. But the fifth robber confessed that indeed he did not know.

"Let us follow the cow," he cried; "she is the only one who can see in the dark. I have always heard that animals will lead you aright if you leave the matter to them." Now as the other robbers really did not have the least idea in the world as to which was the right direction, this seemed to them as sensible a plan as any. So they stripped the halter from Mignon's head and said: "Hi, there! Get along, Cow, and show us the way."

Mignon looked at them through the dark with her big brown eyes, and laughed inside. It seemed too good to be true! They had left her free, and were bidding her to guide

them on their way out of the forest back to their own country. Mignon chuckled again, so loudly that they thought she must be choking, and hastily untied the cloth from her mouth. This was just what she wanted, for she longed to chew her cud again. She tossed her head and gave a gentle "Moo!" as if to say, "Come on, simple men, and I will show you the way." But really she was thinking to herself: "Aha! my fine fellows. Now I will lead you a pretty chase. And you shall be repaid for this night's work, aha!"

Mignon was a very wise cow. She had not pastured in the meadows about Chartres with blind eyes. She knew the paths north and south and east and west through the forest and the fern; and even in the dark of the tangled underbrush she could feel out the way quite plainly. But she said to herself: "I must not make the way too easy for these wicked men. I must punish them all I can now that it is my turn."

So she led them roundabout and roundabout, through mud and brambles and swamps; over little brooks and through big miry ponds where they were nearly drowned, — roundabout and roundabout all night long. They wanted to rest, but she went so fast that they could not catch her to make her stand still. And they dared not lose sight of her big whiteness through the dark, for now they were completely lost and could never find their way out of the wilderness without her. So all night long she kept them panting and puffing and wading after her, till they were all worn out, cold and shivering with wet, scratched and bleeding from the briers, and cross as ten sticks.

But when at last, an hour after sunrise, Mignon led them out into an open clearing, their faces brightened.

"Oh, I think I remember this place," said the first man.

"Yes, it has a familiar look. We must be near home," said the second.

"We are at least twenty-five miles from Chartres by this time," said the third, "and I wish we had some breakfast."

"By another hour we shall have the cow safe in our home den," said the fourth, "and then we will have some bread and milk."

But the fifth interrupted them, saying, "Look! Who is that man in gray?"

They all looked up quickly and began to tremble; but Mignon gave a great "Moo!" and galloped forward to meet the figure who had stepped out from behind a bush. It was Saint Launomar himself!

He had been up ever since dawn looking for his precious cow; for when he went to milk her, he had found the barn empty, and her footprints with those of the five robbers in the moist earth had told the story and pointed which way the company had gone. But it was not his plan to scold or frighten the robbers. He walked up to them, for they were so surprised to see him that they stood still, trembling, forgetting even to run away.

"Good morning, friends," said Launomar, kindly. "You have brought back my cow, I see, who to-night for the first time has left her stall to wander far. I thank you, good friends, for bringing Mignon to me. For she is not only a treasure in herself, but she is my dearest friend, and I should be most unhappy to lose her."

The men stood staring at Launomar in astonishment. They could hardly believe their eyes and their ears. Where did he come from? What did he mean? But when they realized how kind his voice was, and that he was not accusing them nor threatening to have them punished, they were very much ashamed. They hung their heads guiltily; and then all of a sudden they fell at his feet, the five of them, confessing how it had all come about, and begging his pardon.

"We stole the cow, Master," said the first one.

"And carried her these many miles away," said the second.

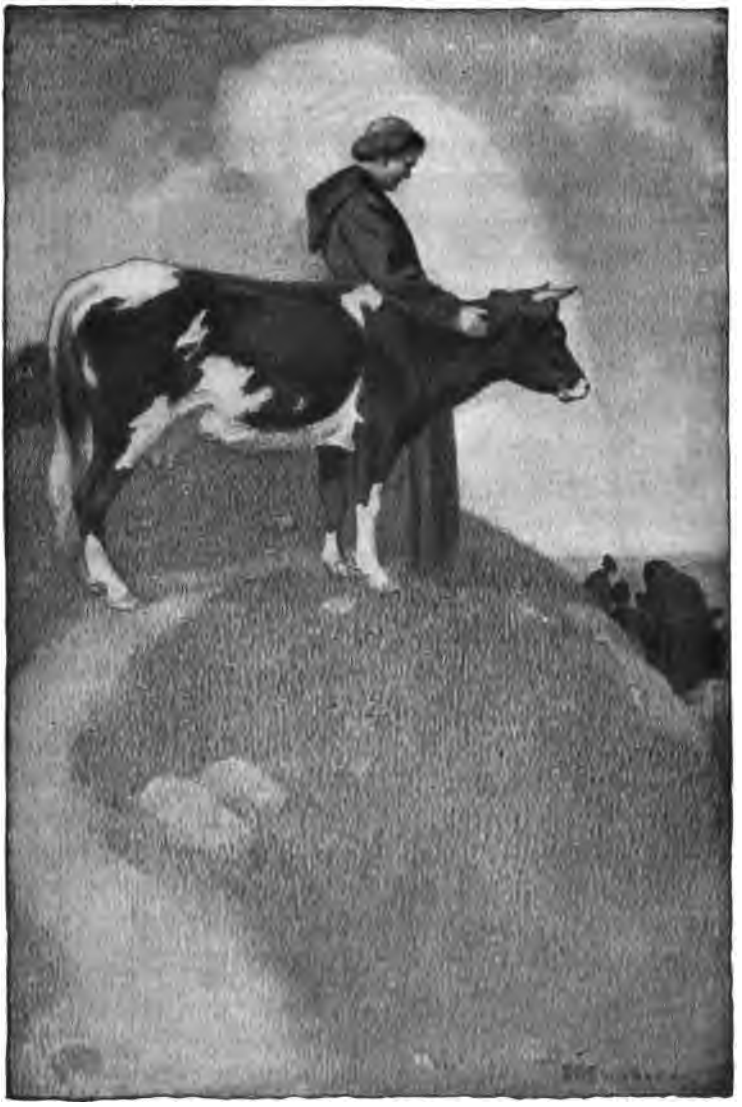
"We are wicked robbers and deserve to be punished," said the third.

"But we beg you to pardon us," cried the fourth.

"Let us depart, kind Father, we pray you," begged the fifth. "And be so good as to direct us on our way, for we are sorely puzzled."

"Nay, nay," answered Saint Launomar, pleasantly, "the cow hath led you a long way, hath she not? You must be both tired and hungry. You cannot journey yet." And in truth they were miserable objects to see, so that the Saint's kind heart was filled with pity, robbers though they were. "Follow me," he said. By this time they were too weak and weary to think of disobeying. So, meekly they formed into a procession of seven, Launomar and the cow going cheerfully at the head. For these two were very glad to be together again, and his arm was thrown lovingly about her glossy neck as they went.

But what was the amazement of the five robbers when in a short minute or two they turned a corner, and there close beside them stood the monastery itself, with the very barn



HE AND MIGNON WATCHED THEM OUT OF SIGHT

from which they had stolen Mignon the night before! All this time the clever cow had led them in great circles roundabout and roundabout her own home. And after all this scrambling and wading through the darkness, in the morning they were no farther on their journey than they had been at the start. What a wise cow that was! And what a good breakfast of bran porridge and hay and sweet turnips Launomar gave her to pay for her hard night's work.

The five robbers had a good breakfast too; but perhaps they did not relish it as Mignon did hers. For their consciences were heavy; besides, they sat at the monastery table, and all the monks stood by in a row, saying nothing, but looking reprovingly at them. And when the robbers came to drink their porridge, Launomar said mildly: —

"That is Mignon's milk which you drink, sirs. It is the best milk in France, and you are welcome to it for your breakfast to-day, since we have such reason to be grateful to you for not putting it beyond our reach forever. Ah, my friends, we could ill spare so worthy a cow, so good a friend, so faithful a guide. But I trust that you will not need her services again. Perhaps by daylight you can find your way home without her if I direct you. The highroad is plain and straight for honest men. I commend it to you."

So, when they were refreshed and rested, Launomar led them forth and pointed out the way as he had promised. He and Mignon stood on the crest of a little hill and watched them out of sight. Then they turned and looked at one another, the wise Saint and his wise cow.

And they both chuckled inside.

— ABBIE FARWELL BROWN.

THE LITTLE TRUNK

Bright and early one morning, a little girl was standing at the gate in front of her home, and though dressed for a journey, she looked unhappy. In fact, she was almost crying, as she stood in the open gateway, bravely winking back the tears and looking down the street as if expecting some one to appear.

Many people hurried past, but none took any notice of the little girl, until a very tall gentleman, walking rapidly with long strides, came down the street. Seeing her troubled, anxious face, he stopped short, and said in a cheery voice, "What's the matter?"

"My trunk!" said the little girl. "The expressman promised to call for it. It's almost train time and he hasn't come. I know I shall miss the train."

"How big is the trunk?" asked the tall man. "If it isn't too big, we'll not need an expressman." And, pushing through the gate, he walked quickly to the open door in which the little girl's mother was standing.

In a small neat room within, the mother showed the benevolent-looking stranger the little old-fashioned trunk all packed and roped.

"Oho!" said the gentleman, "we'll catch that train yet." He strode down the stairs, across the yard, through the gate to the sidewalk, with the trunk on his shoulder. Then, taking the girl's tiny hand in one of his big ones, the two

hurried down the street. It took three of her short steps to equal one of his long ones.

"Do you think we'll be in time?" she asked breathlessly. "This is to be my very first ride on the cars."

"In plenty of time," replied her companion; and they were.

The ticket was bought and the little trunk checked just before the train rolled into the station. Then the kindly gentleman lifted his little companion to the platform of the car, found a good seat for her, and bade her good-by, saying, "Have a good time!"

The little girl, still clinging to the hand of the tall stranger, asked innocently, "Will you please tell me your name, sir?"

"My name," he answered, "is Abraham Lincoln;" and he smiled into the little face that looked up into his in astonishment.

"Has the President of the United States carried my trunk?" she asked.

"I trust the President may always be ready to help those in need," Mr. Lincoln said as the train moved away.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true
Moment by moment the long day through.

—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A SCHOOL GARDEN

ARBOR DAY

institution	dependence	solemnity
acknowledgment	furrow	observance

Our modern institution, Arbor Day, is a public acknowledgment of our dependence upon the soil of the earth for our daily and our annual bread. In recognition of this dependence upon the soil for our food the Emperor of China annually plowed a furrow in the earth with his own hand.

The ancient law of Moses, that gave the land of Israel one year out of every seven as a year of rest, "a Sabbath Year" as it was called, had the same meaning. But our observance is a better one than any of these, because it calls upon all,

especially upon the impressionable learners in the schools, to join in the duty which we owe to the earth and to all mankind, of doing what each of us can to preserve the soil's fertility.

And we preserve this fertility by planting of every sort, if only by making two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, and also by learning to preserve vegetation, especially trees. We give solemnity to this observance by all joining in it together on an appointed day.

— *From* "Arbor Day."

THE TREES

Suppose the earth were barren and bare
Where the pleasant trees now stand,
On my word it would not be half so fair,
Nor half such a happy land.
If there were not around us a single tree,
O'er our heads not a single spray,
The place would be gloomy and bare to see,
And then we might run away.

On the sofa sitteth the baron bold,
Whose servants on him wait,
The monarch sits on his throne of gold,
And we sit here in state,
On the fresh green grass, 'neath the spreading tree,
At ease in the greenwood shade;
Nor forget we to thank Him gratefully
Who for us this place hath made.

— Mrs. Dyson.

From "The Stories of the Trees."

THE STORY OF A DONKEY

ditch	donkey	approvingly
bustling	conscience	carter

My master was not a bad man, but he had what I thought was an unpleasant habit of making everybody work very hard. He used to harness me to a little cart, and make me carry earth and fruit and wood and many other things all day long. I began to grow lazy; I didn't enjoy going in a harness, and I disliked market days most of all. I was not always good on those days.

One market day I determined to play a trick upon my master.

In the meadow I had noticed a deep ditch filled with thistles and bushes of various kinds. "Now," I said to myself, "I'll hide in that ditch, so that when they come to get me, there'll be no donkey to be seen." So, as soon as I saw the cart being filled and the people bustling about, preparing to go to market, I ran off to the side of the field, and lay down very quietly in the ditch, where I was quite hidden by the bushes.

In a little while I heard one of the farm boys call me. He ran about looking everywhere, but not finding me, he went back to the house. In a few minutes I heard the farmer himself say, "He must have gone through the hedge. But where could he have broken through? There doesn't seem to be a hole anywhere. Oh, I know! some one must have left the gate open. Who was it? Here, boys, run out and look in the fields over yonder. He can't be far off. And make haste, for it's getting late."

So all the farm help turned out to look for me. The farmer declared that I must have been stolen, and that I was a stupid donkey to let any one steal me, and so on. Then he harnessed one of the horses to the cart, and drove off late to market, in a very bad temper.

When I saw that all was quiet again, and that nobody was looking, I scrambled out of my ditch and galloped off to the other end of the meadow, so that they should not suspect where I had been.

"Hello! why, there he is," said the shepherd.

"Where has he been all this while?" ejaculated the mistress.

"How did he get in again?" exclaimed the carter.

I was so delighted not to go to market that I went prancing up to them. They were very glad to see me; they patted me, and said I was a good, clever donkey to have managed to escape from the thieves, till I felt quite ashamed of myself, for I knew that I did not deserve any of this praise.

They left me to graze all day in the field, and I should have enjoyed myself hugely if my conscience had not given me so much trouble.

The farmer was surprised to see me when he came home.

The next day he went all around the meadow, and carefully stopped up every hole he could find in the hedge, until there wasn't room for a cat to crawl through.

The week passed quietly away until market day came again; then I hid myself in the ditch as before. The people at the house could not make it out, and thought that the thieves who stole me were unusually clever to get me away undiscovered.

"This time," said the farmer, "he must be really lost and gone for good," and he harnessed one of the horses and went off to market as he had done the week before. When everything was quiet I came out again, and when they found me grazing in the field, they didn't stroke or pat me as they had done the previous week. They said so little that I thought they must suspect me of something. But I didn't care, and so, when market day came around, I made for my ditch a third time.

But scarcely was I safely hidden among the thistles and bushes, when I heard the big watchdog bark, and then the voice of the farmer say: —

"Here, Hero, Hero, good dog, go and look for him."

In a moment the dog had pounced upon my hiding place, and was growling and snapping at my heels in a most unpleasant manner.

"Good dog, good dog!" shouted the farmer, approvingly, to the dog, and at the same time he led me back to the house and tied me up. I heard later that one of the farmer's little sons had been watching the field from a place where I couldn't see him, and that he had told the farmer where I was.

— CHARLES F. DOLE.

THE CURATE AND THE MULBERRY TREE

mare	mettle	reverie
tractable	docile	chanced

Did you hear of the curate who mounted his mare,
And merrily trotted along to the fair?
Of creature more tractable none ever heard.
In the height of her speed she would stop at a word;
But again, with a word, when the curate said "Hey!"
She put forth her mettle and galloped away.

As near to the gates of the city he rode,
While the sun of September all brilliantly glowed,
The good priest discovered, with eyes of desire,
A mulberry tree in a hedge of wild brier;
On boughs long and lofty, in many a green shoot,
Hung, large, black, and glossy, the beautiful fruit.

The curate was hungry and thirsty [1] to boot;
He shrank from the thorns, though he longed for the fruit;
With a word he arrested his courser's keen speed,
And he stood up erect on the back of his steed;
On the saddle he stood while the creature stood still,
And he gathered the fruit till he took his good fill.

"Sure, never," he thought, "was a creature so rare,
So docile, so true, as my excellent mare;
Lo, here now I stand," and he gazed all around,
"As safe and as steady as if on the ground;
Yet how had it been, if some traveler this way
Had, dreaming no mischief, but chanced to cry 'Hey'?"

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

He stood with his head in the mulberry tree,
And he spoke out loud in his fond reverie;
At the sound of the word the good mare made a push,
And down went the priest in the wild brier bush.
He remembered too late, on his thorny green bed,
Much that well may be thought cannot wisely be said.

— THOMAS L. PEACOCK.

THE SHEPHERD BOY'S SONG

He that is down needs fear no fall;
  He that is low no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
  Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
  Little be it or much;
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
  Because Thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
  That go on pilgrimage;
Here little and hereafter bliss,
  Is best from age to age.

— JOHN BUNYAN.

AUGUST'S RIDE IN THE PORCELAIN STOVE

PART I

jug porcelain Hirschvogel
peddler unfastened

Far away among the mountains of southern Germany, a father once lived with his five children. There was Dorothea, the eldest sister, and Jan, the big strong brother; then came Karl and August, and last of all was baby Martha. But it is about August that I am going to tell you. He was a boy of nine years, a rosy little fellow, with big bright eyes and a curly head as brown as a ripe nut.

One afternoon August was sent to the village to buy milk. It was winter, and he had to run fast over the white snow to keep warm. By the time he turned homeward with his great jug of milk, it was night. The mountains looked high, white, and still in the cold moonlight, and the twinkling stars seemed to say, "Hurry, August! The children are hungry."

At last the boy came in sight of the little cottage with its snow-covered roof and shining window, through which he could see the room inside made so warm and bright by the porcelain stove, Hirschvogel.

He darted into the cheerful room and kissed Dorothea. Then, running up to the great stove, standing at the end of the room, he shouted: —

"Oh! dear, dear Hirschvogel! I am so glad to get back

to you again; I am so cold, so cold, and you are every bit as good as the summer time!"

Now, Hirschvogel, as I have told you, was a great, beautiful porcelain stove, so tall that it nearly touched the low ceiling.

There it stood, a pure white stove with great golden feet like the claws of a lion, while painted all over it were flowers and birds, beautiful ladies and grand gentlemen. These all stood forth in the most splendid colors of the most gorgeous peacock.

Hirschvogel was also a very old stove. Sixty years before this day, August's grandfather had dug it out of an old ruined castle where he was working, and finding it strong and whole, he had taken it home. After the grandfather's death, the family learned that the stove was a very wonderful one, for it had been made centuries before by a famous potter named Hirschvogel. From that time the stove became a member of the family and was always called Hirschvogel.

To the children the stove was very dear indeed. In summer they laid a mat of fresh moss around it, and dressed it up with green boughs and beautiful wild flowers. In winter, running home from school over the snow and ice, they were always happy, knowing that they would soon be cracking nuts in the heat and light of the dear old stove.

But August loved it even more than the other children. He used to say to himself, "When I am a man, I will paint just such flowers and birds as those painted upon you, Hirschvogel, and then I will set you in a beautiful room that I will build myself. That's what I will do when I'm a man."

After August had eaten his supper that cold night, he lay down on the big rug near the stove with the children around

him. With sticks of charcoal he drew pictures of what he had seen during the day, and when the children had looked at one picture, he would sweep it out with his elbow and draw another. He then drew faces, men on sleds, and old women in their furs, pine trees, and wild animals. Thus the evening passed and as bedtime came, Dorothea said: —

"It is time to go to bed, children. Father is very late to-night; you must not sit up for him."

"Oh, just five minutes more, dear sister," they pleaded. "Hirschvogel is so warm; the beds are never so warm as he is."

In the midst of their chatter and laughter the door opened and in blew the cold wind and snow from outside. Their father had come home. He seemed very sad as he came slowly to his chair near the stove. At last he said, "Take the children to bed, daughter."

August stayed, curled up before the stove. When Dorothea came back, the father said sadly: "Dorothea, I have sold Hirschvogel! I have sold it to a traveling peddler, for I need money very much; the winter is so cold and the children must have food. The man will take it away to-morrow."

Dorothea gave a cry. "Oh, father! in the middle of winter! What will the children do?"

August lay half blind with sleep, staring at his father. "It is not true, it is not true," he cried. "You are making fun, father."

"Yes," said the father, "it is true; it goes to-morrow. The peddler paid me half the money to-night, and will pay the other half to-morrow when he takes the stove away."

"Oh, father! dear father!" cried poor little August, "you cannot mean what you say. Send our stove away? We shall all die in the dark and cold. Listen! I will go and try to get work to-morrow. I will ask the people to let me cut ice or make paths through the snow. There must be something I can do. But sell Hirschvogel! Oh, never, never, never."

The father looked sadly at his little boy, then took the lamp from the table and left the room without speaking. Dorothea knelt down and tried to comfort August, but he was too unhappy to listen. "I shall stay here by Hirschvogel," was all he said, and he lay there all the night long. The light went out, the room grew cold. August did not move, but lay with his face on the floor by his loved rainbow-colored stove. When it grew light, his sister came down to begin her morning work. She crept close to him, laid her cheek on his, and said: —

"Dear August, you must be frozen. August, do look at me, do speak."

"Ah!" said poor August, "it will never be warm again."

As he said this a loud knock at the door startled the children. A strange voice called out: —

"Let me in! Do you hear? I have come to take the great stove."

Dorothea unfastened the door. The man came in and began at once to wrap the stove carefully. Then he carried it out and placed it on the waiting cart. In another moment it was gone! August leaned against the wall, with tears falling like rain down his pale cheeks.

AUGUST'S RIDE IN THE PORCELAIN STOVE

PART II

A neighbor came by just then, and, seeing the boy, said: "Child, is it true your father is selling that big painted stove?"

August nodded and began to sob again.

"I love it! I love it!" he cried.

"Well, if I were you I would do better than cry. I would go after it when I grew bigger," said the neighbor, trying to cheer him a little. "Don't cry. You will see your stove again some day," and the man went on his way, leaving a new idea in the boy's head.

"Go after it," the man had said. August thought, "Why not go with it?" He loved it better than anything else in the world, even better than Dorothea.

Without a word he seized his cap and ran after the cart which was carrying the dear Hirschvogel to the railway station. How he managed it he never knew very well himself, but when the freight train moved away, August was hidden behind the stove. It was very dark, but he was not frightened. He cuddled so close to Hirschvogel that he thought, "Why not get inside?"

He set to work like a little mouse to make a hole in its wrappings. He pushed and pulled, making a hole where he thought the door might be. Sure enough, there it was, and

opening it, he crept in, drawing the straw so carefully together that no one would have dreamed that a little boy was inside.

Safe in the great strong stove, he went as fast asleep as if he were in his own little bed at home. When he awoke, the darkness frightened him, but he put his hand on the cold sides of Hirschvogel and said softly, "Take care of me, dear Hirschvogel, oh, please take care of me."

He wondered if the people would find him when they came to lift the stove out. If they did find him, what would they do with him? He thought, too, of Dorothea, but he said to himself, "If I can take Hirschvogel back to her, how pleased she will be."

At last the train stopped and August felt the stove lifted by men, who carried it to a cart. Then they started again on the journey, up hill and down, for what seemed miles and miles.

Finally the cart stopped, and it seemed as though they were carrying the stove upstairs. The men rested sometimes, then moved on again; their feet went so softly that he thought they must be walking on thick carpets.

By and by the stove was set down for the last time. The wrappings were taken off, and he heard a voice say, "What a beautiful porcelain stove!"

Next some one turned the round brass handle of the door. Poor August's heart stood still!

"What is this?" said the man. "A live child!"

August sprang out and fell at the feet of the man who had spoken.

"Oh, let me stay, please let me stay!" he exclaimed in

"WHAT IS THIS?" SAID THE MAN. "A LIVE CHILD!"

great excitement. "I have come all the way with dear Hirschvogel!"

The man answered kindly: "Poor little child. Tell me how you came to hide in the stove. Do not be afraid. I am the king."

"Oh, dear King!" he said with a trembling voice, "Hirschvogel was ours. We have loved it all our lives, and father sold it. When I saw that it was really leaving us, I said to myself, 'I will go with it.' I do beg you to let me live with it. I will go out every morning and cut wood for it and for all your other stoves, if only you will let me stay beside it. No one has ever fed it with wood but me since I grew big enough, and it loves me; it does indeed!"

As August looked up, he saw that great tears were running down the king's cheeks.

"Can I stay with Hirschvogel?" he pleaded.

"What do you want to be when you are a man? Do you want to be a woodchopper?" asked the king, thoughtfully.

"I want to be a painter," cried August. "I want to paint men and women, birds and flowers like those on Hirschvogel."

"I understand," answered the king, looking down and smiling into the earnest face of the boy. "Get up, my little man. I will let you stay with your Hirschvogel. You shall stay here, and you shall be taught to draw and paint, but you must study hard and grow up to be a good man. When you are twenty-one years old, if you have done well, I will give you back your beautiful stove."

The speaker smiled again and stretched out his hand; August threw his two arms about the king's knees and kissed his feet. Then all at once he was so tired, so hungry, and, most of all, so happy, that he fainted quite away.

The king had a letter written to August's father, saying: "Your son has drawn some beautiful charcoal pictures for me. I think that by training and hard work he may become a great painter. I am going to take care of him until he is old enough to paint wonderful stoves like Hirschvogel."

And he did take care of the little artist for many years. August often visited his old home. The day he was twenty-one, Hirschvogel, tall and splendid, the king's gift to Dorothea, stood once more in the cottage, and August, the young painter, thanked God Who had blessed so wonderfully his winter journey in the great porcelain stove.

FORESTS AND THEIR PRESERVATION

The forests of the Philippines are of such vast extent that they exceed the hardwood forests of India and Borneo in the amount of uncut timber, and the timber can be cut cheaper and more easily than in the forests of South America.

Nowhere in the world can be found so great a variety of wonderful hard woods; even one ignorant of the quality of fine woods is impressed with the great size and durability of the timbers, and the infinite richness of their coloring.

At the present time fully ninety-nine per cent of this natural growth is going to waste, and the world is clamoring for these ebonies, mahoganies, iron woods, and construction woods.

The industries depending upon the products of trees are numerous. One of the most important of these industries is lumbering, as large quantities of timber are used in building, manufacturing, fencing, for railroad ties, and for fuel. The bark is used in the tanning of leather.

Another important product of trees is the fruit which they yield for man's food, such as papayas, mangroves, oranges, and cocoanuts.

Trees also give shade. Birds make their homes in them. Where there are no trees, most birds will not build nests, and the crops are injured by the insects, which the birds would naturally destroy.

Forests also produce rain. The evaporation from the soil and leaves cools the atmosphere and causes the rain to fall. This rain does not run off at once, as it often does in the open field. It sinks into the soft soil and is gradually fed out to springs and streams, thus making the earth a reservoir for man's use.

Another important use of trees is to preserve the soil on the higher lands; their roots penetrate deep into the earth, and prevent the floods from washing away the soil.

Thus we see that the uses of trees are so numerous and so important that we should do all we can to preserve them.

Forests are destroyed by fires being carelessly started in them. Forests are wasted in getting charcoal and in thoughtless cutting of young trees. The removal of forests from the hills has a disastrous effect upon a region. The trees break the winds; they reduce the heat, and lessen the danger from storms. Since the removal of trees, many localities which were formerly free from storms are visited by storms of great violence.

It is for these reasons that the government encourages the planting of trees and sets apart a day for this purpose.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases. It will never
Pass into nothingness.

—JOHN KEATS.

WHAT DO WE PLANT WHEN WE PLANT THE TREE?

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the ship which will cross the sea.
We plant the mast to carry the sails,
We plant the planks to withstand the gales —
The keel, the keelson, and beam and knee —
We plant the ship when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
We plant the houses for you and me.
We plant the rafters, the shingles, the floors,
We plant the studding, the lath, the doors,
The beams and siding, all parts that be —
We plant the house when we plant the tree.

What do we plant when we plant the tree?
A thousand things that we daily see.
We plant the spire that out-towers the crag,
We plant the staff for our country's flag,
We plant the shade from the hot sun free —
We plant all these when we plant the tree.

— HENRY ABBEY.

THE FRENCH GRENADIER

Napoleon the Great, Emperor of France, was dearly loved by his soldiers, and his praise was one of the highest honors they cared to win.

One day one of his soldiers, named La Tour d'Auvergne, was sent away from the main army alone to attend to some important business. While on his way he heard that a regiment of Austrians was on its way to capture a French fort that guarded a narrow path or pass through the mountains.

This pass was a very important place; and if the Austrians gained possession, it would be a sad thing for the French army. La Tour d'Auvergne knew this, and he determined to reach the fort and warn the commander before the Austrians arrived. He climbed the mountain with all speed; but when he reached the fort, he found that the French soldiers, fearing the Austrians, had fled.

Thirty good muskets and plenty of ammunition had been left behind, and the lookout had even left his telescope lying on the watchtower. Looking through the telescope, La Tour d'Auvergne saw that the Austrians were still some distance away, and he bravely determined to hold the fort alone as long as he could. He knew that it would be of great service to Napoleon to have the enemy's advance checked even for a little while.

The pass was steep and narrow, and the Austrians could enter it only two at a time; so that one man with thirty

muskets ready for use could do much to check the advance of the enemy.

He hastily blocked up the main entrance to the fort with all the lumber that could be found. Then he loaded every gun, and placed extra ammunition where it could easily be reached when the guns needed reloading. By this time it was dark, and there was nothing to be done but to wait for the Austrians to come.

About midnight he heard the sound of many feet. In an instant his hand grasped a musket; and as soon as he thought the enemy had entered the pass, he fired once, twice, as rapidly as possible. No return shots were fired; and from the short, quick commands of the officers, he decided that the Austrians had been surprised and confused by his greeting.

Nothing further was heard from them until sunrise the next morning, when the Austrian commander called upon the garrison to surrender. La Tour d'Auvergne received the messenger bearing the flag of truce.

"Tell your commander," he said to the messenger, "that the garrison will defend the pass to the last man."

When the messenger reported to his commander, a gun was hauled into the pass to open fire upon the fort. The only place upon which the cannon could be stationed was opposite the tower, within easy musket range.

As soon as the gun was in place, La Tour d'Auvergne sent such a rain of lead upon the gunners that the enemy were forced to withdraw. The Austrians bravely followed their leaders a second time up the narrow pass; but La Tour d'Auvergne's firing was so rapid and so sure that

"I AM THE GARRISON, COLONEL," SAID LA TOUR D'AUVERGNE

fifteen men fell before the whole body retreated. A third time they tried, and again they had to retreat.

By sunset the Austrians had lost forty-five men, and at dark the commander sent a second messenger under a flag of truce to demand that the fort surrender.

The day had seemed endless to the poor French soldier. He was very much in need of food and rest and sleep; but what were weariness and hunger, if he could only hold the fort twelve hours longer? In that time, he knew the French commander would be able to make all necessary preparations against the Austrian army.

So he sent the messenger back to tell his commander that he would surrender the fort at sunrise the next morning if the garrison would be allowed to march out with its arms to join the French army. To these terms the Austrians gladly agreed.

At sunrise the Austrian troops were drawn up in line on either side of the pass, leaving the space between the lines of Austrian soldiers open for the garrison from the fort to march through. The heavy door swung open, and La Tour d'Auvergne, staggering under his load of thirty muskets, passed slowly down between the lines of troops. Not a soul followed him out of the fort.

"Why does not the garrison appear?" asked the surprised commander.

"I am the garrison, Colonel," said La Tour d'Auvergne, saluting.

"What!" said the colonel, "do you mean to tell me that you have held that fort single-handed against my whole regiment?"

"I have had that honor, sir," answered the grenadier.

"What possessed you to do such a thing, Grenadier?"

"The honor of France was at stake."

The colonel looked at La Tour d'Auvergne with admiration. Then raising his hat he said; "Grenadier, I salute you. You are the bravest of the brave."

Under a flag of truce La Tour d'Auvergne returned to his army with the honors of a conqueror, the thirty muskets borne before him by Austrian soldiers. The Austrian colonel wrote a message to the French commander, telling of La Tour d'Auvergne's brave service.

Napoleon would have given the hero high honors, but he refused them all. By the Emperor's special order, however, he was called the First Grenadier of France, and by that title he was known by both friends and foes.

— *From the French, by* SARAH C. BROOKS.

JOY

Hark, how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring!
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his;
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter than in present is:

Not that he may not here
Taste of the cheer,
But as birds drink and straight lift up the head,
So must he sip and think
Of better drink
He must attain to after he is dead.

— GEORGE HERBERT.

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

They drive home the cows from the pasture,
Up through the long shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheat fields
That are yellow with ripening grain.

They toss the new hay in the meadow,
They gather the elder bloom white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.

They wave from the tall rocking tree tops,
Where the oriole's hammock-nest swings;
And at night-time are folded in slumber
By a song that a fond mother sings.

Those who toil bravely are strongest,
The humble and poor become great,
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.

The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the land,
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hand.

—M. H. KROUT.

THE SOIL

THE STORY OF ANTÆUS

" Flower and forest and child of breath
With me have life; without me, death!"

Most boys and girls think that the soil is a dead, uninteresting kind of substance; but it is not dead, it is full of life. Every living thing, every plant, animal, the food we eat, the clothes we wear — even man himself — comes from the soil, and we could have no life without it.

Did you ever notice in the springtime how the new, fresh, living plants burst from the soil? Keep that remembrance with you, and always think of the soil as being the source of all life, even as it is in the spring the source of the new life which we can see all about us.

But we owe another debt to this Earth Mother, for it is to her that we must turn for a renewal of health and strength and power. The good, brown earth is a health-giving, life-giving energy; and this latter-day cry of "back to the soil" is a warning sounded to us to return to the source of power before it is too late. The old Greeks, who had a way of teaching the great truths of life in story form, have left us, in the legend of the giant Antæus, a perfect picture of man's dependence on his mother soil. The story in brief is as follows: —

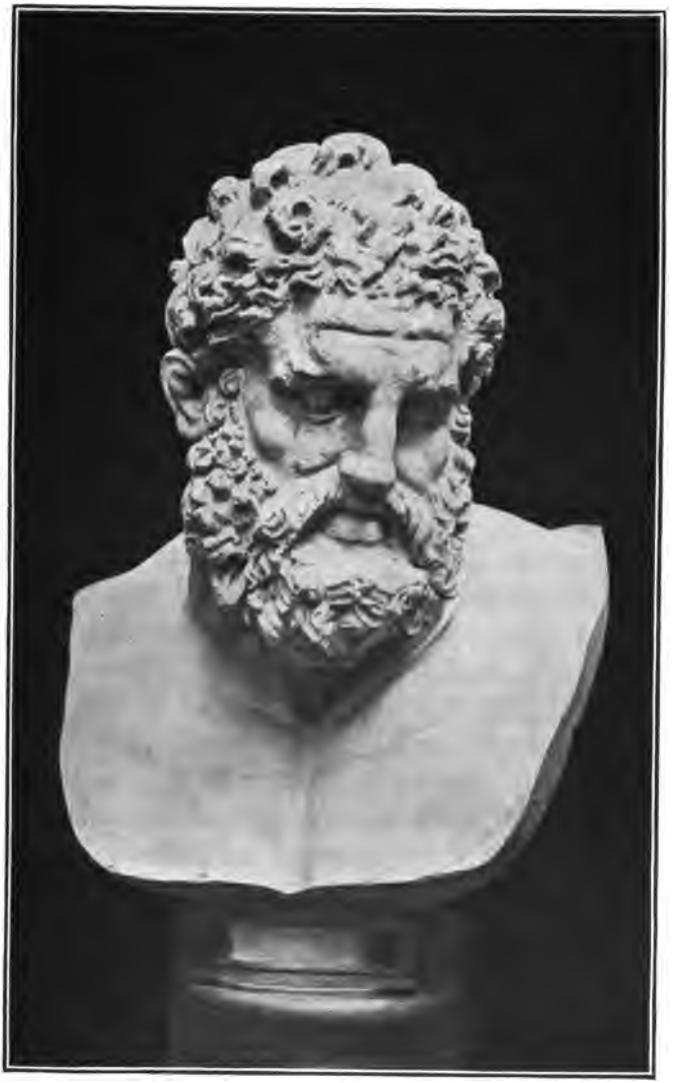
Hercules, the greatest of heroes, once found it necessary, in the course of his travels, to pass through a country which

was guarded by the giant wrestler, Antæus. It seems it was a law of this country that every stranger entering it should wrestle with the giant, and, in case of defeat, should suffer death. Now, very mighty was this Antæus, and stronger than any man or monster to whom he had ever yet been opposed. So strong was he, and so unconquerable, that men and gods alike began to suspect that he had some secret source of unlimited power. And they were right in their suspicions. Antæus knew the secret source of a new supply of vigor and strength, whenever he should need it, so he continued to triumph over all who came against him.

Then came Hercules — and hero and giant gripped in a death struggle. One long, long, terrible strain, and the giant was flung to earth, while Hercules stood panting over him. But Antæus came back — stronger and fiercer than before; and Hercules, the hero of heroes, was put to the test as they closed again. A second time was the giant thrown, and a second time he sprang back to the conflict with renewed life. Again and yet again was this repeated, and every time the giant was thrown to the earth, he returned to the struggle with increased strength.

Then Hercules guessed the giant's secret. Antæus was the son of the Earth and every time he returned to his mother she gave him renewed strength and power. When hero and giant closed for the last time, Hercules tore the son of the Earth from his source of power, and, lifting him high in the air, crushed him to death between his mighty hands.

This is the story. And the great truth of life hidden in



British Museum

HERCULES

it is this. Antæus is Man — Man as the old Greeks knew him, and Man as we know him to-day. To-day, as yesterday, the Mother Earth is man's source of health and strength and vigor and power. When man returns to his mother she renews him and sends him back to his struggle, ready for the fray. He is unconquerable as long as he can return to his source of power. It is only when man is torn from the soil and never allowed to return to it for renewed life, that he can be utterly crushed.

THE ORIGIN OF THE SOIL

What is the soil? Where did it originate? The soil is made up of finely pulverized rocks mixed with decaying animal and vegetable matter. We are told by the geologists that all soil was once rock; that many years ago the outer surface of the earth was solid rock, and that a large part of this rock crust slowly decayed and crumbled into soil.

There are a great many agencies or workers, chiseling away at the rocks and causing them to crumble to pieces and form soil. The wind, carrying small particles of dust and sand, blows against the rocks and helps to wear them gradually away. Running streams, carrying sand, gravel, and other foreign bodies, also aid very greatly in soil formation. You have perhaps noticed where some stream has been running over a rock and has worn a trench in it.

Sometimes the roots of plants grow into rock crevices while they are small enough to enter easily. Then, as they grow larger, they split off pieces of the rock. Plant roots that touch the rocks may also dissolve them into soil in their search for food.

HOW THE SOIL HOLDS WATER

If you pour some water on very hard ground, will it sink into the soil or will it run over the top of it? Suppose you were to pour the water on ground that had been thoroughly pulverized or loosened. Would it run away over the surface, or sink into the soil?

A SOIL BADLY CRACKED

In this condition the soil loses water rapidly. The loss of water should be checked by cultivation.

The soil is not a solid substance like a rock, but is made up of a great many very fine particles. Take some soil in the palm of one hand and rub it with the fingers of the other hand. You can feel the fine soil grains against the palm of your hand. These soil grains lie very close together, not so close, however, but that there are little vacant spaces between the particles. These small spaces between the soil grains are called "pores."

In some respect, then, the soil is like a sponge. If you were to dip a sponge in water, what would happen? If you were to pour water on some dry soil, it would be taken up or "absorbed" by the soil just as the sponge takes up water. The water surrounds the soil grains, and when the soil is "saturated," or has taken up all the water it can, the small spaces between the soil grains are full of water. If the soil is hard and compact, it will take up water slowly and will not absorb as much as soil that is loose.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

Good-by, Old Year! — I can but say,
Sadly I see thee passing away;
Passing away with the hopes and fears,
The bliss and pain, the smiles and tears,
That come to us all in all the years.

Good-by, Old Year! — Little indeed
Thy friendly voice we were [1] wont to heed,
Telling us, warning us every day: —
"Transient mortals! work and pray;
You, like me, are passing away!"

Good-by, Old Year! — Whatever may be
The sins and stains thou hast chanced to see,
Consider, O Year! to purge the same,
And wash away the sin and shame,
Whilst thou wert passing, Christmas came!

Good-by, Old Year! — With words of grace
Leave us to him who takes thy place;
And say, Old Year, unto the New,
"Kindly, carefully, carry them through,
For much, I ween, they have yet to do!"

— J. G. Saxe.

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

THE HAT POST OFFICE

Abraham Lincoln was at one time postmaster of his town. There were few letters for the place in those early days, so his duties as postmaster did not interfere with his usual work. He chopped wood, split rails, or hoed corn for the neighbors just as he had done before, and wherever he went, he carried the letters with him on his head! When he received the mail, he put the letters into his hat, and delivered them to the proper persons wherever he happened to meet them. So it came to be a joke in that part of the country that Abe Lincoln carried the "New Salem post office in his hat."

His work as postmaster did not last very long, for the post office was soon taken away from New Salem, and the people had to get their mail at a neighboring town. Although the post office was closed, the government sent no one at the time to collect the money which was in the postmaster's possession.

Several years later Mr. Lincoln was practicing law in Springfield, Illinois, when a gentleman appeared and inquired for Abraham Lincoln. He was directed to the young lawyer's office, in which there were several other gentlemen at the time.

"I have come," said the stranger, "to collect the money due the government from the New Salem post office, of which you were the last postmaster."

Mr. Lincoln was at that time very poor, and one of his

friends, thinking he might not have the ready cash, took him aside and offered to lend him the sum he needed.

"No, I thank you," replied Mr. Lincoln. "I am very much obliged, but I do not need to borrow."

Going to his old trunk, which stood in a corner of the office, he took out of it a blue bag. Pouring its contents on to the table, he invited the government official to count the money. He did so, and found exactly the amount due, and in the very same coins that had been paid to Postmaster Lincoln so long before.

Although he had been in great need of money, Mr. Lincoln would not touch a penny that belonged to the government. Seeing surprise on his friends' faces, he remarked: —

"I never use any money which does not belong to me."

DUTY

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
  So near is God to man;
When Duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
  The youth replies "I can."

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

WHY THE HORSES ARE HAPPY IN FLORHEIM

tournament	remorse	maltreat
pedestal	wretched	trough

There is a little province, called Florheim, somewhere in the northern part of Europe, and this province is remarkable for just one thing — its splendid horses. Every horse you can meet in a day's journey is fat and sleek, and hearty and happy; every one of them, from the big, heavy-footed gray that carts away the ashes to the dainty little chestnut on the Count's carriage. And the secret of it is that in Florheim no one ever maltreats a horse. Each horse has enough to eat, a good stable, and the best of care; he is never beaten or made to carry a load too heavy for him. And when you ask the peasants why this is so, they smile at you and say, "Why, 'tis because of the good Count Arnauld and his horse Nicole." The story of the good Count Arnauld is written in the chronicles of the Counts of Florheim, and this is what you may read there.

When Valentine, fifth Count of Florheim, died in the year 1377, his cousin Arnauld succeeded to his title and estates. Arnauld was only ten years old and an orphan, but a very brave and high-spirited lad. Because he was handsome and clever he was much flattered and spoiled by his courtiers; so it came about that he became, though naturally kind and generous, somewhat overbearing and rather too fond of his own pleasure.

NICOLE

Now Arnauld had a splendid gray horse, named Nicole, very faithful and fleet of foot, and more intelligent than any other horse in the stables. Arnauld rode him daily to the chase or to practice in tilt and tournament, so that he grew very fond of Nicole.

One day when Arnauld was twelve years of age, he started out with a dozen of his courtiers to hunt in the forest of Charbonne, and soon they came upon the trail of a stag and followed it without rest until midday. As they sped through the clearings in the forest with the sun high overhead, the Lord Thibault spoke to Arnauld and said: —

"Had we not better rest here and refresh ourselves, my Lord Count? The day is hot and our horses well broken in wind." Nicole, particularly, was breathing hard and painfully.

But Arnauld, partly because of his eagerness to capture the stag, and partly because he liked no advice from any one older than himself, cried out: —

"Stay here and rest if you will, my Lord Thibault, but I shall ride down the stag before I rest."

"Have a care, my Lord!" warned Thibault. "Nicole can ill bear more riding under such a burning sun."

"Ho!" laughed the boy. "Nicole wearied! Many a day have I ridden him farther than this!" And without more words, he dug his spurs into Nicole's panting sides and dashed off through the wood. Nicole being a horse of good spirit leaped forward and galloped on as if he were fresh from the stall.

"Good horse! My own Nicole!" cried Arnauld, petting his foam-streaked neck. "We will show them you are not

tired!" And he continued to urge him on with whip and spur.

Scarcely had they gone three miles farther when suddenly Nicole plunged violently, fell to the ground, and rolled over with blood gushing out of his nose and mouth. Arnauld was thrown to the earth some distance away, and by good fortune escaped unhurt; but when he had gone over and seen Nicole lying there quite dead, with glassy eyes and wide-open mouth, he began to sob and to cry, as he had not done since he was a very little fellow. Even when his attendants came up and tried to comfort him, it was of no use. Arnauld was heartbroken at the thought that his heedlessness and selfishness had cost the life of his favorite horse.

He went home mournfully, and the next day he had Nicole's body wrapped in a sheet of purple silk and placed in a gorgeous casket, and gave orders that he should be buried with great ceremony and honor under the plum tree in the orchard, where all the dogs and horses of the Counts of Florheim had been laid. But that night Arnauld dreamed a horrible dream and saw Nicole again as he had seen him lying dead in the wood, and he awoke crying and sobbing. Then he had a magnificent stone placed over the grave, and had carved upon it these words: —

"Here lies Nicole,
Faithful unto death to his master,
Arnauld, Count of Florheim."

But even after this had been done Arnauld still continued to grieve and to dream of poor Nicole. At last he sent for a great sculptor and had a statue of Nicole made in stone and

placed on a pedestal in the public square before the palace. And often he would sit at the window and gaze at the noble stone horse that truly bore a remarkable resemblance to his lost Nicole. Still, at night he dreamed bad dreams and in the daytime he could not free himself from his remorse. Nothing could make him forget his cruelty.

One day, as he sat sorrowfully at the window, he saw a peasant driving a horse attached to a market wagon and noticed that the horse dragged wearily along and looked ready to fall with heat and faintness. So he called out and ordered the man to stop, while he sent out one of the palace grooms with a pail of water for the horse. The horse drank deeply and was refreshed. After he was gone, Arnauld watched and saw many other horses pass through the dusty square with heavy heads and panting sides. Suddenly, he clapped his hands together and cried: —

"I know what I will do. I will put a [1] drinking trough here in the square, at the foot of Nicole's statue, and for his sake no horse shall suffer any longer with thirst."

So he gave orders, and they placed, in the center of the square, at the feet of Nicole, a great stone trough and filled it with clear water. When Arnauld looked from his window and saw the poor, tired horses drinking their fill and going away refreshed, he felt happier and did not grieve nearly as much as before.

Now that his heart was pitiful toward all horses, for the sake of his dear Nicole, he began to notice that many, many horses were thin and wretched, and that many were dragging loads too heavy for their strength; that some were lame, and

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

some were blind; that some were covered with sores; and often that cruel drivers whipped and kicked these sick, old horses. Then said Arnauld to himself: —

"I know I was wicked and cruel to my dear Nicole, and now it is too late to do anything for him, but for his sake I shall make all other horses happy. In all my lands no one shall be allowed to hurt or maltreat a horse."

So he passed a law that any man who starved, beat, or abused his horse should be sent into banishment; but every man who kept his horse fat and strong, and did not work him too hard, should receive a purse of money each year from the count. And the day on which the money was to be paid was the anniversary of the day on which Nicole met his death.

Thus it came to pass, even before the young count became a man, that there was not a sick or an abused horse in all his dominion, and all over Europe it grew to be a saying, "He's as happy as a horse in Florheim."

Arnauld dreamed no more of Nicole lying dead in the forest, but instead he dreamed one night that he saw a great company of wonderfully beautiful horses, prancing and running about in a lovely green meadow, and before them all ran Nicole, with his long gray mane and tail flying in the wind. Arnauld had never seen Nicole looking so free and happy. Then he awoke and felt comforted.

When he was a man, Arnauld taught his children to love and be kind to all horses, and from that day to this, every one of the Counts of Florheim has been good and merciful to horses for the sake of the boy, Arnauld, and his faithful Nicole.

— BONNIE A. NEWILL — *in* "Our Dumb Animals."

THE HORSE

fossil	primitive
radical	dun
indicate	implements

I am sure that every boy and girl is fond of reading history and especially that part of history which tells us what man has been doing through all the countless ages of the earth. The history of the development of the horse is full of interest because the horse is one of the most serviceable animals to mankind.

Of course the horse cannot write or talk, so he has not been able to record his own history for us. But his record has been kept, however. It often happens that when animals die their bones do not decay for ages. Modern scholars have given much study to these fossil remains of animals, and have been enabled to learn much of natural history through them. And it is by the study of the bones of the horse that we have been enabled to learn the history of his development — to learn what kind of animal he once was, and how he has been gradually developed to his present state of beauty and usefulness.

The great scientists, who have given their whole lives to the study of the earth and the history of its creatures, tell us that in one period of its history the earth was very wet and soft. At this time, they say, the horse was a very small animal, and his feet had toes to enable him to walk through

the wet earth. On the front feet there were four toes, and the splintlike appearance of a fifth toe; on the hind feet there were three toes, and the splintlike appearance of a fourth toe.

The middle toe was much the largest and strongest, and, in succeeding generations of horses, this middle toe

SHETLAND PONY

gradually became larger and stronger and the other toes smaller and weaker, until, finally, all of the smaller toes disappeared altogether, and the large toe in the center of the foot became a solid hoof as we see it to-day. You must not forget that it took long ages and many, many generations of horses to bring about this radical change.

It has not been possible for us to find anything that would indicate what was the color of the horse in early times, but it is supposed to have been the color that we now

CHAMPION PERCHERON MARE

call "dun." The indications are that darker stripes ran around the body of the primitive horse, giving the animal the appearance of the zebra.

In early times the horse's head was small, in keeping with the small body, and the teeth were small and short. As the animal developed and became larger, the head became larger in proportion to the size of the body. The teeth also became larger and much longer.

Fossil remains of the ancient horse have been found in North America, South America, Asia, Europe, and, in fact, in almost all parts of the world.

Man became familiar with the horse and associated with him in what is called the "Stone Implement Age," or the time when man carved out of stone the implements with which he worked. Perhaps at first the horse was hunted by man and his flesh used for food. Later, however, the creature was tamed and used for driving to chariots and then for riding.

Do you love the horse? I think that every boy and girl ought to love the horse for what he has done for us, and for what he is still doing. But every one should own a good horse in order to know how really noble the animal is, and how, through his long and close association with man, he has come to be his sympathetic friend. History is full of incidents where horses have displayed almost human intelligence, and where they have shown a loyalty to the ones they loved that is worthy of imitation.

Be patient, kind, and gentle to your horse; feed and care for him well, and he will gladly give you his best service in turn. I believe that there is something good in every human being that loves a horse and cares for him tenderly.

BEAUTY

A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

—JOHN KEATS.

LAURENCE COSTER AND JOHN GUTENBERG

PART I

parchment	solitude	society
manuscript	favorite	haunt

LAURENCE COSTER, THE DISCOVERER OF TYPE PRINTING

In Holland there is a very ancient town called Haarlem. On one of its irregular, grass-grown streets stands a house which seems even older than most of its neighbors. In this house once dwelt a man named Laurence Coster, whose business was to care for a little church that stood near his modest dwelling.

Coster was very fond of reading, but in his day there was not a printed book in all the world. The only books then in existence were written by the monks. These faithful, intelligent men spent year after year in their quiet monasteries writing precious volumes upon parchment, made at great cost from the skin of sheep. These books were, therefore, very expensive, and only the rich could afford to own them. Beside, there were so few of them that most people lived their whole lives and never saw a book.

Of course, as books were so scarce and expensive, very few people ever learned to read. Why should they? They had nothing to read. But Laurence Coster had always been a great student, fond of knowledge, and preferring the solitude of the woods to the society of those around him. In the little church where he was warden there were a few

of the monks' manuscript volumes; and Coster read these over and over until he knew them by heart.

He was very fond of walking by himself in the outskirts of the quiet town, but his favorite haunt was a dense, unfrequented grove a mile or two beyond Haarlem.

From boyhood Coster had loved to visit its shady solitude. When a young man, he had gone there to dream of the fair maid whom he loved, and whose initials he once fondly carved on a favorite old tree.

But, now, two or three grandchildren delighted his old age, and his greatest pleasure was to amuse them. One day, as he was walking in the grove, a happy thought entered his mind. "I can cut letters from the bark of the trees and, using them as playthings, I can teach the little ones to read."

He was delighted to find that the letters of bark greatly amused the children, and that they very soon learned to recognize them and to call them by name. This success made the grandfather more careful to fashion the letters as correctly and distinctly as possible. He spent more hours than ever in the grove, making what at the time seemed only toys for his loved ones. These toy letters, however, were the beginning of a discovery which later made Laurence Coster a famous man.

One afternoon the old man had been more than usually successful in cutting the letters from the soft bark of a growing tree. He smiled with satisfaction to see how neatly he had made them. Then carefully wrapping them in a piece of parchment, he carried the precious treasures home.

The grandchildren were watching for their dear grand-

father, and ran out to meet him as he approached. Clapping their hands with glee, the little ones waited eagerly for him to unfold the parchment and take from it a number of the prettiest letters they had yet seen. They at once began to arrange the new toys in rows, circles, etc., naming each letter as they laid it down, while the old man playfully corrected their mistakes.

Meanwhile the scrap of parchment had been thrown aside. But now one of the boys, tired of play, picked it up and cried out, "Look, grandfather! See what the letters have done!"

"See what the letters have done?" echoed his grandfather. "What does my child mean?" and his eyes twinkled with pleasure as he looked into the astonished little face of his grandson. "Let me see what it is that interests you so much, my boy," and he took the parchment from the child's hand.

He examined it a moment, then exclaimed: "Bless my soul!" For there, upon the smooth surface, was a clear, distinct imprint of each letter that had been wrapped in it. When Grandfather Coster had carved the letters, the bark of the tree was moist with spring sap, and the sap had performed the service of ink.

Coster was a man of quick intelligence, and he saw that this printing of the bark letters on the parchment was really a great discovery. He thought, "By having a series of letters, and impressing them again and again upon parchment, books can be printed much easier and much faster than they can be written. This will increase their number and also reduce their price."

His mind filled with these thoughts, Laurence Coster went to the grove and cut more letters. He covered these with ink and pressed them upon parchment. The result was a distinct imprint of the letters.

He then formed the letters into words and printed the words in the same way.

His next step was to carve the letters out of solid pieces of wood. But his final achievement came when he cut his letters from lead.

Thus this ingenious man invented what we now call types; that is, letters made from metal and used to produce the printed words we see in all kinds of printed matter.

When his simple-minded neighbors heard what he was doing, they whispered among themselves, "Neighbor Coster has lost his mind."

But he shut himself up for months, concealing his work and striving to perfect his plan for printing books.

LAURENCE COSTER AND JOHN GUTENBERG

PART II

inventor	unmolested	quench
self-sacrifice	spout	liquor

JOHN GUTENBERG, THE INVENTOR OF THE PRINTING PRESS

One day, while Laurence Coster was busily at work with his types, a sturdy German youth, with a traveling bag slung across his back, tramped into Haarlem. No sooner had the youth entered the town than he heard how Grandfather Coster was trying to make books in some new and strange way. "The old man says," continued the people, "that it is not necessary to write books any more; that they can be made more quickly and cheaply by his new plan."

With a beating heart, the young German knocked at Coster's door. "My name is John Gutenberg," he said when the old man appeared. "The people tell me, sir, that you have found a new way of making books and I have come to inquire what it is. Will you explain your plan to me?"

"Enter and God bless you," said the benevolent old man. He led his young guest in, delighted with a visitor who was really interested in his work. The inventor then showed young Gutenberg how he used his letters in printing.

With his rude, leaden types, he pressed letter after letter

on the parchment. The young man, with his active intelligence, stood by, giving closest attention. Already in his mind he saw countless books, printed with types instead of written with goose quills. He saw the people reading these books, and his heart was filled with gladness.

"Look," exclaimed Coster, holding up a few pages roughly sewed together. "This is my first book in print." It was a Latin grammar, which the patient printer had slowly printed letter by letter.

"Father Coster," cried young Gutenberg, grasping the inventor's hand reverently, "you have discovered the true method of book making. It now remains for us, God willing, to find the way to use it so that books can be printed quickly. I know it can be done. I already see books printed from these letters of yours in such numbers that people everywhere are reading them and gaining knowledge from them."

Again the two men clasped hands warmly, and young Gutenberg, with his bag on his back, returned to his home in Strassburg on the Rhine, where he had been brought up in luxury and had received the best education that the learned monks of his time could give.

The people of those days, ignorant and superstitious, were afraid of everything new or strange, saying: "It is an evil thing. We will have nothing to do with it lest we be cursed of God."

Young Gutenberg knew this very well. Therefore, when he returned to Strassburg, he shut himself in his room, telling the people he was making jewelry.

Day and night he worked with Coster's type letters, try-

ing to discover a quicker way to print with them. The people so interrupted his work that he was compelled to seek a new hiding place. This he found in an old half-ruined monastery which stood in a deserted place a few miles from the town.

Hidden in a dark corner of this old ruin was a little room that Gutenberg selected for his workshop. Here he hid the tools and materials needed for his work. He then fitted up a room in another part of the monastery as a jewelry shop and put two young men at work repairing jewelry. "Now," exclaimed the young man, "surely I can work at my types unmolested."

He carved a number of separate types from some bits of wood, and strung them in the form of words and sentences upon a wire. Finding, however, that wood was not hard enough, he carved the types from lead, which proved satisfactory.

Gutenberg then made ink that would print distinctly. Next he made a brush and a roller with which to put the ink on the types. He was then able to print a whole word or sentence at once; and by changing the types about, he could form new words and sentences.

But now came what Gutenberg had been seeking from the beginning. After days and nights of anxious thought, the inventor set to work upon the final step of his great invention. Two upright posts were fastened together by cross-pieces near the top and bottom. A big iron screw with a handle attached was screwed into a board and the board fitted on to the top of the frame. A few inches below this board, another board of equal size was fastened to the frame,

THE FIRST SHEET FROM THE PRINTING PRESS

and the types, when inked and set in a case, were put upon this lower board. The printing paper was laid over the type and the upper board screwed down upon it by turning the handle of the big iron screw. The board was then raised by reversing the action of the screw and the printed sheet was ready to be taken out. The printing press was invented!

The press worked to perfection. When the sheet was removed, the printed letters were clear, beautifully formed, and arranged in perfect lines.

"This is only a kind of wine press you wish me to make," said the workman whom Gutenberg employed to put the press together.

"Yes, John," answered the inventor, "it is a wine press and it shall shortly spout forth floods of the most abundant and marvelous liquor that has ever flowed to quench the thirst of man."

And thus it was that step by step the young inventor first thought out, then worked out, that great machine we know as the printing press — that machine which brings the world's knowledge within reach of even the poorest of the people. The great printing presses of to-day can accomplish more in twelve hours than Gutenberg's press accomplished in twelve months. But, nevertheless, the great press we have is the direct descendant of the little one that John Gutenberg built more than four hundred years ago.

The poor inventor, however, was not to gain much happiness from the results of his days and nights of labor and the splendid invention he had made, for when he began to print books, the men in his jewelry shop said to the people of Strassburg: "Gutenberg is not a jeweler. He does no work with us. Often we do not see him for many days. He shuts himself up alone in another room and makes books according to the commands of the Devil."

Their story spread through the town. The writers of manuscript books were furious. They said one to another: "If this fellow is allowed to print books, we shall have no more work. The people will buy these new books because Satan has made them plentiful and cheap, and our occupation will be ruined. We must drive him from the town."

So Gutenberg was forced to fly from Strassburg, the home of his youth. He went back to Mayence, his birthplace, and continued his printing, but even there the superstition

of those dark, ignorant days followed him, and he was forced to leave Mayence, also. He was then very poor, and for a while he wandered about from place to place, almost without food or shelter. After a time, however, the king became his friend. He set up his press and again printed books, which the people read. Thus, in his old age John Gutenberg saw some of the benefits that had come to the world through his life of labor, struggle, and self-sacrifice.

DON'T GIVE UP

If you've tried and have not won,
  Never stop for crying;
All that's great and good is done
  Just by patient trying.

Though young birds, in flying, fall,
  Still their wings grow stronger;
And the next time they can keep
  Up a little longer.

Though the sturdy oak has known
  Many a blast that bowed her,
She has risen again, and grown
  Loftier and prouder.

If by easy work you beat,
  Who the more will prize you?
Gaining victory from defeat,
  That's the test that tries you!

— PHŒBE CARY.

MATSUYAMA'S MIRROR

kimono	belongings	consolation
intervals	metal	disk

A STORY OF OLD JAPAN

In a country village of Japan, long years ago, there lived a man whose family consisted of his wife and one little daughter, Matsuyama, who was the joy and pride of her parents' lives.

To the fond parents those were golden days that marked each change in Matsuyama's growth from infancy to young womanhood. First, when just thirty days old, she was robed in a gorgeous kimono and borne by her mother to the temple to be placed under the protection of the family deity. Next came the dolls' festival, when she received her first dolls with all their small belongings. The following year came her third birthday, the most important occasion of all that had yet occurred. On this day the first obi, the broad scarlet and gold sash, was tied round her tiny waist, a sign that she had said good-by to baby days.

And now the darling of the household was seven years old, and had learned to wait upon her parents in those little ways so dear to their hearts. So their cup of joy was full, and in the whole Island Empire there was not a happier home.

At this time a great event happened in the quiet life of this happy family. The father was summoned to the capi-

tal. The business was urgent, and he must go at once. In those days a journey to Kioto, the capital, was long and toilsome. The roads were rough and rocky. Ordinary people had to walk every step of the way, whether the distance was one mile or a hundred miles.

So the wife was very anxious while she helped her husband to get ready for the journey, knowing what a difficult task lay before him. She wished that she could accompany him, but the distance was too great for the mother and child to walk, and besides she knew it was the wife's duty to take care of the home.

All was ready at last, and the husband stood in the porch with his dear ones at his side.

"Do not be anxious, I will come back soon," he said. "While I am away, take care of everything, and especially of our little daughter."

"Yes, yes, but you must take care of yourself and delay not a day in coming back to us," said the wife, while the tears fell like rain from her eyes. Meanwhile little Matsuyama caught his long sleeve to keep him a moment longer.

"Father, I will be very good while I am waiting for you to come back, so please bring me a present," she said, smiling up into her father's face; and the father, taking a last farewell of his weeping wife and his smiling, eager child, went quickly through the gate and in a moment vanished from sight.

"Now father has gone, you and I must take care of everything till he returns," said the mother, as she made her way into the house.

"I will be very good," answered the child, bowing respectfully, "and perhaps father will bring me a present from Kioto."

"Father will be sure to bring you something you want very much. You must think of him and pray for his safety every day." The mother looked into her little girl's face and felt her love for her child growing deeper.

Then this industrious mother set up her simple wooden spinning wheel and began to spin the thread which she later wove into cloth for the winter clothing. In the intervals of her work she directed the little girl's games and began teaching her to read the old stories of her country. Thus the wife found consolation in work during the lonely days of her husband's absence.

In the meantime the husband finished his business and returned. His fond wife and child recognized him a long distance away and flew to meet him, each catching one of his sleeves in their eager greeting. It seemed a very long time since the dear father had left them. It was with feelings of the greatest joy, therefore, that the mother and child drew off his straw sandals and removed his large umbrella hat.

As soon as they had sat down on the white mats, the father opened a bamboo basket and took out a beautiful doll and a box of cakes.

"Here is a present for you, my daughter. It is a reward for taking care of mother and the house so well while I have been away."

"Thank you," said the child, as she bowed to the floor, and put out her hand to take the doll and the box, which,

coming from the capital, were more precious to her than anything she had.

Again the husband put his hand into the basket. This time he took out a square wooden box, carefully tied with red and white string, and, handing it to his wife, said: —

"And this is for you."

The wife also bowed very graciously and took from the box a circular metal disk with a handle attached. The face of the disk was smooth and shining like crystal; while the back was covered with figures of pine trees and storks. It was a beautiful mirror. Never in her life had this simple woman seen such a thing, for she had been born and bred far from the great cities where mirrors were then used. She gazed into the shining disk; then looked up with surprise and wonder pictured on her face, and said: —

"Oh, what a beautiful picture! It is of a woman, and she seems to be smiling and talking just as I am. She has a blue kimono on just like mine. How strange!"

Her husband laughed and answered: "It is yourself that you see. You are looking in a mirror. All the women in Kioto have them."

The wife was delighted with her present, and looked into it very often to see the smiling red lips, the laughing eyes, and the dark hair reflected back to her.

But after a while she said to herself: "How foolish this is of me to sit and gaze at myself in this mirror! I am not more beautiful than other women. How much better for me to enjoy others' beauty, and forget my own face. I shall remember only that it must always be happy and smiling in

"IT IS OF A WOMAN, AND SHE SEEMS TO BE SMILING JUST AS I AM."

order to make others happy also. I do not wish any cross or angry look of mine to make any one sad."

She put the mirror into its box and kept it carefully concealed. Only twice a year did she look into it. Then it was to see if her face was still such as would make others happy.

The years passed, and little Matsuyama grew into a sweet, kind, loving, and helpful young woman, the very image of her mother. One day this dear mother called her daughter and said: "My child, I know I must soon leave you, but I wish you to have something that will partly fill my place in your life. Open this box and see what you find in it."

Matsuyama obeyed and looked for the first time into the face of a mirror. "Oh, mother dear!" she cried. "I see you here. Not thin and pale as you are now, but happy and smiling, as you have always been."

"After I am gone, Matsuyama, will you look at this face every morning and every evening? Always try to do right, so that you will see only happiness there."

The girl promised, and every morning when the sun rose and the birds began to twitter and sing, she rose and looked into her mirror. There she saw the bright, happy face that she remembered as her mother's.

Every evening when the shadows fell and the birds were asleep, she looked again. When the day had been a happy one, the face smiled back at her. When she was sad, the face was sad. So she became very careful to do nothing unkind, for she knew how sad the face would be. Each day she grew more kind and loving until few would have known that the face she saw was not the dear mother's face that she supposed looked back at her daily from the mirror.

BEAUTIFUL THINGS

What millions of beautiful things there must be
In this mighty world! — who could reckon them all?
The tossing, the foaming, the wide flowing sea,
And thousand of rivers that into it fall.

O there are the mountains, half covered with snow,
With tall and dark trees, like a girdle of green,
And waters that wind in the valleys below,
Or roar in the caverns, too deep to be seen.

Vast caves in the earth, full of wonderful things,
The bones of strange animals, jewels, and spars;
Or, far up in Iceland, the hot boiling springs,
Like fountains of feathers, or showers of stars!

Here, spread the sweet meadows with thousands of flowers;
Far away are old woods, that for ages remain;
Wild elephants sleep in the shade of their bowers;
Or troops of young antelopes traverse the plain.

O yes, they are glorious, all, to behold,
And pleasant to read of, and curious to know,
And something of God and His wisdom we're told,
Whatever we look at — wherever we go!

— A. T.

"The 'Original Poems' and Others." By Ann and Jane Taylor. Edited by E. V. Lucas. Frederick A. Stokes Co., Publishers (English).

THE OAK, THE MONARCH OF TEMPERATE FORESTS

All honor to the king of the forest, the monarch of the woods of temperate zones! There he stands in all his grandeur, so strong and noble, so venerable with age. He is also a very gracious old monarch.

Do you know the trees in winter when they are without their beautiful leaf dresses? You may know them sometimes by their shape and form, sometimes by their bark, and nearly always in the spring by their buds.

Look at the oak's rugged, mossy trunk, black and rough and cracked all over. Even the new branches, which have

just made a little attempt to be smooth and yellow, are covered with black cracks. This venerable tree has not a straight up-and-down trunk; no, it has a beautiful, shapely waist. Measure it round where it comes out of the ground. Suppose it is three yards there; then measure it again as high as you can reach. Here it is only two yards or less. Higher up it widens out again, and divides into great branches, each one like a tree.

A gentleman once stood before a mighty oak tree, pondering deeply upon the problem of lighthouse construction. Nine miles out from the coast of Cornwall, England, lay some dangerous rocks on which many a brave ship had been wrecked. Twice a lighthouse had been erected upon them, and twice it had been destroyed. On what plan could he build a new one, which should stand firm through storm and tempest? The oak tree stands for hundreds of years; branch after branch may be broken off, but the trunk remains firm. Many other trees are often torn up by the roots, but never the oak. Mr. Smeaton wondered if it was the peculiar shape, the broad base and curving waist, that made this tree so strong. He went away, and in 1759 the new Eddystone Lighthouse was built, broad at the base and sloping upwards like the trunk of the majestic oak tree; and it stands firm to this day.

The branches of some trees seem to aim at reaching the sky, those of others try to see what beautiful curves they can make, but the king of the forest spreads out his boughs like stretched-out arms, as if trying to see how much ground he can shelter and protect. These great arms are "all elbows," and the smaller branches twist and jerk about in the same

irregular way. The twigs are arranged in little bouquets — three or four of them spring together out of one knot; but then they turn different ways and grow different lengths, as if quite determined not to be alike.

But the oak does not like to be hurried; he has ages to live, plenty of time before him and behind him, and he is never in haste. Perhaps that is how he has won the title of the king of the forest. — MRS. DYSON, *in* "The Stories of the Trees."

THE AGE OF TREES

Trees are common. Yes, but how long did it take Mother Nature, working incessantly, to form out of the low, one-celled plant, the beautiful, noble monarch of the plant kingdom which we call a tree?

"The groves were God's first temples." And each tree is still a temple for birds and bees. It is a testimony pointing heavenward to that God, Who is at the heart of all good things. — ANNA BAGSTAD, *from* "A Temple."

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA

finale	tempted	musician
comic	stammered	involuntarily

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight evening I called on Beethoven and asked him to take a walk with me. In passing through a dark, narrow street he suddenly paused. "Hush!" he said. "What sound is that? It is from my [1] Symphony in F. Hark! How well it is played!"

We stood before a small, mean dwelling, and listened. The player went on; but in the midst of the finale there was a sudden break, then a voice sobbed out: "I cannot play any more — it is so beautiful; it is so far beyond my power to do it justice. Oh, how I would like to go to the concert at Cologne!"

"Ah, my sister," said her companion, "we can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right, I know, and yet I wish that, for once in my life, I might hear some really good music; but it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in!" I exclaimed. "What shall we go in for?"

"I will play to her," he said. "Here is feeling — genius — understanding. I will play to her and she will understand it!" And before I could prevent him he knocked upon the door and entered.

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned piano, sat a young girl, with a mass of light hair falling over her bent face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, "but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician. I also overheard something of what you said. You wish to hear — that is, you would like — that is — shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comic and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our piano is so old, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend, "how, then, does the sister —"

He paused, for the girl looked full at him, and he saw that she was blind.

"I — I beg your pardon," he stammered; "but I had not seen before. Then you play from ear?"

"Yes."

"And where do you hear the music, since you go to no concerts?"

"I used to hear a lady practicing near us where we lived two years ago. During the summer evenings her windows were open, and I walked outside and listened to her."

The little girl seemed shy, so Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano, and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow — how grand he would be that night!

Never, during all the years that I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that little girl and her brother. He was inspired; and from the instant his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument grew sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched near the end of the piano as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to wake.

Suddenly the flame of the candle wavered, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, letting in the bright moonlight. The room was almost as light as before. But the chain of his ideas was broken by the incident.

The young shoemaker rose, and approached him eagerly, yet reverently — "Wonderful man!" he said, "who and what are you?"

The composer smiled kindly. "Listen," he said, and he played the opening chords of his Symphony in F.

A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming, "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back, begging him to play to us once more, only once more!

He went back to the instrument. He looked thoughtfully at the moon shining brightly through the window, and lighting up his massive head and rugged figure. "I

"I WILL IMPROVISE A SONATA TO THE MOONLIGHT"

will improvise a sonata to the moonlight," he said, looking thoughtfully up at the sky. Then his hands dropped to the keys, and he began playing a sad and meditative movement, which crept gently over the keys like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth. This was followed by a wild passage in triple time, like the dance of fairies upon the grass. Then came a swift, breathless, hurrying movement descriptive of flight, uncertainty, and vague terror, which filled us all with emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you," said Beethoven, pushing back his chair, and going to the door; "farewell to you."

"You will come again?" asked they in one breath.

He paused, and looked tenderly at the face of the girl. "Yes, I will come again, and give the little one some lessons. Farewell! I will soon come again!"

They followed us in silence and stood at their door watching us till we were out of sight.

"Let us hurry home," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can remember it!" We did so, and he sat writing it till long past sunrise. And this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata which has given such great delight to thousands of people.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE MAKING OF THE MUSIC

"Make us a song, then, mother dear!
  Sweet to think of, and sweet to sing,"
Said the little daughter and the little son;
  Their lips were gay, and their eyes were clear—
    "And let the song be an easy one,
    Sweet to think of, and sweet to sing."

"Sweet to think of, and sweet to hear?
How shall I make it, children dear?
The night is falling, the winds are rough;
What will you give me to make it of?"

"No, mother dear, the winds are soft,
And the sky is blue and clear aloft,
And oh! we can give you things enough
To make the beautiful music of.

"We will give you the morning and afternoon,
We will give you the sun, and the full white moon;
You shall have all our prettiest toys,
And fields and flowers, and girls and boys.

"We will give you a bird, and a ship at sea,
And a golden cloud, and an almond tree,
A picture gay, a river that runs,
A chime of bells, and hot-cross-buns.

"You may have roses, and rubies rare,
And silks and satins beyond compare,
A scepter and crown, a queen, a king,

Sir Frederick Leighton.

MUSIC LESSON

And beautiful dreams, and everything!
We will give you all that we think or know —
The song will be sweet if you make it so."

Then the mother smiled as she began
To make the music, and sweet it ran,
And easy enough for a strain or two;
And the children said, "Mother, the song will do!"

But soon the melody ran less clear;
There came a pause, and a wandering tear,
And a thought that went back many a year;
And the children fancied the music long,
And asked, "What have you put into the song
That we did not tell you, mother dear?"

— WILLIAM BRIGHTY RANDS.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please,
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

— POPE.

HOW DANIEL WEBSTER WON HIS FIRST CASE

(This is a true story. It may be adapted as a dialogue for three boys.)

mischief	mercy	appeal
abide	decision	case

"Something is eating the beets and the peas in the garden," said Daniel Webster's father one morning, as he returned to the house from his fine vegetable garden. "It looks as if a woodchuck is doing the mischief." Whatever it was, it came too often, until at last Daniel and his brother Ezekiel decided to set a trap and catch whatever was destroying the vegetables.

DANIEL WEBSTER

They did so, and several mornings later they found a little woodchuck trembling inside the closed door of the trap.

"Let us kill him at once," said Ezekiel, "and put an end to any further mischief from him."

But the kind-hearted Daniel looked with pity upon the poor, helpless captive and wished to set him free. "No, no, Zeke," he pleaded. "I cannot bear to kill the poor little fellow. See how frightened he is and how he looks at us for mercy."

The boys could not agree as to what should be done with

the little marauder, so they decided to appeal to their father and to abide by his decision.

Mr. Webster heard their story, and then said: "Well, boys, let us try the woodchuck's case. The court will be held under the big tree in the garden. The woodchuck is our prisoner. Daniel, you shall be his lawyer and defend his cause. Ezekiel, you shall speak against him in the interest of people whose vegetables he destroys. I will act as judge, and, after the evidence is all in, I shall decide what is right to do with the prisoner."

Ezekiel opened the case, speaking very strongly against the poor woodchuck.

"This fellow is a dangerous criminal," the youthful lawyer began. "He has stolen into our garden and has done much damage to plants growing there. If he is set free, he will return and repeat the crime. Why did we take the trouble to set a trap for him, if we did not intend to punish him? Let us kill him at once. His skin is of some value, and will repay in part the damage he has done. And by killing him we shall not only save our own garden, but the gardens of our neighbors also."

The boy had made a fine speech, and his father was proud of him.

Then turning to his younger son, Mr. Webster said: "Now, Daniel, you have heard Ezekiel speak against the prisoner. What have you to say in his defense?"

Daniel rose to speak. He saw that his father thought very highly of Ezekiel's speech. It was his first case. He looked at the poor little woodchuck in the trap, trembling with fear. The boy's eyes filled with tears and his voice

was full of sympathy for the unfortunate dumb creature at that moment so entirely at their mercy.

But he began by saying: —

"God made the woodchuck to enjoy the free life of the fields and the woods. This poor little animal has as much right to life as we have. He is not a destructive creature like the fox nor a dangerous animal like the wolf. What crime has he committed? He has eaten a few vegetables from our garden, and, thanks to the bountiful hand of our Heavenly Father, we have enough and to spare.

"The poor creature has destroyed nothing except the little he needed to eat. He knows no better. Who has taught him that what he needs for food is not his? Why should we kill him for satisfying his hunger in the way that God has made natural to him? This woodchuck loves his life as dearly as we love ours.

"Let us be merciful to him and let him live. God gave the woodchuck his life and He only has the right to take that life away."

As Daniel spoke, his voice was strong and manly, yet tender, and his face was full of pity. The tears fell from Mr. Webster's eyes as he listened to his son's plea for justice in behalf of his dumb client, and, springing from his chair he cried, "Zeke! let that woodchuck go!"

Daniel Webster had tried his first case and had won his first victory as a lawyer. Later in life he tried many important cases and gained many great victories in the courts. Indeed, he became one of the world's great lawyers and famous orators.

KING SOLOMON AND THE BEES

riddles	transparent	liege
piqued	bedecked	culled

A TALE OF THE TALMUD

When Solomon was reigning in his glory,
Unto his throne the Queen of Sheba came,
(So in the Talmud you may read the story)
Drawn by the magic of the monarch's fame,
To see the splendors of his court; and bring
Some fitting tribute to the mighty king.

Nor this alone; much had her Highness heard
What flowers of learning graced the [1] royal speech;
What [1] gems of wisdom dropped with every word;
What wholesome lessons he was wont to teach
In pleasing proverbs; and she wished, in sooth,
To know if [1] Rumor spoke the simple truth.

Besides, the queen had heard (which piqued her most)
How through the deepest riddles he could spy;
How all the curious arts that women boast
Were quite transparent to his piercing eye;
And so the queen had come — a royal guest —
To put the [1] sage's cunning to the test.

And straight she held before the monarch's view,
In either hand, a radiant wreath of flowers;
The one, bedecked with every charming hue,
Was newly culled from Nature's choicest bowers;
The other, no less fair in every part,
Was the [1] rare product of divinest Art.

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

"Which is the true, and which the false?" she said.
Great Solomon was silent. All-amazed,
Each wondering courtier shook his puzzled head,
While at the garlands long the monarch gazed,
As one who sees a miracle, — and fain,
For [1] very rapture, ne'er would speak again.

"Which is the true?" once more the woman asked;
Pleased at the fond amazement of the king,
"So wise a head should not be [1] hardly tasked,
Most learned Liege, with such a trivial thing!"
But still the sage was silent; it was plain
A deepening doubt [1] perplexed the royal brain.

While thus he pondered, presently he sees,
[1] Hard by the casement, — so the story goes, —
A little band of busy, bustling bees,
Hunting for honey in a withered rose.
The monarch smiled, and raised his royal head;
"Open the window!" — that was all he said.

The window opened at the king's command;
Within the room the eager insects flew,
And sought the flowers in Sheba's dexter hand!
And so the king and all the courtiers knew
That wreath was Nature's; and the baffled queen
Returned to tell the wonders she had seen.

— J. G. Saxe

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

THE ESCAPE OF ROBERT BRUCE

conduct	suspicion	sentinels
inclination	fidelity	disperse

Robert Bruce, King of Scotland, and his foster brother were at one time journeying through a lonely mountain forest. They stopped to rest themselves in the wood, but they had no food, and were extremely hungry, so they soon walked on some distance farther, in hope of coming to a house, where they could ask for something to eat. At length, in the midst of the forest, they met three men who looked like thieves or ruffians. These men were well armed, and one of them carried a sheep on his back, which they had apparently just stolen. They saluted the king civilly, and he, replying to their salutation, asked them where they were going. They answered, "We are seeking for Robert Bruce. We intend to join with him."

The king replied, "If you will go with me, I will conduct you to Robert Bruce."

Then the man who had spoken looked sharply at the king, and Bruce began to suspect that the ruffians guessed who he was, and that the three had plotted against his life, in order to gain the reward which had been offered by his enemies for his capture.

So he said to them, "My good friends, as we are not well acquainted with each other, you must go before us, and we will follow as closely behind you as possible."

"You have no reason to suspect any harm from us," said the spokesman.

"Neither do I suspect any," said Bruce; "but this is the way in which I choose to travel."

The men did as he commanded, and thus they traveled till they came together to a tumbled-down cottage, where the men proposed to dress and cook the sheep. The king was glad to hear of food; but he insisted that there should be two fires kindled, one for himself and his foster brother at one end of the house, and one at the other end for their three companions. The men did as he desired. They broiled a quarter of mutton for themselves and gave another to the king and his attendant. They were obliged to eat it without bread or salt; but as they were very hungry, they were glad to get food in any shape, and ate it very heartily.

Then Robert Bruce, in spite of the danger he was in, could not resist an inclination to sleep. But first he desired his foster brother to watch while he slept, for he had great suspicion of their new acquaintances. His foster brother promised to keep awake, and did his best to keep his word. But the king had not been long asleep before his brother fell into a deep sleep also, for he had undergone as much fatigue as the king. When the three men saw the king and his companion asleep, they made signs to one another, and rising, drew their swords for the purpose of killing them both. The king slept lightly, and the little noise the traitors made in rising awakened him. Starting up, he drew his sword and went to meet them.

Unable to awaken his foster brother, the king was one man against three, and in the greatest danger of his life;

but his great strength and the good armor that he wore freed him from his great peril, and he killed the three men, one after another, though not until after one of the ruffians had dispatched his foster brother. He then left the cottage and went towards the place where he had arranged for his men to assemble and await his arrival. It was then near night, and the place of meeting being a farmhouse, he went boldly into it, where he found the mistress, an old true-hearted Scotswoman, sitting alone. Upon seeing a stranger enter, she asked him who and what he was. The king answered that he was a traveler who was journeying through the country.

"All travelers," answered the good woman, "are welcome here for the sake of one."

"And who is that one," said the king, "for whose sake you make all travelers welcome?"

"It is our rightful king, Robert the Bruce," she answered. "He is the lawful lord of this country; and although he is now pursued and hunted with hounds and horns, I hope to live to see him king over all Scotland."

"Since you love him so well, my good woman," said the king, "know that you see him before you. I am Robert the Bruce."

"You!" said the woman, in great surprise, "and where are all your men?"

"I have none with me at this moment," answered Bruce, "and therefore I must travel alone."

"But that shall not be," said the brave old dame; "for I have two stout sons, gallant and trusty men, who shall be your servants for life and death."

So she called her two sons, and, though well knowing the dangers to which she exposed them, she made them swear fidelity to the king.

Now, the loyal old woman was getting everything ready for the king's supper when suddenly there was a great trampling of horses heard around the house. They thought it must be the king's enemies, and the noble mother called upon her sons to fight to the last for King Robert. Shortly, however, they heard the voices of the good Lord James Douglas, the king's friend, and of Edward Bruce, the king's brother, who had come with a hundred and fifty horsemen to this farmhouse, according to the instructions that the king had left with them at parting.

Robert the Bruce was very glad to meet his brother and his faithful friend Lord James, and had no sooner found himself once more at the head of a body of followers than, forgetting hunger and weariness, he began to inquire where the enemy, who had pursued them so long, had taken up their abode for the night; "for," said he, "as they must suppose us totally scattered and fled, it is likely they will think themselves quite secure, and disperse themselves into distant quarters, and keep careless watch."

"That is very true," answered James Douglas, "for I passed a village where there are two hundred of them quartered, who have placed no sentinels; and if you have a mind to make haste, we may surprise them this very night and do them more mischief than they have been able to do us during all this day's chase."

They hastened to mount and ride; and as the Scots came by surprise on the body of their enemies whom Douglas

had mentioned, and rushed suddenly into the village where they were quartered, they easily dispersed them.

The consequences of these successes of King Robert were that soldiers came to join him on all sides, and that he obtained several victories over Lowland chieftains, until at length his enemies were afraid to venture into the open country as formerly, unless they could assemble themselves in considerable bodies. At length they were dispersed altogether and Robert Bruce again ruled his kingdom in peace.

We have not wings, we cannot soar;
  But we have feet to scale and climb
By slow degrees, by more and more,
  The cloudy summits of our time.

The heights by great men reached and kept
  Were not attained by sudden flight,
But they, while their companions slept,
  Were toiling upward in the night.

— HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

MOUFFLOU

PART I

poodle	arcades	performance
acquitted	invalid	enticed

One bright morning in September Lolo sat on the steps of the great cathedral in Florence, with Moufflou beside him. A stranger looked at them as he left the church.

"You have a handsome poodle there, my little man," he said to Lolo, in such distinct and careful Italian that the little boy knew the speaker was a foreigner.

"Moufflou is beautiful," replied Lolo, with pride. "You should see him when he is just washed; but we can wash him only on Sundays, because then Tasso is at home."

"How old is your dog?"

"Three years old."

"Does he do any tricks?"

"Does he!" ejaculated Lolo. "Why, Moufflou can do anything! He can walk on two legs ever so long; make ready, present arms and fire; die; waltz; beg, of course; shut a door; make a wheelbarrow of himself: there is nothing he will not do. Would you like to see him do some of his tricks, sir?"

"Very much," answered the foreigner.

So, there, under the lofty walls of the stately old cathedral, Lolo put Moufflou through his exercises. The stranger was much pleased with Moufflou's talents, and said half

aloud: "How this clever dog would amuse poor Victor! Would you bring your poodle to please a little boy I have at home?" he said, aloud, to Lolo, who smiled and answered that he would. Where was the boy?

"At the Grand Bretagna; not far off," explained the gentleman. "Come this afternoon, and ask for me by this name."

He dropped his card and a couple of francs into Lolo's hand, and went his way. Lolo, with Moufflou scampering after him, dashed into his own house, and up the stairs.

"Mother, mother! see what Moufflou has earned doing his tricks," he shouted. "Now you can buy those shoes you want so much, and the coffee that you miss in the morning, and the new linen for Tasso, and the shirts for Sandro."

In the afternoon he and Moufflou trotted down the arcades of the Uffizi to the hotel, and showing the stranger's card, which Lolo could not read, they were shown at once into a great chamber, all gilding, fresco, and velvet furniture. The foreigner he had seen in the morning entered, spoke to him, and led him into another chamber, where, stretched upon a couch, was a little pale-faced boy about seven years old. A smile lit up his face as he saw Moufflou and Lolo, and he spoke in a tongue Lolo did not understand.

"He has brought his poodle to amuse you. What a handsome dog! is it not?" said the gentleman, who was the little boy's father.

Then Lolo went through the performance, and Moufflou acquitted himself so ably that the little invalid laughed and shouted with glee. He enjoyed it all immensely, and rained cakes and other sweets on both the poodle and its master.

Lolo crumped the good things with willing white teeth, and Moufflou did no less. Then Lolo stood up to go, and the child on the couch burst into tears.

"I want the dog! I must have the dog! I will have the dog!" he repeated.

Lolo did not know what he said, and was only sorry to see him so unhappy.

"You shall have the dog to-morrow," said his father, soothingly; and he hurried Lolo and Moufflou out of the room, after giving Lolo five francs.

"Why, Moufflou," cried Lolo, with a chuckle of delight, "if we could find a foreigner every day, we could have meat for supper every evening."

And he clattered home in great eagerness and excitement. But, alas! even his five francs could not bring comfort into his home at that moment. Tasso, his big brother, the support of the family, was ordered away to the army. He must go and be a soldier for three years. And the mother, — what would become of the mother?

No one had any heed for Lolo and his five francs, and Moufflou, understanding that some great sorrow had befallen his friends, crouched down on the floor, lifted up his voice, and howled.

Tasso must go away! — that was all they understood. For three long years they must live without the sight of his face, the pleasure of his smile, and the aid of his helping hand. Tasso must go! When Lolo understood their misfortune, he sat down on the floor beside Moufflou, gathered him up against his breast, and cried pitifully.

The next morning Lolo got up before sunrise, and he and

Moufflou accompanied Tasso to his work in the public garden. When Lolo went home to dinner, he found his mother greatly agitated.

The meal over, the mother said to Lolo: "Your Aunt Anita wants you this afternoon. She has to go out, and you are needed to stay with the children until her return; be off with you."

Lolo was an obedient child; he took his hat, and jumped up quickly, calling, "Moufflou! Moufflou!"

"Leave the dog," commanded his mother, sharply.

"Leave Moufflou!" echoed Lolo, for never in all Moufflou's life had he been parted from Lolo. "Leave Moufflou!" The boy stared open-eyed and open-mouthed at his mother. What could have come to her?

"Leave him, I say," she repeated. "Be off with you, and leave the dog, I say."

And she held Moufflou by his long silky mane and dragged him backwards, at the same time shutting the door upon Lolo and his sister Bice.

Lolo began to hammer with his fist upon the door thus closed against him; but Bice coaxed and entreated him.

"Poor mother has been so worried about Tasso," she pleaded. "And what harm can come to Moufflou? I do think he was tired, Lolo; the Cascine is a long way; and Aunt 'Nita never liked him."

So by one means and another she enticed her brother away; and they went almost in silence across the river to where their Aunt Anita lived, near the dark red dome of Santa Spirito.

Aunt Anita did not get back till it was quite dark. The

two children then trotted homeward hand in hand. Without Moufflou's white figure dancing on before him, Lolo felt strange indeed.

He hurried up the stairs, calling: "Moufflou! Here, Moufflou!" Where was Moufflou? Always at the first sound of his little master's voice the poodle came flying to him. "Moufflou, Moufflou!" he called all the way up the long, dark, twisting stone stair. He pushed open the door, and called again, "Moufflou, Moufflou!"

But no dog answered his call.

"Mother, where is Moufflou?" he asked, staring with blinking, dazzled eyes into the oil-lit room, where his mother sat knitting. "Mother, what have you done with Moufflou, *my* Moufflou?" he cried in alarm, as he looked into his mother's troubled face.

His mother, moving her knitting needles very rapidly, answered, "Moufflou is sold."

"Mother has sold him for a thousand francs to the foreign gentleman," explained the tiny sister in a shrill voice.

"Sold him!"

Lolo grew white, and when Tasso came home that night, he found his little brother on the bed shivering and moaning.

"Oh, mother, how could you have done it?" he remonstrated. "Poor, poor Moufflou! and Lolo loves him so!"

"I have the money, a thousand francs," replied his mother, "and you will not need to be a soldier: we can buy your substitute. We can get another poodle for Lolo."

"Another will not be Moufflou," retorted Tasso. "A thousand francs!" he muttered; "a thousand francs!

Who could ever have fancied anybody would have given such a price for a common white poodle?"

It was true; the mother had sold Moufflou. The English gentleman had called on her while Lolo and the dog were in the park with Tasso, and had said that he was anxious to buy the poodle for his little son.

Lolo was beside himself. "Moufflou! Moufflou!" he sobbed every moment. After a day or two Tasso went down to the hotel to see if the foreign gentleman would allow him to have Moufflou back for half an hour to quiet his little brother. But at the hotel he was told that the man had gone to Rome, to Naples, to Palermo.

"And Moufflou with him?" asked Tasso.

"The dog he bought went with him," growled the porter. "Such a beast! Howling, shrieking, raging all the day, and scratching all the paint from the salon door."

Poor Moufflou! Tasso's heart was heavy as he heard of the helpless dog's misery.

"What matter?" said his mother. "A dog is a dog. They will feed him better than we could. In a week he will have forgotten us."

But Tasso feared that Moufflou would not forget. Lolo certainly would not.

MOUFFLOU

PART II

rapture	scuffling	stammered
commended	illustrious	cushions

The days and the weeks of the golden autumn passed. Tasso went to his work daily with a heavy heart. Poor Moufflou had been sold that he might stay at home. It was rapture, indeed, to know that he might go on undisturbed with his healthful labor in the Cascine and earn money enough to support his mother and his brother and little sisters. It was rapture indeed; but, then, poor Moufflou! — and poor, poor Lolo!

"If Lolo could see Moufflou for even a few minutes," thought the kind-hearted brother, "I believe he would get well, but, as it is, I fear he never will be well again."

No one could tell where Moufflou was. He might be carried away to England, to France, to Russia, to America, — who could say? They did not know where his purchaser had gone. Moufflou might even be dead.

More than a month went by, and Lolo lay in the same state, always crying, "Moufflou, Moufflou."

So at last one evening, in the twilight, the priest came out of the great arched door that is next to St. Mark's, and went up the dark staircase to the bedside of Lolo.

Standing there, the holy man commended the innocent soul to God. All was still as the priest's voice ceased.

Suddenly there was a loud scuffling noise; hurrying feet came patter, patter, patter up the stairs, a ball of mud and dust flew over the heads of the kneeling figures. Fleet as the wind Moufflou dashed through the room and leaped upon the bed.

Lolo opened his heavy eyes, and a sudden light like a sunbeam gleamed in them. "Moufflou!" he murmured. The dog pressed close to his helpless master's breast and kissed the pale face.

Moufflou was at home!

And Lolo came home too. Lolo was happy; he asked no questions, — he had Moufflou; that was enough.

His mother and Tasso knew that the poodle had been sold; that they could lay no claim to him; that his purchaser would surely come and assert his right to the dog.

Eleven days passed; then came a feast day. Tasso was not going to his labors. Early in the morning there came a person with a foreign look, who said the words they so much dreaded to hear: "Has the poodle you sold to an English gentleman come back to you?"

"Yes."

"His English master claims him."

The servants said they had missed the dog in Rome a few days after taking him there; that they had searched for him in vain; and that his master had thought it possible the animal might have found his way back to his old home. The servant pulled a chain from his pocket, and said his orders had been to take the poodle to the hotel at once; the little gentleman had fretted very much about his loss.

Tasso listened in an agony of despair. To take Moufflou

THE DOG PRESSED CLOSE TO HIS MASTER'S BREAST

away now would be to kill Lolo, lying for hours at a time with his hand buried in the poodle's curls, saying nothing, only smiling now and then, and murmuring a word or two in Moufflou's ear.

"The dog did come home," said Tasso at length, in a low voice; "angels must have shown him the road, poor beast! From Rome! Only to think of it, from Rome! And he a dumb thing! I tell you honestly he is here: so will you not trust me just so far as this? Will you let me go with you and speak to the English lord before you take the dog away? I have a little brother ill —"

He could not speak more, for the tears that choked his voice.

At last the messenger agreed that Tasso might go and see the master, but that he would stay and see that the family did not spirit the dog away. "For a thousand francs were paid for him," added the man, "and a dog that can come all the way from Rome by itself must be an uncanny creature."

Tasso thanked him, went upstairs, took the ten hundred-franc notes from the old oak desk, and with them in his pocket, he walked out into the street. He was but a poor working lad, but he had made up his mind to do a heroic deed, for self-sacrifice is always heroic. He went straight to the hotel where the English gentleman was. Suddenly he remembered that he did not know the name of Moufflou's owner; but the people of the hotel guessed whom he wanted. They said the gentleman who had lost the poodle was upstairs and they would tell him.

Tasso waited a half hour with his heart thumping against

the package of hundred-franc notes. At last he was beckoned upstairs, and there he saw a foreigner with a mild, pleasant face, a very lovely lady, and a child who was lying on a couch. Seeing the youth, the child cried impatiently, "Moufflou! Where is Moufflou?"

Tasso took off his hat and stood in the doorway.

"If you please, most illustrious one," he stammered, "poor Moufflou has come home."

The child gave a cry of delight; the gentleman and lady one of wonder. "Come home! All the way from Rome!"

"Yes, he has, most illustrious," said Tasso, gaining courage; "and now I want to beg something of you. We are poor and my mother sold Moufflou to buy a substitute for me. She needs me at home. I did not know that she had sold Moufflou until he was gone. Now Moufflou has come back. My brother Lolo, the little boy you first saw playing with the poodle, fell ill with grief at the loss of Moufflou. For a month he lay there saying nothing but 'Moufflou, Moufflou.' Suddenly one evening Moufflou rushed in, covered with mud. At the sight of him Lolo came back to his senses. That was ten days ago, and though Lolo is still weak, he is sensible. He takes what we give him to eat, and lies always smiling at Moufflou. Most illustrious, I know well you bought the dog; the law is with you, and by the law you may claim Moufflou again; but I thought perhaps, as Lolo loves him so, that you would let us keep him, and would take back the thousand francs. I will go and be a soldier, and heaven will surely take care of the family."

Tasso, having said this breathlessly, took the thousand

francs from his pocket and held them out to the foreign gentleman, who motioned them aside and stood silent.

"Do you understand, Victor?" he said, turning to his little son.

The child hid his face in the cushions. "Yes, I understand. Let Lolo keep him; Moufflou is not happy with me."

Tasso, who understood nothing that was said, laid the ten hundred-franc notes down on a table near him.

"If you will take them, most illustrious, and give me back the paper my mother wrote when she sold Moufflou," he said timidly, "I will pray for you night and day, and Lolo will too. As for the dog, we will get a puppy and train him for the little gentleman. They can all do tricks; it comes to them by nature. Only, I pray you, sir, do not take Moufflou. To think he trotted home all those miles and miles! You carried him by train, too, and he never could have seen the road, and he could not speak to ask the way."

Tasso broke down again and drew the back of his hand across his wet eyelashes.

"Poor faithful dog!" said the English gentleman, with a sigh. "I am afraid we were very cruel to him, meaning to be kind. No, we will not claim him, and I think you should not go for a soldier. You seem a good lad. Your mother must need you. Keep the money, my boy. In payment you shall train up the puppy you speak of, and bring him to my little boy. I will come and see your mother and Lolo to-morrow.

"All the way from Rome! What wonderful sagacity! What matchless fidelity!"

Lolo recovered rapidly. As for Moufflou, he soon grew

plump again, and his love for Lolo was greater than before.

Lolo asks the dog a hundred times, "Moufflou, how could you find your way home?" and Moufflou, looking at Lolo with wide, loving eyes, says as plainly as a dog can, "I found the way because I love you, Lolo."

Hope is like a harebell, trembling from its birth,
Love is like a rose, the joy of all the earth;
Faith is like a lily, lifted high and white,
Love is like a lovely rose, the world's delight;
Harebells and sweet lilies show a thornless growth,
But the rose with all its thorns excels them both.

— CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

A NIGHT WITH A WOLF

belated	bruised	rustled
rafter	stunned	crouching

Little one, come to my knee!
  Hark! how the rain is pouring
Over the roof, in the pitch-black night,
  And the wind in the woods a-roaring!

Hush, my darling, and listen,
  Then pay for the story with kisses:
Father was lost in the pitch-black night,
  In just such a storm as this is!

High up on the lonely mountains,
  Where the wild men watched and waited,
Wolves in the forest and bears in the bush,
  And I on my path belated.

The rain and the night together
  Came down, and the wind came after,
Bending the props of the pine-tree roof,
  And snapping many a rafter.

I crept along in the darkness,
  Stunned, and bruised, and blinded —
Crept to a fir with thickset boughs,
  And a sheltering rock behind it.

There, from the blowing and raining,
  Crouching, I sought to hide me;
Something rustled, two green eyes shone,
  And a wolf lay down beside me.

Little one, be not frightened:
  I and the wolf together,
Side by side, through the long, long night,
  Hid from the awful weather.

His wet fur pressed against me,
  Each of us warmed the other;
Each of us felt, in the stormy dark,
  That beast and man was brother.

And when the falling forest
  No longer crashed in warning,
Each of us went from our hiding place
  Forth in the wild, wet morning.

Darling, kiss me in payment!
  Hark! how the wind is roaring!
Father's house is a better place
  When the stormy rain is pouring.

—Bayard Taylor.

DO YOU LOVE THE PINE TREE?

THE PINE TREE

Perhaps you have a quiet friend whom you love dearly. You know him to be wise, good, and clever beyond most of your acquaintances, and you introduce him to your other friends, for you wish them to admire him, too. But he is shy and reserved. "Ah!" you say, "wait till you know him; you should see him at home."

Do you love the pine tree? Ah! have you seen him at home, not humming away in the gay green wood, not spreading out in state in the rich park, not struggling with dust and soot in the town garden, but among his brothers in the dark, lonely forest?

The pine tree is tall, stately, and solemn. It does not tempt you to loving familiarities, like his gracious majesty the oak. It does not spread out its arms to shelter and protect you; it shoots up, up to the sky, in one straight, tall pillar.

What a strange dress the pine tree wears — a dress of needles, rings and rings of needles two inches long, set closely round its shoots and twigs; blue green needles steeped in mountain mists, dried and sharpened by cold north winds! Look at them. When all the trees are growing bare, the pine looks its best and bravest.

What is that? Listen! A long, low sound, like the break of the slow waves on the beach. It is the wind moaning through the needles in the pine tree tops.

The pine tree gives us masts for our ships, turpentine,

rosin, pitch, and tar, besides good wood. The Swedish peasants, in times of great scarcity of food, make bread of the inner coats of the bark. From the leaves of the pine tree a woolly substance is manufactured, which is made into mattresses, and used for wadding.

When we come out of the still, dark pine wood and enter the world again, we bear with us some of the quiet and stillness and fragrance of the solemn pine forest.

— MRS. DYSON, *in* "The Stories of the Trees," ***adapted.***

SPRING SONG

Spring comes hither,
  Buds the rose;
Roses wither,
  Sweet spring goes.

Summer soars, —
  Wide-winged day;
White light pours,
  Flies away.

Soft winds blow,
  Westward born;
Onward go,
  Toward the morn.

— GEORGE ELIOT.

THE PRINCESS'S RIDE

fumes	frantically	frenzied
mob	mane	floundering

Down the broad stairway came a laughing group of young people. Among them was a fair-faced girl of sixteen. She was the Lady Elizabeth, Princess of England.

"Whose pony is it," she cried, "that so frets and fumes by the gate?"

"Your grace, 'tis our lord the king's new pony, Saladin," responded a grand lady of the court.

"He was brought here for his Majesty's inspection," continued Master Perkins, the groom. "He is a wild, unbroken beast."

"Ah, but he's a beauty, is he not, my lady?" the princess exclaimed. "How I should like to ride him just once! I do believe I can."

"The saints forbid!" ejaculated the startled [1]lady-in-waiting. "You ride Saladin? Why, my gracious princess, it would be your certain death!"

"Did I not ride my brother's horse, Black Richard?" asked the princess, proudly.

"Yes, that you did," interrupted Perkins, the groom; "but — Heaven save your ladyship! — Black Richard has seen both trial and service, but this young Saladin! — Why, he scarcely knows whip or bridle."

"Surely so young a maid as your ladyship dare not ride

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

so fiery a steed as Saladin!" Thus spoke Miss Varney, a miss of fifteen. And most unwise words they were.

"Not dare! Not dare to ride Saladin!" broke out the young princess, hotly. "Who says 'dare not' to the daughter of my father, Henry Tudor? You shall repent of your words, my lady, before you sleep to-night;" and rushing past her startled companions, the young princess leaped from the mounting block to the back of Saladin, the wild, untrained pony of Edward, king of England.

Saladin, restless under the hated saddle, started with surprise as he felt this added burden upon his back. He tossed his head angrily, tore his bridle from the horse boy, wheeled quickly, dashed through the gate, and poised a moment on the very brink of the swift-flowing river.

A cry of horror broke from the terror-stricken crowd, and lord and lady, officer and servant, rushed frantically to the rescue.

Maddened by the uproar, Saladin tossed his head, wheeled about, and dashed back through the gate, scattering man and maid from his path. On he flew, but, frenzied by the shouts, he turned again, sped back to the water's edge, and with a mighty bound he cleared the low wall and leaped into the current, Elizabeth still clinging to her saddle.

"Saints in heaven!" shrieked the lady in waiting, "my fair mistress is lost! Help! help and rescue for the Princess Elizabeth, drowning in the Thames!"

The great door of the palace swung open, and a clear young voice sounded above the din: "What means this noise and uproar? Is the mob in revolt, or has a brave mouse frightened the ladies of the court?"

SALADIN TOSSED HIS HEAD ANGRILY AND DASHED THROUGH THE GATE

The speaker was a slight, boyish-looking youth of fourteen, with a pleasant and gentle face, now slightly flushed with curiosity and fun. He was dressed in a suit of purple velvet, and from his cap hung a spotless silver plume.

"Oh, your Majesty!" cried the terrified woman; "the princess; the princess; see — see! she drowns!"

Down the stairway sprang Edward, the young king. "My sister drowning," he burst out, "and no man of you striving to save her! How now, cowards! will you let her sink before your eyes? Where is she?"

"There, there, my lord," cried Perkins. "She would mount Saladin. He broke and leaped the river wall before we could stop him. The boat lies far down the shore."

"Cease your noise," cried the king. "Run for the boat, while I try what you have neither head nor heart to do."

So saying, he sprang to the back of his faithful horse, and in an instant leaped over the river wall into the midst of the current.

Elizabeth, holding tightly to Saladin's mane, saw her brother and cried out, "Help, help, dear Edward; I will hold on till you come!" And though Saladin, half swimming, half floundering as he was, had become altogether unmanageable, the brave girl still clung to his neck and waited for her rescuer.

But now Black Richard, startled by his sudden plunge, became unmanageable too, and the boy-king, though a cool and fearless rider, made great effort to guide him aright. At last, having gained partial control of his horse and borne on by the current, young Edward reached his sister's side.

"Hold fast; hold fast, Elizabeth," he cried, "till I can get the bridle and guide Saladin ashore." As he spoke he sprang forward and caught the pony's bridle.

The brave lad had now to guide two unruly horses and fight the force of the current. It was a man's work, and mighty work at that. The boy's hand, tiring with his efforts, could barely keep the beasts in check.

"Oh, Edward, I can hold on no longer!" moaned the poor girl; "help, help, I am sinking fast!"

"Quick, Bess, spring to Black Richard's back; spring before your strength fails, — then I will let Saladin go!" and he pressed nearer his sister's side.

"Oh, I cannot, I cannot!" she sobbed; "I have no strength left."

"Spring, I tell you, spring! 'Tis your only chance."

The brave young maiden tried to obey, but her strength was not equal to the task. Exhausted and despairing, she missed her spring, and sank from her brother's sight. A new cry of horror went up from the spectators on the wall. The men in the royal boat plied their oars with increased vigor, hoping now to save the king only.

Edward dropped Saladin's bridle. The drowning princess rose to the surface. The king's watchful eye saw she was twenty feet away. Could he reach her in time? "On, on, Richard! We must save Bess!" he almost screamed to his horse.

The noble animal became more quiet and swam directly toward Elizabeth. But, just as he reached the spot, she sank a second time. Without a moment's hesitation, the heroic boy drew foot free from the stirrup, rose to the horse's

back, and with a splendid leap, dived after the drowning girl.

It was a moment of terrible suspense to the onlookers. Edward, the king of England, and the Princess Elizabeth, his possible successor, were both drowning in the Thames in sight of a helpless court.

A trim young head rose above the ripples.

"'Tis he; 'tis he; the king lives!" shouted Perkins.

"And see! see!" cried the trembling lady in waiting, "he has the princess safe, thank God!"

A great shout rent the air as the brave lad rose to the surface, clutching his rescued sister, whom by sharp eyesight he had seen and caught, as he dived. Clasping her tightly with one arm, with the other he swam towards his horse.

"Ho, Richard; good Richard," he called; "come, sir; come close, dear horse;" and the noble animal, steadying himself against the rushing current, swam straight toward the struggling boy.

The king flung the drooping princess across Black Richard's back, and, clambering after, he grasped the bridle with his left hand and, holding his sister with his right, guided the horse ashore.

"Look after the princess," he said. "She has had a sorry ride."

TREE PLANTING

Joy for the sturdy trees;
Fanned by each fragrant breeze,
Lovely they stand.
The song birds o'er them trill;
They shade each tinkling rill;
They crown each swelling hill,
Lowly or grand.

Plant them by stream and way,
Plant them where children play,
And toilers rest;
In every verdant vale,
On every sunny swale; —
Whether to grow or fail,
God knoweth best.

Select the strong, the fair;
Plant them with earnest care, —
No toil is vain;
Plant in a fitter place,
Where, like a lovely face
Set in some sweeter grace,
Change may prove gain.

God will His blessing send;
All things on Him depend, —
His loving care
Clings to each leaf and flower,
Like ivy to its tower, —
His presence and His power
Are everywhere.

— SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

From "Poems of Home and Country."
Silver, Burdett and Company Collection.

FRUIT TREES

THE LIME TREE

If boys were always as resolute upon reaching the highest things as they are when climbing among the trees, what a change there would be in the world!

The branches of the lime tree are so close together that they form an easy ladder; but if you try to climb an old lime, you will soon find yourself stopped by a dense thicket of brushwood. This is a city of refuge which the tree has built of numerous young twigs. This thicket in the lime tree is the little birds' shelter when they are pursued.

There is such a delightful air of content about a lime tree, surely no one could grumble long under its shade. If you are cross and worried, take refuge there like the little birds, and see if your mind will not get tuned to the peaceful tree, which breathes out nothing but sweetness, and is filled with a happy, cheerful buzz. It seems to say, "The trees are useful and satisfied." Boys and girls, too, should be busy, useful, and contented.

—MRS. DYSON, *in* "The Stories of the Trees."

THE PAPAYA TREE

The papaya tree goes quietly on year after year providing good, sweet fruit, on which all who will may feed. Is not that good and useful work? Perhaps you cannot do work that will last for ages, nor feed multitudes, but every day and every year you can drop sweet fruit of helpfulness here and there, which will give a little strength to some one sadly in need of just such help.

THE POSTBOY

instances	intense	snug
self-reliance	thrifty	stages

Ours is not the only country in which children must frequently begin, at an early age, to do their share of work and accustom themselves to make their way in life. I have found many instances among other races, and in other climates, of youthful courage, self-reliance, and strength of character.

This shall be the story of my adventure with a postboy in the northern part of Sweden.

Very few foreigners travel in Sweden in the winter, on account of the intense cold. As you go northward from Stockholm, the capital, the country becomes ruder and wilder, and the climate more severe. In the sheltered valleys along the Gulf of Bothnia and the rivers which empty into it, there are farms and villages for a distance of seven or eight hundred miles, beyond which fruit trees disappear, and nothing will grow except potatoes and a little barley in the long, cold summers. Farther inland there are great forests, lakes, and ranges of mountains, where bears, wolves, and herds of wild reindeer make their home. No people could live in such a country unless they were industrious and thrifty.

I made my journey in the winter, because I was on my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when the swamps

and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer sleds can fly over the smooth snow. It was very cold indeed, the greater part of the time; the days were short and dark, and if I had not found the people so kind, so cheerful, and so honest, I should have felt inclined to turn back. But I think there are no better people in the world than those who live in Norrland, which is a Swedish province about two hundred miles north of Stockholm.

They are a tall, strong race with yellow hair and bright blue eyes and the handsomest teeth I ever saw. They live plainly but very comfortably, in snug wooden houses, and they are very happy and contented. Few of them would be willing to leave that cold country and make their homes in a warmer climate.

In Norrland there are neither railroads nor stages, but the government has established post stations at distances varying from ten to twenty miles. At each station horses, and sometimes vehicles, are kept, but generally the traveler has his own sled, and simply hires the horses from one station to another. These horses are either furnished by the keeper of the station or some of the neighboring farmers, and when they are wanted, a man or a boy goes along with the traveler to bring them back.

I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered with reindeer skins, to keep me warm. So long as it was not too cold it was pleasant to speed along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, up hill and down, until long after the stars came out; then to eat a warm supper in some dark red post cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around

the fire. The cold increased a little every day, to be sure, but I became gradually accustomed to it, and soon began to fancy that the Arctic climate was not so difficult to endure as I had supposed.

One night there was a wonderful aurora in the sky. "There will be a storm soon," said my postboy; "one always comes after these lights."

Next morning the sky was overcast, and the short day was as dark as our twilight. But it was not quite so cold, and I traveled onward as fast as possible. There was a long tract of wild and thinly settled country before me, and I wished to get through it before stopping for the night.

Unfortunately it happened that two lumber merchants were traveling the same way and had taken the horses, so I was obliged to wait at the stations until horses were brought from a neighboring farm. This delayed me so much that at seven o'clock in the evening I had still one more station of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I intended to spend the night. Now a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven English miles, so that this station was at least twenty miles distant.

I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his food. They had not expected any more travelers at the station, and were not prepared. The keeper had gone on with the two lumber merchants; but his wife prepared me some excellent coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer meat upon which I made a satisfactory meal. The house was on the border of a large, dark forest, and the roar of the icy northern wind in the trees seemed to increase while I waited in the warm room. I did not feel inclined to go forth into

the wintry storm, but having set my mind on reaching the village that night, I was loath to turn back.

"It's a bad night," said the woman, "and my husband will certainly stay at Umea until morning. His name is Neils Peterson, and I think you will find him at the post-house when you get there. Lars will take you, and they can come back together."

"Who is Lars?" I asked.

"My son," she answered. "He is getting the horse ready. There is no one else about the house to-night."

Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

"Come here, Lars," I said. Then I took him by the hand and asked, "Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?"

He looked at me with wondering eyes, and smiled; and his mother made haste to say: "You need not fear, sir. Lars is young; but he'll take you safely enough. If the storm doesn't get worse, you'll be at Umea by eleven o'clock."

I was again on the point of remaining, but the boy had put on his overcoat of sheepskin, tied the lappets of his fur cap under his chin and a thick woolen scarf around his nose and mouth, so that only the round blue eyes were visible; then the mother took down the mittens of hare's fur from above the stove, where they had been hung to

dry. He put them on, took a short leather whip, and was ready.

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut me in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with soft fresh hay, tucked in the reindeer skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat, making everything close and warm before we set out. I could not see at all when the door of the house was shut, and the horse started on the journey. The night was dark, the snow blew incessantly, and the dark fir trees roared all around us. Lars, however, knew the way, and somehow or other we kept the [1] beaten track. He talked to the horse so constantly and so cheerfully that after a while my own spirit began to rise, and the way seemed neither so long nor so disagreeable.

"Ho there, Axel," he would say. "Keep the road, not too far to the left. Well done! Here's a level; now trot a bit."

So we went on for a long time it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars no longer sang little songs and fragments of hymns, as when we first set out; but he was not in the least alarmed, or even impatient. Whenever I asked, "Are we nearly there?" he always answered, "A little farther."

Suddenly the wind seemed to increase. "Ah," said he, "now I know where we are; it's one mile more." But one mile, you must remember, meant seven miles of my counting.

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

Lars checked the horse and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also, but could see nothing.

"What is the matter?" I finally asked.

"We have got past the hills on the left," he replied. "The country is open to the wind, and here the snow drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no plows out to-night, we'll have trouble."

You must know that the farmers along the road are obliged to turn out with their horses and oxen and plow down the drifts, whenever the road is blocked up by a storm.

In less than a quarter of an hour we could see that the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made almost no headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still. Lars and I arose from the seat and looked around. I saw nothing except some very indistinct shapes of trees. There was no sign of an opening through them. In a few minutes the horse started on again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

"Shall we get out and try to find the road?" I suggested.

"It's no use," Lars answered. "In these new drifts we would sink to the waist. Wait a little, and we shall get through this one."

It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard smooth surface of the road; we could feel that the ground was uneven, and covered with roots and bushes. Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled, and began wading around among

the trees. Then I got out on the other side, but had not proceeded ten steps before I began to sink so deeply into the loose snow that I was glad to extricate myself and return. It was [1] a desperate situation, and I wondered how we should ever get out of it.

I shouted to Lars, in order to guide him, and it was not long before he also came back to the sled. "If I knew where the road is," he remarked in the most [1] matter-of-fact tone, "I could get into it again. But I don't know; and I think we must stay here all night."

"We shall freeze to death in an hour!" I cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made me very drowsy, and I knew that if I slept, I should soon be frozen.

"Oh, no," exclaimed Lars, cheerfully. "I am a Norrlander, and Norrlanders never freeze. I went with the men to the bear hunt last winter, up on the mountains, and we were several nights in the snow. Besides, I know what my father did with a gentleman from Stockholm on this very road, and we'll do it to-night."

"What was it?"

"Let me take care of Axel first. We can spare him some hay and one reindeer skin."

It was a slow and difficult task to unharness the horse, but we accomplished it at last. Lars than led him under a fir tree and tied him to one of its drooping branches, gave him an armful of hay, and fastened the reindeer skin upon his back. Axel began to eat, as if perfectly satisfied with the arrangement.

When this was done, Lars spread the remainder of the

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

hay evenly over the bottom of the sled and covered it with skins, which he tucked in very firmly on the sides towards the wind. Then, lifting them on the other side, he said, "Now take off your fur coat quickly, please; lay it over the hay, and then creep under it."

I obeyed as rapidly as possible. For an instant I shuddered in the icy air; but the next moment I lay stretched in the bottom of the sled, sheltered from the storm. I held up the ends of the reindeer skins while Lars took off his coat and crept in beside me. Then we drew the skins down and pressed the hay against them. When the wind seemed to be entirely excluded, Lars explained that we must pull off our boots, untie our scarfs, and so loosen our clothes that they would not feel tight on any part of our body. When this was done, and we lay close together, warming each other, I found that the chill gradually passed out of my blood. My hands and feet were no longer numb; a delightful feeling of comfort crept over me; and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. I was surprised to find that, although my head was covered, I did not feel stifled. Enough air came in under the skins to prevent us from feeling oppressed.

There was barely room for the two of us to lie, with no chance of turning over or rolling about. In five minutes, I think, we were asleep. Just as I was beginning to feel a little cramped and stiff from lying so still, I was suddenly aroused by the cold wind on my face. Lars had risen on his elbow, and was peeping out from under the skins.

"I think it must be near six o'clock," said he. "The sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour."

I felt so much refreshed that I was for setting out immediately; but Lars remarked, very sensibly, that it was not yet possible to find the road. While we were talking, Axel neighed.

"There they are!" cried Lars, and immediately began to put on his boots, his scarf, and heavy coat. I did the same, and by the time we were ready we heard shouts and the crack of whips.

We harnessed Axel to the sled, and proceeded slowly in the direction of the sounds, which came, as we presently saw, from a company of farmers, out thus early to plow the road. After the plow had passed, we sped merrily along in the cold morning twilight, and in a little more than an hour reached the posthouse at Umea; where we found Lars's father prepared to return home. He waited, however, until Lars had eaten a good warm breakfast, when I said good-by to them both, and went on towards Lapland.

— BAYARD TAYLOR.

From "Boys of Other Countries."
G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Be noble! And the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

— J. R. LOWELL.

THE SOLDIER AND THE PANTHER

scimitar	precaution	panther
poniard	remnants	forbearance

Once when the French army was in Egypt, a soldier was captured by the Bedouins. All day long they traveled with him across the desert, and they did not halt until after nightfall. Then they camped about a well, shaded with palm trees, near which they had buried a stock of provisions. Not dreaming that the thought of escape could enter their captive's mind, they merely bound his wrists, and after eating a few dates and giving their horses some barley, they lay down to sleep.

When the bold soldier saw his enemies too soundly asleep to watch him, he picked up a scimitar with his teeth, steadied the blade with his knees, and cut through the cord which bound his hands. At once he seized a gun and a poniard, a supply of dates, a small bag of barley, and some powder and balls. He buckled on a scimitar, mounted one of the horses, and spurred in the direction of the French army. In his haste, he pressed the wearied horse so severely that the poor animal fell dead, leaving the Frenchman alone in the midst of the desert.

After walking through the sand all day long, the soldier was forced to stop. The sun had set, and though the Eastern night was beautiful, he was too tired to go on. Luckily he had reached a slight elevation, at the top of which a few

palm trees [1] shot upward. Here he threw himself down on a rock and slept heavily, without taking the least precaution to protect himself while asleep.

He was awakened by the sun, for he had thoughtlessly flung himself down on the side opposite the shadow of the palm trees. He counted those [1] solitary trunks. Then he gazed at the scene around him, and despair settled upon his heart. He saw a boundless ocean. As far as he could see, the sands of the desert stretched away in all directions. They glittered like a steel blade shining in the sun. A hot vapor swept over them in waves. Sky and earth seemed both on fire. There was no sound, no motion — not a cloud in the sky, not a breath in the air.

The soldier clasped the trunk of a palm tree as if it were a friend. Sheltered from the sun by its slender shadow, he wept. Then he shouted with all his might, but his voice sounded far off and returned no echo.

Then he went down the little hill on the side opposite to that which he had climbed the night before. His joy was great when he found a natural cave. The remnants of a mat showed that the place had once been inhabited, and close to the entrance were a few palm trees loaded with fruit. He now hoped to live until some one should pass that way. He shook down a cluster of the ripe dates. He tasted them. They were good. From the gloom of despair he passed to a joy that was half insane.

He ran back to the top of the hill, and busied himself for the rest of the day in cutting down a dead tree. Foreseeing that the wild beasts of the desert would come to drink

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

at a spring which bubbled through the sand at the foot of the rock, he resolved to protect his cave by felling a tree across the entrance. Although he succeeded in bringing down a palm tree, he was unable to cut it in pieces during the day. So the entrance to his cave was unprotected when, tired by his work and by the heat of the day, he fell asleep beneath its [1] red vault.

In the middle of the night his sleep was broken by a strange noise. He sat up. A terrible fear numbed his heart. He felt his hair rise on end, as his eyes beheld through the darkness two faint amber lights. By degrees he saw, within two feet of him, a huge beast lying at rest.

Was it a lion? Was it a tiger? Was it a crocodile? The soldier could not tell. He did not dare to make the slightest movement. A strong odor, like that of foxes, only far more penetrating, filled the cave. When the soldier smelled it, his fear became terror. He could no longer doubt the nature of his terrible companion. Before long, the moon, as it sank to the horizon, lighted up the den and gleamed upon the shining, spotted skin of a panther.

The [1] lion of Egypt lay curled up asleep. Its eyes, which had opened for a moment, were now closed; its head was turned towards the Frenchman. A hundred conflicting thoughts rushed through his mind. Should he kill it with a shot from his musket? But he saw that there was no room to take aim; the muzzle would extend beyond the animal. Suppose he were to wake it? The fear kept him motionless.

Twice he put his hand on his scimitar, with the idea of

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

striking off the head of his enemy; but the difficulty of cutting through the close-haired skin made him give up the bold attempt. Suppose he missed his aim. It would, he knew, be certain death. He resolved to await the dawn. It was not long in coming. As daylight broke, the Frenchman was able to examine the animal. Its jaws were stained with blood.

"It has eaten a good meal," thought he. "It will not be hungry when it wakes."

It was a beautiful animal. The fur on the under side of its body was of sparkling whiteness. Several little spots like velvet made pretty bracelets round its paws. The muscular tail was also white, with black rings toward the end. The fur of the back, yellow as gold and very soft and glossy, was marked with rose-shaped spots. The great cat lay peacefully snoring, in an attitude as easy and graceful as that of a cat on the cushions of a sofa. Her bloody paws were stretched beyond her head, which lay upon them, and her few whiskers shimmered in the early light like silver wires.

If he had seen her in a cage, the soldier would have admired the creature's grace, but as it was, his courage [1] oozed away. And yet, a bold thought entered his mind, and checked the cold sweat which was rolling from his brow. Roused to action, he resolved to play his part with honor to the last.

"Yesterday," he said, "the Arabs might have killed me."

Regarding himself as dead, he waited bravely, but with anxious curiosity, for his enemy to wake. When the sun

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

rose, the panther suddenly opened her eyes. Then she stretched her paws violently, as if to limber them. Presently she yawned, showing her teeth, and her [1] cloven tongue, rough as a grater.

"She is a graceful creature," thought the Frenchman, watching her as she rolled over upon her side. She licked the blood from her paws, and rubbed her head with another pretty gesture.

"Well done! Dress yourself prettily," said the Frenchman, his gayety returning with his courage. "We are going to bid each other good morning." And he felt for the short poniard which he had taken from the Bedouins.

At this instant the panther turned her head towards the Frenchman and looked at him fixedly, without moving. Her clear, steely eyes made the soldier shudder. The beast moved towards him; he looked at her caressingly, hoping to soothe her. He let her come quite close to him before he stirred; then, with a gentle touch, he passed his hand over her back. The creature drew up her tail, her eyes softened. When for the third time the Frenchman caressed her, she began to purr as a cat does to show pleasure, but so loudly that the sound echoed through the grotto. The soldier redoubled his caresses until they had completely soothed and lulled the beast.

When he felt that he had subdued the ferocity of his companion, he rose to leave the grotto. The panther let him go; but as soon as he reached the top of the little hill she bounded after him and rubbed against his legs, arching her back like a domestic cat. Then looking at her guest

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

with an eye that was growing less fierce, she uttered the savage cry which has been compared to the noise of a saw.

"Her ladyship is exacting," cried the Frenchman, smiling.

He began to play with her ears and stroke her body, and at last he scratched her head. Encouraged by success, he tickled her skull with the point of his dagger, looking for the right spot at which to stab her, but the hardness of the bone made him afraid to attempt it lest he fail.

The sultana of the desert acknowledged the attentions of her slave by lifting her head and swaying her neck to his caresses. The Frenchman suddenly perceived that he could kill the fierce princess at a blow, if he struck her in the throat. He had raised the weapon, when the panther threw herself gracefully at his feet, glancing up at him with a look of kindness.

The poor soldier ate his dates leaning against a palm tree. Each time that he threw away a date stone, the panther eyed the spot where it fell with an expression of keen distrust, and then looked at the Frenchman carefully. When the man had finished his meager meal, she licked his shoes, and, with her rough and powerful tongue, wiped off the dust which was caked in the folds of the leather.

"But how will it be when she is hungry?" thought the soldier.

He shuddered, but his attention was attracted by the proportions of the animal, and he began to measure them with his eye. She was three feet in height to the shoulder, and four feet long, not including the tail. That powerful weapon, which was round as a club, measured three feet in length. The face, as large as that of a lioness, wore an

expression of crafty intelligence. As the soldier watched her, she looked up at him with a kind of merriment. She had quenched her thirst for blood, and now wished for play.

The Frenchman tried to come and go, and to accustom her to his movements. The panther left him free, as if contented to follow him with her eyes, seeming, however, less like a faithful dog watching his master's movements with affection, than like a huge Angora cat uneasy and suspicious of them. A few steps brought him to the spring, where he saw the carcass of his horse, which the panther had evidently carried there. Only two thirds had been eaten. The sight reassured the Frenchman, for it explained the absence of his terrible companion and the forbearance shown to him while asleep.

This first good luck encouraged the reckless soldier. The wild idea of living on [1] good terms with the panther until he had some chance of escape entered his mind, and he resolved to try every means of taming her. With these thoughts he returned to her side, and noticed joyfully that she moved her tail slightly. He sat down beside her fearlessly, and they began to play together. He patted her paws and her nose, twisted her ears, threw her over on her back, and stroked her. She made no objection; and when he began to smooth the fur of her paws, she carefully drew in her claws, which were sharp and curved like a [1] Damascus blade. The Frenchman kept one hand on his dagger, again watching his opportunity to kill the trustful panther. But he felt in his heart that it would be cruel to destroy so kindly

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

a creature. He even fancied that he had found a friend in the limitless desert.

Suddenly he thought of naming the panther and teaching her to answer when he called. Towards evening he had grown so familiar with his perilous position that he was half in love with its dangers. And his companion was so far tamed that she had caught the habit of turning to him when he called, "Mignonne!"

As the sun went down, Mignonne uttered at intervals a prolonged, deep, melancholy cry.

"Come, my pretty friend, I will let you go to sleep first," said the soldier, relying on the activity of his legs to get away as soon as she fell asleep, and trusting to find some other resting place for the night.

He waited anxiously for the right moment, and when it came he started rapidly in the direction of the Nile. But he had hurried through the sand scarcely half an hour before he heard the panther bounding after him, giving at intervals the saw-like cry which was more terrible to hear than the thud of her bounds.

Suddenly he fell into one of the treacherous quicksands which deceive the traveler in the desert, and from which there is seldom any escape. He felt that he was sinking, and he uttered a cry of despair. The panther seized him by the collar with her teeth, and sprang vigorously backward, drawing him like magic from the sucking sand.

"Ah, Mignonne!" cried the soldier. "We belong to each other now — for life or for death. But play me no tricks," he added, as he turned back the way he came.

From that moment the desert was, as it were, peopled

HE HEARD THE PANTHER BOUNDING AFTER HIM

for him. It held a being to whom he could talk, and whose ferocity was now lulled into gentleness, although he could scarcely explain to himself the reasons for this extraordinary friendship. Throwing himself down on the floor of the grotto, he slept soundly. When he woke, the panther was gone. He mounted the little hill to scan the horizon, and perceived her in the far distance returning with the long bounds peculiar to these animals.

Mignonne came home with bloody jaws, and received the caresses which her slave hastened to pay, all the while showing her pleasure by repeated purring. Her eyes, now soft and gentle, rested kindly on the Frenchman, who spoke to her lovingly as he would to a domestic animal.

"Ah, Mignonne, you like to be petted! Don't you? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? You have been eating up an Arab, I'm afraid. But don't you go to eating Frenchmen; remember that! If you do, I shall not love you any more."

She played with her master; she would let him roll her over and pat her. Sometimes she would coax him to play by laying a paw upon his knee with a pretty, appealing gesture.

Several days passed rapidly. The soldier began to enjoy his desert life. He had enough to eat, and he had a companion. He began to see the sublime beauties of the desert. For hours he lay in the shade of the palm trees, gazing at the fleeting clouds and watching for those rare visitors, the birds. He even rejoiced in the grandeur of the storms, when they rolled across the vast plains and tossed the sand upward until it looked like a dry, red fog.

He grew fondly attached to his panther; for he was a man who needed friendship. She showed no sign of attacking him, and became so tame that he soon felt no fear of her. He spent much of his time in dozing; though constantly watchful, lest he should miss some chance to escape. He had made his shirt into a banner and tied it to the top of a leafless palm tree. He kept the flag extended by fastening the corners with twigs and wedges; for the fitful wind might have failed to wave it at the moment when the longed-for traveler came in sight.

Nevertheless, there were long hours of gloom when hope forsook him; and then he played with his panther. Mignonne no longer growled when he caught the tuft of her dangerous tail and counted the black and white rings. He loved to watch her as she [1] gamboled at play. He admired her flexible body as she bounded, crept, and glided, or clung to the trunk of a palm tree, as she rolled over and over, sometimes crouching to the ground and gathering herself together for a vigorous spring. Yet, however vigorous the bound, however slippery the rock on which she landed, she would stop short, motionless, at the one word, "Mignonne."

One day, under a dazzling sun, a large bird hovered in the sky. The Frenchman left his panther, to watch the new guest. After a moment's pause the neglected sultana uttered a low growl.

The soldier started. "I really believe she is jealous," he exclaimed.

The eagle disappeared. The panther and the soldier gazed at each other. She trembled with delight, as she felt

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

his nails scratching the strong bones of her skull. Her eyes glittered like flashes of lightning, and then she closed them tightly.

"The creature has a soul!" cried the soldier.

He began to play with the panther's tail, when suddenly he must have hurt her, for she turned upon him as if she had gone mad, and seized his thigh with her sharp teeth, and yet (as he afterwards remembered) not cruelly. Thinking that she meant to devour him, he plunged his dagger into her throat. The panther rolled over with a cry that froze his soul. She looked at him in her death struggle, but without anger. He would have given all the world — all, everything — to have brought her back to life. It was as if he had murdered a friend, a human being. When the soldiers who saw his flag came to his rescue, they found him weeping.

Restored to his regiment, he went through the wars in Germany, Spain, Russia, and France. He rose to a very high rank. But he never ceased to regret the death of his desert companion.

— *From* BALZAC.

THE STORMY PETREL

A thousand miles from land are we,
Tossing about on the roaring sea;
From billow to bounding billow cast,
Like fleecy snow on the stormy blast;
The sails are scattered abroad, like weeds,
The strong masts shake, like quivering reeds,
The mighty cables, and iron chains,
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone
Their natural [1] hard proud strength disown.

Up and down! Up and down!
From the base of the wave to the [1] billow's crown,
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam
The stormy petrel finds a home, —
A home, if such a place may be,
For her who lives on the wide, wide sea,
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,
And only seeketh her rocky lair
To warm her young, and to teach them spring
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the Deep! O'er the Deep!
Where the whale, and the shark, and the swordfish sleep,
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,
The petrel telleth her tale — in vain;
For the mariner [1] curseth the warning bird
Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard!
Ah! thus does the prophet, of good or ill,
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still:
Yet he ne'er falters: — So, petrel, spring
Once more o'er the waves on thy stormy wing!

— BARRY CORNWALL.

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER

We were crowded in the cabin,
Not a soul would dare to sleep, —
It was midnight on the waters,
And a storm was on the deep.

'Tis a fearful thing in winter
To be shattered by the blast,
And to hear the rattling trumpet
Thunder, "Cut away the mast!"

So we shuddered there in silence, —
For the stoutest held his breath,
While the hungry sea was roaring
And the breakers talked with Death.

As thus we sat in darkness,
Each one busy with his prayers,
"We are lost!" the captain shouted
As he staggered down the stairs.

But his little daughter whispered,
As she took his icy hand,
"Isn't God upon the ocean,
Just the same as on the land?"

Then we kissed the little maiden,
And we spoke in better cheer,
And we anchored safe in harbor
When the morn was shining clear.

— JAMES T. FIELDS.

THE LIFE SAVER

furl	observation	fathoms
soundings	fatal	deluging

It was in midsummer, Saturday, the 12th of August, 1899, when the good ship *Priscilla* left Baltimore, at the head of Chesapeake Bay. The *Priscilla* was an American trading vessel on her way to Rio de Janeiro with a cargo of merchandise. Her crew consisted of Captain Benjamin E. Springsteen and nine seamen.

On the morning of the following Wednesday, the wind was blowing so hard that all the light sails were taken in. The gale became more and more violent until at noon it was found necessary to furl all sails. The vessel was headed southeast, but was rapidly drifting southwest. Although able to get no observation for twenty-four hours, the captain knew he must be near Cape Hatteras, and he was doing his best to "keep clear of it." Of accomplishing that result, however, he had but little hope.

Every hour during the day soundings were taken. In the morning the sea was twenty fathoms deep, later seventeen, and at eight o'clock in the evening the ship had drifted so near the land that she was in a sea of only ten fathoms. "Then," said the captain, "I did not sound any more. I knew that we were going ashore, and passed the word along the deck for all hands to prepare to save themselves."

At just ten minutes past nine, the fatal moment arrived.

The vessel struck bottom, lightly at first. A sea came over her, which smashed the [1]cabin skylights, deluging all below. When she struck again, it was with an awful shock, and she continued to pound so heavily that the master sent orders forward to cut away the [1]port rigging. The three masts were instantly cut and fell to the [1]starboard side. Then the captain ordered all hands on deck. The seas were now breaking over the hull with resistless fury.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later, there was a loud crash. The strong hull broke amidships into two parts. Fortunately all hands were gathered on the after portion, which held together and continued to pound and drift for more than five hours. At length, about four o'clock in the morning, the wreck ceased to rise and fall. The castaways then knew they must be close to the shore, but the storm was so thick that they could not see the land. As they had no means of signaling, all they could do was to cling to their places and to send up an occasional cry of distress.

At three o'clock surfman Rasmus S. Midgett, of the Gull Shoal Life Saving Station, set out on horseback to make his regular nightly patrol. He had gone but a short distance from the station when he discovered buckets, barrels, boxes, and other articles coming ashore, which satisfied him that there was a wreck somewhere in the neighborhood. The surf was sweeping across the sand with such fury that at times it reached to the [1]saddle girths of his horse. The night was so intensely dark that he could scarcely tell where he was going. Nevertheless he knew that the patrol must be made, and besides, the rapidly multiplying evidences of

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

disaster urged him on. When he had traveled a little more than two miles farther, he thought he detected the sound of voices. He listened; he caught the cries of the shipwrecked men. He could see nothing of the wreck, but he urged his horse into the very bosom of the surf, whence he made out part of a vessel with the forms of men clinging to it. It seemed a hundred yards distant.

What was to be done? To return to the station and bring back the life-saving crew would require three hours, when every moment was precious. On the other hand, to undertake to save the lives of the shipwrecked men without aid was perhaps to throw away his own life and to leave the men helpless until the arrival of the next patrol man. By that time all would probably have perished.

In one short moment the brave man decided. "I will do what I can alone," he said aloud.

That moment the wave receded and Midgett ran as close to the wreck as he dared. He shouted to the men to jump overboard one at a time. "Each man jump," he cried, "as the surf runs out and I will save you if I can."

The breakers rushed back about him. He retreated to the nearest high point, there to watch for the favorable moment. It came; the wave receded and Midgett darted forward with the cry, "Jump!" A sailor leaped. Midgett seized and dragged him through the waves to shore; then back to the wreck again with the cry, "Jump!" Again and again he repeated the act until he had rescued seven men.

Each time there was danger that he and his burden might be caught by the breakers and swept out to sea. But now came far greater demands upon his courage and physical

HE BORE A HELPLESS MAN OUT OF THE SURGING WATERS

powers. There still remained three men so bruised and exhausted that they were unable to do as their comrades had done. Midgett was not dismayed. To save these he must go down into the sea close to the wreck, lift them off, one by one, and carry them bodily to the beach. Down the steep bank into the very jaws of death three times he descended; each time he dragged away a helpless man, and bore him up out of the surging waters to a place of safety. Ten lives saved were the priceless trophies of his valor. Seven of the men were still able to walk. These he sent forward toward the station, while the other three he took to a safe place. Then giving his own coat to Captain Springsteen, he rode on to summon the aid of the life-saving crew.

THE SEA

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence whereso'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh! how I love to ride
On the fierce foaming bursting tide,
When every mad wave [1] drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his [1] tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the [1] Sou'-West blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

[1] For meaning, see List of Phrases.

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

— BARRY CORNWALL.

FOREST TREES

The tree, with its mighty pillar rising straight toward heaven, bears up its leafy arms above the impurities of earth, and supports them aloft in the free air and glorious sunshine. Thus, the tree is an emblem of what a true man should be. A tree is a shelter from the peltings of the storm and the scorchings of the fierce heat. A true man is likewise a refuge for the weak, a shelter for the oppressed — a defense for the defenseless, warding off from them the inroads of selfishness. He who is such a shield is, like the tree, an ornament and a blessing to his native land.

— WASHINGTON IRVING.

AN AVALANCHE

avalanche headforemost

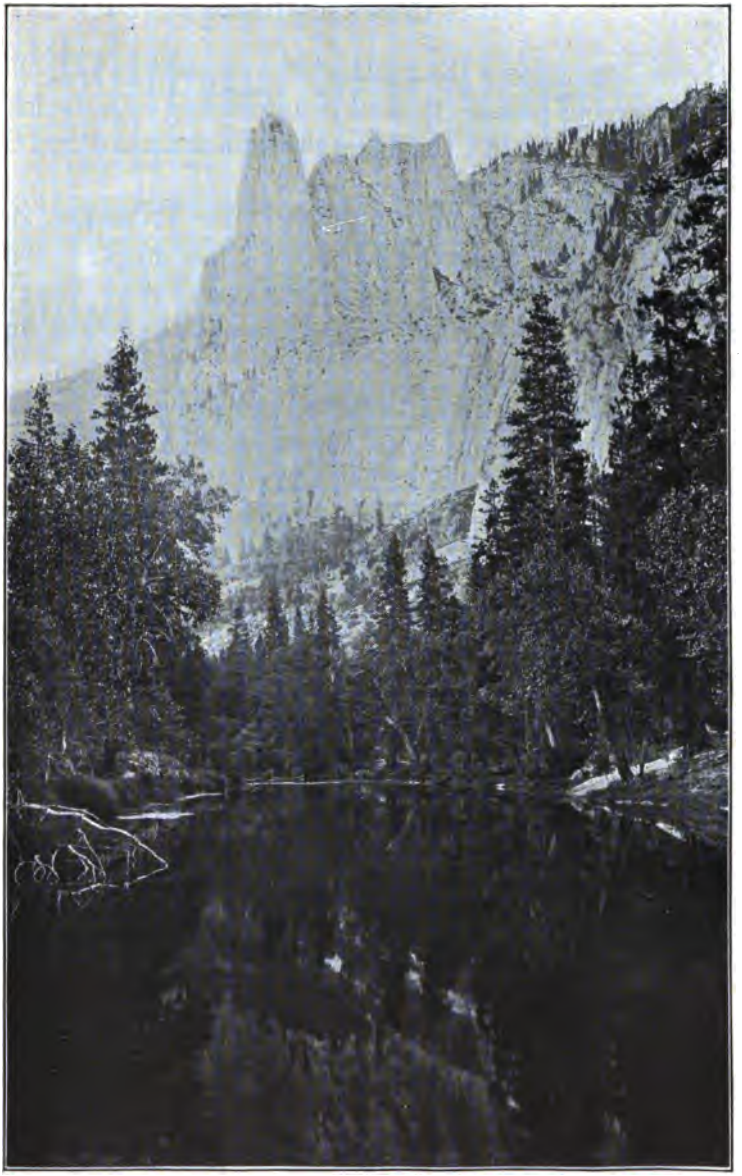
Among the crags and forests of the Sierra Nevada mountains there lay all day in the sunshine a very peaceful, quiet little lake. All around the lake were the steep sides of the mountains, and at no point did it seem to have any outlet.

Streams of various sizes ran into it, and one of them came plunging over the edge of a steep rock, in a foamy, feathery waterfall.

There was plenty of room in the valley for the lake to grow larger, but the trees upon its shore seemed to say that this was its customary size. On the northern side of the lake a sloping cliff went up, up, up, until all its rocks became hidden under a covering of snow.

Just above the snow line, almost at the top of this cliff, the June sun had been working hard, day after day, melting snow for the lake, until it had loosened a vast icy mass several acres in extent. Nobody could guess how many winters had been required to make that heap of frost so deep and hard, or how many summers had been needed to make everything ready for that hot June day to finish the work.

On that day the huge mass suddenly broke from its foundation. Then down came the avalanche, as such a moving body of snow and ice is called; slowly at first, then more swiftly, until the tall pines were snapped off before it, and swept away down the cliff as if they were only twigs. Great rocks were caught up and carried along with that mighty moving body as if they were pebbles.



AMONG THE CRAGS AND FORESTS LAY A PEACEFUL LITTLE LAKE [221]

Down, down, down the avalanche came, and at last, with a great surging plunge, it went headforemost into the lake. Crash! splash! dash! the flying sheets of water reached the tree tops on the shore.

The avalanche found deep water, for it almost disappeared; but it made the lake several feet deeper. Then the fragments of trees, ice, and solid lumps of snow came up from their dive to be floated around and to be dashed against the shore by the waves.

It did not take a great while for the surface of the lake to become calm again, with the snow cakes and the ice cakes almost motionless in the fading light. And think of it! Not a human being was present to see the avalanche fall, or to observe its grandeur. — WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

From "The Red Mustang."

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THE NORTHERN SEAS

Up! up! let us a voyage take;
Why sit we here at ease?
Find us a vessel tight and snug,
Bound for the Northern Seas.

I long to see those icebergs vast,
With heads all crowned with snow;
Whose green roots sleep in the awful deep,
Two hundred fathoms low.

I long to hear the thundering crash
Of their terrific fall;
And the echoes from a thousand cliffs,
Like lonely voices call. — WILLIAM HOWITT.

BIG HANS AND LITTLE HANS

PART I

On the northwestern coast of Norway the mountains hide their heads in the clouds and dip their feet in the sea. In fact, the cliffs are in some places so tall and steep that streams falling over their sides disappear in the air, being blown away in the form of mist before they reach the ocean. In other places there are narrow slopes, where a few potatoes and other garden vegetables may be made to grow by much care and labor.

It was on such a sunny little slope, right under a black mountain wall, that Halvor Myrbraten had built his cottage.

There were five children in Halvor's family. Hans, the eldest, was ten years old, and Dolly, the youngest, was one. The others were of different ages between one and ten. It was a pretty sight on a bright summer afternoon to see these happy children on the grass plot before the house, rolling over one another and playing like a family of kittens. Only you could hardly help feeling uneasy about the mountain, the steep, black wall of which rose so close above them that it seemed as if it must, some day, fall and crush them. The mother sometimes felt such a fear; but she put it out of her mind by thinking that the mountain had stood there for long ages and had never yet moved or harmed any one.

Besides the children, there was another young member of the Myrbraten family, and surely a very important one. He, too, was named Hans, but, in order to distinguish him from the son of the family, the word "Little" was always

put before his name, and although the son was the smaller of the two, he was called Big Hans. The most remarkable thing about Little Hans was that he had, in spite of his youth (for he was less than two years old), a very long, thick beard. Little Hans was a great fighter, also. He could knock you down with the greatest ease. He never used any angry words; but the moment his opponent attempted to rise, Little Hans quietly gave him another knock, and winked his eyes wickedly, as if to say to him, "You lie still!" Big Hans admired his friend and namesake for these fighting qualities, even though Little Hans could not, like himself, turn a somersault or stand on his head.

Many people wondered at the strong friendship which bound Big Hans and Little Hans together. Wherever Big Hans went, Little Hans was sure to follow. Often they were seen racing along the seabeach or climbing up the mountain side; and as Little Hans was a good climber, Big Hans often had hard work to keep up with him. Sometimes Little Hans would leap up a rock which was so steep that his friend could not climb it. Then he would stand upon the top of the rock and grin down at Big Hans, who would stand below, calling tearfully to his companion until he descended. Little Hans was very fond of Big Hans, and could never bear to see him cry. That is not in the least to be wondered at, as Big Hans had saved him from starvation and death when Little Hans was in the greatest need.

Their acquaintance began in the following manner: One day when Big Hans was up in the mountains, he heard a feeble voice in a crevice of the rocks near by. Hurrying

THE MOUNTAINS HIDE THEIR HEADS IN THE CLOUDS AND DIP THEIR FEET IN THE SEA

to the spot, he found Little Hans fastened between two great stones, and his leg so caught that it cost Big Hans nearly an hour's work to set it free. Then he dressed the injured foot with a rag torn from the lining of his coat, and carried Little Hans home in his arms. As Little Hans' parents had never claimed him, and he himself could tell nothing about them, he had remained in the home of Halvor Myrbraten, where all the children were very fond of him. Their mother, on the other hand, had no great liking for him, especially after he had devoured her prayer book and eaten a piece of Dolly's dress. He had a trick of pulling off Dolly's stockings when she was sitting out on the green, and if he was not discovered in time, he was sure to make his breakfast of them. You will readily understand, Big Hans had no liking for such food, and the only reason he could forgive Little Hans for eating such things as stockings was the fact that Little Hans was a goat.

BIG HANS AND LITTLE HANS

PART II

snowshoes	smothered
cataract	rumor

In the winter of 1870 a great deal of snow fell on the northwestern coast of Norway. The old pines about the Myrbraten cottage were laden down with it. The children had to be put to work with snow shovels early in the morning to dig out a tunnel to the cow stable where the cow stood bellowing with hunger. The mother, too, worked bravely in order to reach the stable to give the poor cow food. Sometimes when the thin roof fell down upon them, they laughed heartily, and their mother could not help laughing because they were so happy. Little Hans also made a pretense of working, but only succeeded in being in everybody's way, and when the cold snow from the side of the tunnel ran down upon his nose, he grinned and made such queer faces that the children shouted with merriment.

Day after day, and week after week, the snow continued to fall. Big Hans sat at the window with his friend watching the large feathery flakes, as they whirled slowly and silently through the air and covered the earth far and near. Soon there was little wood left at the Myrbraten cottage, and Halvor, the father, who did not love work, was obliged to put on his snowshoes and go to the forest. He pulled on his warmest jacket, took his ax from its hiding place above the door, and went in a slanting line up the mountain

side. Before he had gone a great distance he decided it was useless to go farther for wood, when the whole mountain slope was covered with pines. Fresh pine would be a little difficult to burn, but then it was full of pitch and would burn somehow. So he took off his long snowshoes, dug a hole in the snow, and cut down three or four trees only a few hundred feet above the cottage. When his wife heard the sound of his ax so near the house, she rushed out and cried to him:—

"Halvor, Halvor, don't cut down the trees on the slope! They are all that keep the snow from coming down upon us and sweeping us into the ocean!"

"Oh, the Lord will look out for His own," sang Halvor, cheerily.

"The Lord put the pine trees there to protect us," replied his wife.

But the end was that, in spite of his wife's protests, Halvor continued to cut the trees.

The heavy fall of snow was followed in a week by warmer weather which melted the snow where the sun shone upon it, causing huge masses of it to break off and tumble down the mountain. Strange groaning sounds stole through the forest. The great heap of snow rolled and rolled, steadily growing larger, until as it came against the great trees it broke them off by its weight.

One night, this great load of heavy snow continued its fall with a loud noise and rolled down and down until it reached the clearing where Halvor had cut the trees. Meeting with no resistance there, it gained a very great force, sweeping all the snow and Halvor's tree trunks along with

it. It rushed down in a great mass, carrying stones, shrubs, huge trees, and even the soil itself, leaving nothing but the bare rocks behind it. A smokelike cloud rose in the darkness, and a sound as of a thousand thundering cataracts filled the night. On it swept, with wild speed! At a rock, the avalanche divided, tearing up the old trees by the roots and hurling them down toward the sea. It was but a moment's work. The avalanche shot downward with increased speed. Hark! — a sharp shriek, a smothered groan, then a fierce hissing sound. The night was darker, and the silence deeper than before.

When morning came, only a bare rock, showing black against the sun, was to be seen where the Myrbraten cottage had stood the evening before. The rumor of the avalanche spread like wildfire through the valley, and the people of the whole neighborhood came to gaze upon the ruin which it had wrought. All that was left of the Myrbraten home was the cow stable, where Little Hans and Big Hans had slept that night. In the evening Little Hans had been very ill-behaved, so the mother had sent him to sleep with the cow. Big Hans, who thought it would be cruel for his friend to spend the night in that dark stable, with only a cow for company, had gone and slept with him in the hay. Thus it happened that Little Hans and Big Hans were both saved. It was pitiful to see them shivering in the wet snow. Big Hans was crying as if his heart would break, and the women who crowded about him were unable to comfort him. What should he do, a small boy of ten, alone in this wide world? His father, his mother, his little brothers and sisters were all gone, and there was no one left who cared for him. Just

then Little Hans put his nose close to Big Hans' face and rubbed it against his cheek.

"Yes, you are right, Little Hans," sobbed the boy, embracing his faithful companion, "you do care for me. You are the only one I have left now, in all the world. You and I will stand by each other always."

Little Hans then said, "Ma," which in his language meant "Yes."

The question soon arose in the village what was to be done with the homeless little boy and his faithful pet, and it was finally decided that the people of the town should care for them until Big Hans was old enough to care for himself.

— HJALMAR BOYESEN.

From "The Modern Vikings."

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He prayeth best who loveth best
  All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
  He made and loveth all.

— SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

THE FOX AND THE CRANE

A FABLE

"I think I will play a trick on the old crane who lives by the side of the pond," said Reynard, the fox, to himself one morning.

So he went down to the clear pool where the crane had spent her life.

"Good morning, my friend," said Reynard. "You have not been to my house on the hillside for a long time. Won't you come and take dinner with me to-day?"

"Thank you, Reynard," answered the crane. "I shall be glad to come."

When dinner was ready, all they had to eat was soup served in a big flat dish.

"Come and eat," said the fox. "I hope you will like this good hot soup."

Now of course the crane with her long bill could get nothing out of the flat dish, but Reynard, with his broad tongue, quickly ate up all the soup.

"Why, friend crane," said Reynard, "you didn't eat anything."

"No," said the crane, "I can't eat out of such a flat dish."

Reynard laughed at the poor crane.

"That is a good joke," he said.

"I must go now," said the crane. "Won't you come and take dinner with me to-morrow?"

"Thank you," said Reynard. "I shall be very glad indeed to do so."

So the next day Reynard went to dine with the crane.

"Good morning, Reynard," said the crane, as the fox came within hearing of her voice. "Dinner is ready. Come this way. Here is soup in this jar. I hope you will like it."

The jar was tall and the neck was narrow. The soup did not reach to the top. Reynard could not put his broad tongue into the narrow neck, so he did not get even a taste of the soup, and the crane with her long bill ate it all.

"How do you like my joke, Reynard?" asked the crane after she had finished her dinner.

A FAREWELL

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE PERT CHICKEN

There was once a pretty chicken;
  But his friends were very few,
For he thought that there was nothing
  In the world but what he knew:
So he always, in the farmyard,
  Had a very forward way,
Telling all the hens and turkeys
  What they ought to do and say.

"Mrs. Goose," he said, "I wonder
  That your goslings you should let
Go out paddling in the water;
  It will kill them to get wet."

"I wish, my dear Aunt Dorking,"
  He began to her, one day,
"That you wouldn't sit all summer
  In your nest upon the hay.
Won't you come out to the meadow,
  Where the grass with seeds is filled?"
"If I should," said Mrs. Dorking,
  "Then my eggs would all get chilled."

"No, they won't," replied the chicken;
  "And no matter if they do:
Eggs are really good for nothing;
  What's an egg to me or you?"

"What's an egg!" said Mrs. Dorking;
  "Can it be you do not know
You yourself were in an eggshell
  Just one little month ago?

"And if kind wings had not warmed you,
You would not be out to-day,
Telling hens, and geese, and turkeys,
What they ought to do and say.

"To be very wise and show it,
Is a pleasant thing, no doubt;
But when young folks talk to old folks,
They should know what they're about."

—*Author unknown.*

BIRD THOUGHTS

I lived first in a little house,
And lived there very well;
I thought the world was small and round,
And made of pale blue shell.

I lived next in a little nest,
Nor needed any other;
I thought the world was made of straw,
And brooded by my mother.

One day I fluttered from the nest
To see what I could find;
I said, "The world is made of leaves,
I have been very blind."

At length I flew beyond the tree,
Quite fit for grown-up labors. —
I don't know how the world *is* made,
And neither do my neighbors.

THE CRAB OF THE CORAL ISLANDS

Sea birds come to the coral island to rest and build their nests. Seeds are floated there by the ocean currents from far-away lands. Among these seeds is almost always the coconut, which loves to grow by the seashore, and from these nuts groves of the coco palm tree grow upon the lonely isle.

Then, perhaps, other kinds of trees and bushes are drifted to it before the wind, and entangled in their roots are seeds of other plants, and eggs or cocoons of insects. So a few flowers and a few butterflies and beetles begin their lives upon the new land.

Then a land bird or two, caught in the storm and blown across the sea, finds shelter in the coco grove. In this way a little new world is started. In this new world you must remember there are no four-footed beasts, nor snakes, nor lizards, nor frogs, nor any animals that cannot cross the sea.

On some of the coral islands a few strange animals live. Upon some of them you find such queer creatures as the famous coconut crab, which learned men call *Birgus latro*.

A great crab he is, — one that walks upon the ends of his toes. Because he has nothing to eat but coconuts, coconuts he has learned to eat, and he eats them in a very odd fashion. Some people say that he climbs up the trunks of the coco palms and pulls the fruit down for himself, but he does not usually do that.

What he does is this: When he finds a fallen coconut, he begins tearing away the thick husk and fibers with his strong

claws, and he knows perfectly well which end to tear them from. He knows that he must take away the fibers from the end where the eyeholes are if he would get his dinner from the coconut. Out of one of these holes, you know, the young coconut would come forth. When he has pulled away the husk and reached the eyeholes, he hammers through one of them with the point of his heavy claw. So far, so good; but how is he to get the meat out?

He cannot put his claw in. He has no long tube such as a butterfly has to draw the juice from the flower. He is as far off from his dinner as the fox was when the crane offered him a feast in a long-necked jar.

What, then, do you think he does? He turns himself round, puts in a pair of his hind claws which are very slender, and with them digs the meat out of the coconut, and so puts his dinner into his mouth with his hind feet.

This careful crab does not waste even the coconut husk. He lives in deep holes which he makes in the ground, and liking to sleep soft in his hard shell, he lines the holes with the coconut fiber, picked out as clean and fine as if he were going to make coconut matting of it.

Being also a clean crab, he goes down to the sea every night to have his bath. So he lives happy all his days, and gets so fat in his old age that he carries in his body nearly a quart of pure oil.

This is the life of the coconut crab. And if any one tells me that this crab does not think and reason, though of course not in words as you and I do, then I shall say that that person does not think or reason, either.

— CHARLES KINGSLEY.

THE BOY WHO COULD BE TRUSTED

Hans was a little shepherd boy who lived a long time ago in Germany. One day he was watching his sheep as they fed in a meadow not far from a great forest, when a hunter came out of the wood and asked, "How far is it to the nearest town, my boy?"

"It is six miles, sir," he answered, "but the road is only a sheep track, and very easily missed."

The hunter looked about him and said, "My lad, I am very hungry and tired, for I have been lost in this forest. If you will leave your sheep here and show me the way, I will pay you well."

"I cannot leave my sheep, sir," said the boy. "They would wander into the wood and be eaten by wolves or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" answered the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or two would not be much to your master, and I will give you more than you have earned in a whole year."

"Sir, I cannot go," answered Hans. "My time does not belong to me, for my master pays me for it. Besides, if any of the sheep should be lost, I should be to blame as much as if I had stolen them."

"Well, then," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get me some food and a guide? I will take care of them for you." The boy shook his head.

"The sheep," said he, "do not know your voice, and —" he stopped speaking.

"And what?" asked the hunter. "Can you not trust me? Do I look like a thief?"

"You are not so bad as that," said Hans; "but you tried to make me break my word to my master, and how do I know that you would keep your word?"

The hunter laughed, for he felt that the lad was right. Then he said: —

"I see, my boy, that you can be trusted. I will not forget you. Show me where to find the sheep path that you spoke about, and I will try to follow it without a guide."

Hans then offered the hunter the food which he had brought for lunch that day, and, coarse as it was, the hungry man ate it gladly. While he was eating there was a shout in the forest, and several other hunters came up.

Then, to his great surprise, Hans learned that the person to whom he had talked so plainly was the owner of all the country around. The man was so pleased with the boy's honesty that he soon afterwards sent for Hans to come to his home in the city.

So Hans dressed himself in his best suit, and, carrying his shoes under his arm, went to visit the great man in his fine palace.

"I believe that you are a boy who can always be trusted," said the landowner, "and so I want you to live with me. You shall be one of my family. You shall have books and teachers, and everything else that is needed to help you along the true road to manhood."

— *Author unknown.*

AN ESKIMO HUT

elevation seal atmosphere

In the midst of the rocks and bowlders of Greenland stood an Eskimo settlement consisting of two stone huts, twenty yards apart. The spot was better fitted for the dwelling place of wild animals than for the home of human beings. Around it was a wilderness of snow and ice. In front was the ice-covered, wintry sea.

In the evening I paid a visit to one of these huts. I found it square in front and sloping back into the hill. It was covered with snow, so I could not discover of what material it was made until I had entered. To get inside I was obliged to crawl on my hands and knees through a covered passage about twelve feet long. Kalutuna, the owner of the hut, upon hearing my footsteps, came out to welcome me. This he did by patting me on the back and grinning in my face. Going before me with a smoking torch, which was a piece of burning moss soaked with seal fat, he advanced through the low, narrow passage, tramping over several angry dogs and half-grown puppies.

After making two or three turns, I observed at last a light streaming down through a hole into which my guide raised his body. Then, moving to one side, he made room for me. I found myself in a low den crowded with human beings of all ages and sizes. I was received with a shout, which assured me of welcome. Like a flock of sheep crowding into a pen, they packed themselves into the corners to make

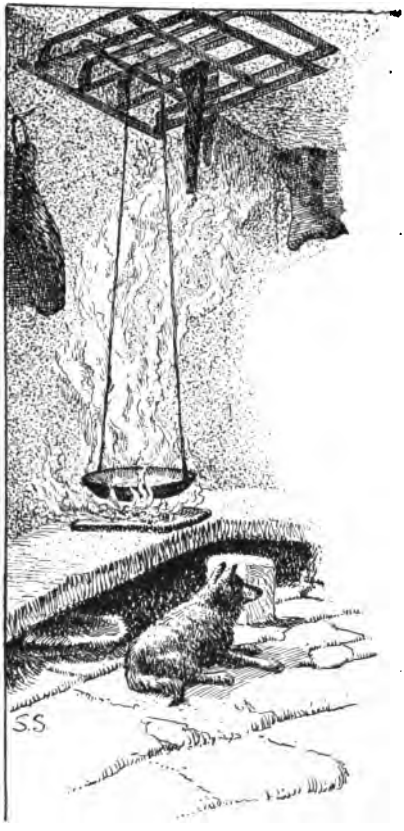
room for me on the only seat I could discover. I had come to satisfy my own curiosity, but theirs was even greater than mine, and so must first be satisfied. I underwent the closest examination.

My long beard greatly excited their interest. They touched it and stroked it, patting me all the while on the back, and hanging on to my arms, legs, and shoulders. They were puzzled over my woolen clothing, and I could not make them understand that it was woven from the hair of an animal called a sheep.

While they were examining me, I found time to look about the hut. The whole interior was about ten feet across and five and a half feet high. The walls were made of stones, moss, the bones of whales and other animals. They were drawn in gradually from the bottom, and capped by long pieces of thin stone, forming a roof. The floor was also covered with thin, flat stones. Half of this floor, at the back part of the hut, was raised a foot. This elevation was called a "breck," and it served both as bed and seat, being covered with dry grass, over which were spread bearskins and dogskins. At the corners in front were similar elevations, under one of which lay a family of pups with their mother, and under the other a huge joint of meat. The front of the hut was an oblong, and above the entrance to the passageway was a window covered by thin strips of seal intestines sewed together. Through this rude window a dim light shone during a few hours of the day.

The entrance was in the front wall, and was covered with a piece of sealskin. The walls were lined with sealskins and foxskins, stretched to dry. On one side of me, at the edge

of the "breck," sat an old woman, and on the other side a young one, each tending a smoky, greasy lamp. A third woman sat in a corner, similarly occupied. The lamps were made of soft stone, shaped much like a clam-shell, and were about eight inches across the top. The hollow place was filled with oil, and in the oil a flame was burning brightly. The wick was of moss. The only business of the women seemed to be to prevent the lamps from smoking, and to keep them supplied with seal fat, large pieces of which were placed in them, the heat of the flame melting out the oil.



INSIDE AN ESKIMO HUT

About three inches above each flame, a square stone pot hung from the ceiling. In these pots something was slowly cooking. Over each one a frame of bear bones also hung from the ceiling. On these frames stockings, mittens, trousers, and other articles of clothing were placed to dry. There was no other fire than that supplied by the lamps, nor was there need of

any. The hut was absolutely hot. So many persons crowded into so small a space would of themselves keep the place warm. I counted eighteen and may, very probably, have missed two or three small ones. There were three families, each centered around its own particular lamp and pot. These three families numbered in all thirteen individuals; but besides these there were some visitors from the other hut.

The air of the place was almost unendurable. The scraps of fur, fat, and flesh which lay on the floor and "breck," the poison breathing from so many lungs, the steam which rose from the heated bodies, and the smoke of the lamps, — all together created an atmosphere which was almost stifling. There may have been an air hole somewhere in the hut, but I did not see any. I perspired as if in the tropics. Seeing this, the company invited me to imitate them, and instantly half a dozen boys and girls seized my coat and boots to strip them off, but I declined the intended courtesy, telling them that I must go back to my people.

First, however, they said, I must have something to eat. This was an invitation I had feared; and now that it had come, I knew it would be unwise to decline. The expression of thanks (koyenak) was one of the few Eskimo words that I knew. They laughed heartily when I said "Koyenak" in reply to their invitation to eat; and immediately a young woman, not at all beautiful, poured some of the contents of one of the pots into a skin dish, and after tasting it herself, to be sure, as I supposed, that it was not too hot, she passed it to me over a group of heads. At first my courage forsook me; but all eyes were fixed upon me, and

it would have been highly impolite to shrink. I therefore shut my eyes, held my nose, swallowed the dose, and retired. I was afterward told that it was their great delicacy, and that it had been given to me as an honored guest, — a soup made by boiling together blood, oil, and seal meat.

— DR. ISAAC I. HAYES.

LAPLAND

" With blue, cold nose and wrinkled brow,
Traveller, whence comest thou? "
" From Lapland's woods and hills of frost,
By the rapid reindeer crost;
Where tapering grows the gloomy fir
And the stunted juniper;
Where the wild hare and the crow
Whiten in surrounding snow;
Where the wolf and arctic fox
Prowl among the lonely rocks;
And tardy suns to deserts drear
Give days and nights of half-a-year;
— From icy oceans, where the whale
Tosses in foam his lashing tail;
Where the snorting sea-horse shows
His ivory teeth in grinning rows;
Where, tumbling in their seal-skin boat,
Fearless the hungry fishers float,
And from teeming seas supply
The food their niggard plains deny."

— LUCY AIKIN.

THE OLD SCRAP BOX

Mr. Peters, an old merchant, put up a notice in a window of his store — "Boy wanted." The card remained there a long time before he succeeded in getting the kind of boy he wished to have.

Mr. Peters had a particular way of testing boys who came to him for a position. There was a huge box in the garret of his store that was full of old nails and screws, and bits of rusty hardware. When a new boy came, the old gentleman presently sent him up to the garret to set the box in order. Each boy worked over its contents for a while, but soon gave it up in disgust, and returned to Mr. Peters, saying, "There is nothing in the box worth saving."

At last Crawford Mills was hired. He knew none of the other boys, and so did his errands in ignorance of the "long box" until the second morning of his stay. Then his employer sent him to put it in order. The morning passed, dinner time came, and still Crawford had not appeared from the garret. At last Mr. Peters called him. "Have you finished?"

"No, sir; there is ever so much more to do."

"All right; it is dinner time now; you may go back to it after dinner."

After dinner back he went. All the short afternoon he was not heard from, but just as Mr. Peters was deciding to call him again, he appeared.

"I've done my best, sir," he said, "and down at the very bottom of the box I found this." "This" was a five-dollar gold piece which Crawford handed to Mr. Peters.

"That's a queer place for gold," said Mr. Peters; "it's good you found it. Well, sir, I suppose you will be on hand to-morrow morning?" This he said, putting the gold piece into his pocket.

After Crawford had said good night and gone, Mr. Peters took the lantern and went slowly up the garret stairs. There was the long deep box in which the rubbish of twenty-five years had gathered.

Crawford had evidently been to the bottom of it; he had fitted in pieces of shingles to make compartments, and in the different compartments he had placed the articles, with bits of shingle laid on top. On these were written, "Good screws," "Pretty good nails," "Picture nails," "Small keys," "Picture hooks," "Pieces of iron," and so on.

The box was in perfect order, but there was very little that could really be called useful to be found in it. Mr. Peters laughed as he read the labels, and said, "If I am not mistaken, I have found a boy, and he has found a place."

Sure enough, the sign disappeared from the window, and was seen no more. Crawford became errand boy to the well-known firm of Peters & Company. He had a little room neatly fitted up above the store, and at the foot of the bed hung a motto which Mr. Peters gave him.

"It tells your fortune for you; don't forget it," Mr. Peters said when he handed it to Crawford. The boy laughed and read it curiously. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much," was printed upon it in large letters.

All this happened ten or twelve years ago. Crawford Mills is an errand boy no more, but the firm is now Peters, Mills & Company.

—"PANSY."

HOW THE CHILDREN SAVED THE CITY

The afternoon sun beamed peacefully down upon Wolf, a merchant of Hamburg, as he walked slowly back and forth in his garden. His path was shaded by the fruit trees whose branches hung heavy with ripe red cherries. One would have supposed that the man was walking in that cool, shady place for rest and enjoyment. Certainly it was a well-ordered spot, where the gardener, aided by the warm sun and by life-giving showers, had brought forth flowers and fruit in great abundance.

But Wolf was not there for pleasure, as his sad face would have told you. Hamburg, his beloved home city, had been surrounded by enemies for many weeks, so that no one could either leave the city or enter it. The food was almost gone. The cries of children for bread, and the famished faces of brave men and women filled the good man's heart with sorrow day and night. Fruit he had to give them, but no bread, even for the dear ones of his own family. He himself was at that moment faint with hunger, and so weak from want of food that the armor he wore day and night in defense of the city had become a load almost too heavy for him to carry.

The soldiers of the enemy were in camps that extended completely around the walls of Hamburg. These soldiers had eaten or destroyed every food plant that grew within a long distance of the city. Not a fruit tree nor a field of grain remained standing. So there was nothing left for the soldiers themselves to eat but the poor dry food of the camp; and many were sick and suffering from hunger.

As Wolf continued his walk in his fruit garden, he raised his hand, plucked a sweet juicy cherry, and put it into his mouth. How pleasant it tasted! The merchant suddenly raised his head. His face grew bright with a thought which gave him hope. As the people of Hamburg longed for bread and meat and milk, so the sick soldiers lying in their tents, about the walls of the town, might be longing for these cherries that grew in his garden. What if these very cherries might be the means of ending the trouble and bringing food to the famishing inhabitants of his beloved city! "Can I possibly bring such a blessing to my fellow-citizens?" he exclaimed aloud.

At this moment his little daughter came running down the walk, her arms raised to greet her father. She was dressed in white, and was as graceful and beautiful as a little flower. He lifted her in his arms. She raised her hand and broke off a small branch from the tree overhead. It was covered with smooth ripe cherries.

"See, father, how beautiful they are!" she cried, lowering the branch for him to examine.

"Yes, my child," said the merchant, "I see; and I believe I also see a way to bring food into our sad city."

So saying, he lowered his little daughter to the ground, and went into the house.

Messengers were soon going out to the homes of neighbors and friends, asking them to bring their little girls to his house at once. "They are all to be dressed in white," the messengers said to the parents. Eager and curious, the mothers came with their little ones to the home of the merchant.

"Good friends," he said, "we are starving. You know there is no food in the city. If help does not come to us before to-morrow morning, the gates of Hamburg must be opened and the enemy's soldiers will rush in upon us. We have resisted them many weeks. They are very angry with us. What may happen after they enter, none of us dare to think.

"I have thought of a plan which may save us, and have asked your help to carry it out. It may not succeed, but I am sure no harm will come from it. This is the plan: —

"The army surrounding the city is eager for fruit. My trees are laden with cherries, as are hundreds of other trees in Hamburg. I wish to fill the arms of these little children with branches covered with fruit, and send them out through the gates to the commanding officer of the enemy. Are you willing to help me and save our city?"

There was silence in the great room. Did they dare to send their little ones unprotected to the enemy's camp?

"I will send my own little daughter to lead the band," said the father. "Will you not risk one who is precious to you, to save the lives of hundreds of our people?"

How could they refuse to follow the example of this brave and generous man? Could any one look into the innocent, trusting faces of the dear children, and do them harm?

"We give our daughters into your keeping, friend Wolf," they said with tears streaming down their faces. "In the name of the sick and the perishing, send them out upon your errand of mercy."

The great gate of the city opened slowly, and a little band

of children, dressed in white and almost hidden by fruit-laden cherry boughs marched out toward the tent of the general. They passed between lines of astonished soldiers, who stood, with wide-open eyes, staring at the loving faces that looked trustingly up into their own. Why were these children sent out from the stubborn city? What were they carrying in their hands?

Still the children advanced, swinging the ripe cherry boughs. How tempting the red, juicy fruit appeared! How delicious must be its taste! How the soldiers longed to devour it!

On marched the silent band of children till they reached the general's tent. "Why have the men of Hamburg sent you to me?" he asked the little leader, "and what do you wish?"

"We come, sir," she answered, "to bring you ripe cherries. Please accept them as a gift for your sick soldiers."

The general sat in silence a moment. Then his eyes filled with tears, remembering his own little ones in safety at home.

"Leave your cherries with me, my children," he said at last. "For your courage you shall have safety, and for your fruit you shall have bread.

"Call an officer," he said to the guard. "Have wagons, loaded with the best food of our camp, ready to follow these children back to the city. Men who risk such treasures as these little ones for the good of their city should be allowed to live in peace. My war against Hamburg is ended. To-day we move our army."

LÍ, THE WISE FISHER BOY[1]

PART I

mandarin	chopsticks	admittance
magnificent	inferior	queue

Whanki and her son Lí lived on the green banks of Lake Tai-hu, a hundred miles from Nankin, the capital of China. At that time no one in that part of China could equal Lí in learning; and he was anxious to take the examination before the wise examiners of Nankin. But unfortunately he had no money for the journey and no money with which to buy a hearing. Lí was of a merry heart, however, and there is no better cure for trouble than cheerfulness. "If I work hard," said he, "I shall some day be able to earn the money."

Taking his fishing nets early one morning, Lí went down to the lake, and as he cast them into the water, he began to sing. Near the place where Lí was fishing stood a grove of tall trees, and in its cool, pleasant shade Hok-wan, a great mandarin, was taking his daily walk. "Hi, the fellow sings well," said Hok-wan, aloud. Seating himself upon the bank, he called the young fisherman.

"Who taught you to sing so well, my boy?" asked the great man. "The wind singing through the trees taught me," answered Lí, "and the birds singing in their nests among the branches." The mandarin asked him many more questions, and was greatly pleased with his answers; for they showed that the boy was very intelligent, and had much knowledge gained from the study of Chinese books.

[1] The public examinations described in the following story are no longer held in China.

"WHO TAUGHT YOU TO SING?" ASKED THE GREAT MAN

"Leave your nets, Lí, and come to my home," said Hok-wan. "To-day many friends are to feast with me. I wish

you to help entertain them with your songs and conversation." So Lí left his nets and went with the mandarin to his home.

"Take this young man to the chamber where the guests are clothed for the feast," said the master to a servant, as they entered the house. Within the guest chamber, the servants placed a magnificent robe upon Lí. They covered his feet with shoes decorated with dragon's claws, and upon his head they placed a cap also richly embroidered. Last of all, they gave him a beautiful fan. An attendant then led the way to the great dining hall, where the guests were seated at tables covered with dishes of soup, meat, fish, preserves, sweetmeats, and cakes of every kind.

The humble fisher lad walked in with quiet dignity among these great ones to whom the host introduced him. Hok-wan made a speech of welcome, and afterward drank a tiny goblet of wine, saying, "I wish you good health and long life, kind friends."

When the speech was ended, Lí rose and called a servant. "Take a portion of all these good things and carry them to Whanki, the mother of Lí," said he to the servant. "Say to her that the blessings of God which have come to her son this day are as countless as the sands on Lake Tai-hu. Bid her eat; for not one mouthful of this banquet shall pass the lips of her son unless his aged mother also eats of the same delicacies."

At hearing this all the mandarins, including the host, loudly expressed their admiration of Lí's respect for his mother; and the servant quickly disappeared with the dainties.

The feast then began, and Lí ate with the appetite of a hungry fisherman. While he ate, he talked with so much wisdom and knowledge that the guests laid down their chopsticks and listened in wonder. He sang such sweet songs that the grave mandarins moved their hands and heads in time to the melody, until finally they all began to sing with the young musician.

After the feast, the company reclined upon luxurious cushions. Seating himself beside Lí, Hok-wan said to his friends: "I heard this lad singing this morning while he fished by the lake shore. The sweetness of his song pleased me greatly. The wisdom of his conversation also delighted me. I invited him, in consequence, to share our feast, that he might give you pleasure, also."

The visitors were amazed to learn that the youth who had entertained them with his learning and his songs was but a fisherman. "Lí wishes to go to Nankin to take the examination, but he has no money to buy the favor of the examiners," continued Hok-wan.

"Appear boldly in the examination hall before the examiners," advised one of the guests. "Your name shall be called out at midnight as the successful Lí, with whom no other student can compare."

"Go to the capital! Go to Nankin!" added another. "You will bewilder the ignorant! You will perplex the learned!"

"You will yet stand before the Emperor!" exclaimed a third.

"When the wind blows over the fields, does not the grass bend before it? When the great Ho speaks, will not in-

feriors obey?" exclaimed Hok-wan. "The learned Ho is my brother. To him you shall go. One word from him will cause the judges to call out your name."

"I will go to the capital, and that, too, before another sun shines upon the rice fields. With a letter to the illustrious Ho, I may dare to ask for admittance to the examination," replied Lí, gratefully.

At a late hour the company departed. The young guest of honor was carried to his home in the chair of his host. Lí's mother did not at first recognize her son in his splendid clothes, and carried in such grand fashion upon the shoulders of servants.

"Heigh-yah! You are as fine as a magpie, Lí," she said. "See what I have saved for you! What had I to do with bird's-nest soup, with shark's fins, and with pigeon's eggs from the table of Hok-wan? I said to myself, 'My poor Lí will be too modest to eat with the great company, I will not eat these dainties, but save them to comfort him when he comes back.' Look! Here they are!"

"I do not want them, mother," answered Lí. "I have eaten enough. Take this food yourself, for it is good; and then help me prepare for my journey to the capital."

"What! To the capital? The capital indeed! Go to bed, my boy," said the mother.

Lí finally convinced her that he was determined to go to Nankin to take the examination. He also told her that in his sleeve he carried a letter to the great Ho, brother of Hok-wan. With this he would gain a hearing before the examiners.

Whanki was very grateful for the honor shown to her

son, and gave thanks to God by bowing her head to the ground.

The two were busy the remainder of the night preparing for his journey. When the golden ripples of the lake danced in the rays of the rising sun, Lí tenderly embraced his aged mother, and set forth on foot for Nankin.

"Ah, the blessed boy!" said the mother, gazing after him as long as she could catch a glimpse of his large bamboo hat. "He will not want for rice any day. He has no money in his hand, but he has a tongue in his head that will not fail to bring him both money and honors."

Whanki was right. In every village through which Lí passed, in every cottage by the wayside, he found shelter and a welcome. The good people thought themselves fully repaid if he would but touch the strings of his harp, or recite to them the poems and the stories they loved to hear. In this manner he reached the capital.

He crossed the marble bridge over the great canal and entered at the Gate of Extensive Peace. Once inside the wall, he looked for a barber shop. There he had his beard removed, his head freshly shaved to the crown, and his long queue plaited with red ribbons. Then, entering an adjoining inn, he removed his traveling clothes and dressed himself in the rich garments given to him by Hok-wan. Thus prepared, and holding up a fan to shield his eyes from the sun, he went forth to seek the dwelling of the illustrious Ho.

Next, behold Lí within the reception hall of the grand mansion of Ho, in the presence of the great man himself. Lí had given the doorkeeper a red card, leading Ho to ex-

pect a visitor of rank; and for this reason he was permitted to enter the fine room. Advancing three steps to meet him, Ho bowed low to his stranger guest. Lí also advanced three steps and bowed still lower. Ho again gravely stepped forward and made another bow, to which Lí replied with a still lower bending of the body. Ho for the third time advanced three steps, and Lí nearly touched the marble pavement with his forehead, moving forward yet another three steps.

By this time they had reached the couch upon which visitors were received. Lí then began to talk, and his conversation showed such wisdom and knowledge that Ho said to himself, "He is certainly a wise youth." Now this was well for Lí, as Ho cared more for a man of learning than for any one else. Lí presented Hok-wan's letter, which Ho read. He also heard from the boy's own lips the story of his struggles for an education. Then embracing the lad, he said: "Be of good cheer, my son. By the head of our wise man, Confucius, learning like yours shall win its crown without the aid of gifts. Know, O Lí, that this year, Yang and Kau are the examiners. To them you shall go with nothing but my name. Humble as it is, it will enable you to enter the examination."

Lí was delighted. At length the day of examination came, and he bravely presented himself for admission. When he offered his letter from Ho, he was surprised to see that Yang and Kau cast the letter from them with scorn. "Heigh!" said Yang, "Ho thinks to cheat us with bubbles! Yes, we will remember the name of Lí."

The examination began. The students were searched

by the officers of the examination hall. Their robes, pockets, shoes, and even their neatly plaited queues were inspected to see that the owners had not hidden away a composition from which they might copy. After the inspection, the students were seated on long benches with paper and pencils before them ready for work. The doors and windows were closely barred and guarded, so that no one from the outside could pass written papers to those within.

A gun was fired! The subject for the composition was given. Immediately, like the velvet feet of butterflies, the pencils of the students ran smoothly and rapidly over the tinted paper. Lí wrote his composition easily and correctly, and was the first to place his paper in the hands of Yang.

"Heigh!" cried Yang, drawing his pencil across the paper without reading it. "I remember the name of Lí! What stuff this is! The fellow is fit only to grind my ink." "To grind your ink!" said Kau. "Say, rather, he is fit only to lace my shoes." And, laughing loudly at their own wit, the great judges turned their backs upon poor Lí.

Overcome with shame and sorrow, the boy rushed to the lower end of the hall, and was obliged to remain there until evening, as the doors could not be opened until that time. Here he had to listen to the jokes of those around him, and to see others promoted who were as inferior to himself as owls are to eagles. What a bitter day for Lí, who had entered the hall that morning full of courage and sure that he would succeed in the examination!

When he was at last dismissed, he hurried into the presence of Ho, and said fiercely: "I will some day repay the

proud Yang and Kau! By the head of our wise Confucius, when I do, Yang shall grind my ink and Kau shall lace my shoes."

Ho was angry at the treatment Lí had received, and also at the insult to himself. But as Yang and Kau were at that time favorites of the emperor, he said nothing to them. When he found Lí preparing to return home, he embraced him and advised him to wait. "In the end," he said, "you will surely succeed, O Lí. Next year the examiners will be changed. You will have a better opportunity. Remain quietly here with me until that time comes."

But Lí remembered his mother sitting alone in her humble home by the side of the lake, and he replied, "Know, O Ho, that an old mother waits for Lí afar off. Summer and harvest will come, but Whanki has no one to sow her rice. The fish sport in the lake, but Whanki has no strength to draw them forth. What profit, O wise Ho, should I gain if I planned for myself and let my mother suffer? Would not the race of Lí be cursed?"

"Noble youth!" exclaimed Ho. "Take this purse. It is heavy. Hasten to relieve your mother, — a happy mother to have so dutiful a son. Then return without delay and await the next examination. I promise you that you shall not this time lack a present for the greedy judges, though I should like to give it to them at the dagger's point."

Accordingly Lí bade farewell to his generous friend, and promised to return as speedily as possible, after he had carefully attended to his mother's comfort.

LI, THE WISE FISHER BOY

PART II

ancestor	sovereign	mother-of-pearl
salary	celestial	submission

Not far from the examination hall stood the home of the emperor. Within this Palace of Heaven, upon the Dragon's Throne, the great emperor Hwant-sung sat, with his court bowing low before him. In front of the royal footstool knelt the prime minister Yang, bearing in his hand a paper covered with curious writing.

The emperor was evidently very much displeased with his officials. "By our ancestors!" exclaimed he, with an angry look. "You are a wise court indeed! Say, rather, a pack of idiots! What! Shall we become a joke in the mouths of foreign nations? Shall heathen kings mock the court of Nankin? Hi! Is there not one of our learned advisers who can read this paper? Yang, we command you to tell us the meaning of the letter which the foreign messengers have brought to our court."

Well might Yang turn pale; for there was no more meaning to him in the strange writing on which his eyes were fixed than in the slimy trail which the green lizard draws upon the sand. He turned the letter over and over. At length, reverently knocking his head on the floor nine times before the emperor, Yang said, "Let not the displeasure of Earth's Glory destroy his slave because God

has not granted him the power to do the will of his Majesty in this thing."

Then Hwant-sung called up his other wise men, one after another, but not one was able to read the message. Hwant-sung became exceedingly angry, and said in a voice of thunder, "If within three days the ministers cannot make known to us the meaning of this message, by the head of the Dragon, their offices and salaries shall be taken away. If within six days they are still in ignorance of its meaning, they shall be put to death."

While the court still knelt in fearful silence, Ho appeared before the emperor, bowing low. "Will the emperor graciously open his ears while the humblest of his slaves speaks?" asked he. "Know then, O Mighty King, there arrived last night at my house a man who seems to possess all knowledge. Command, then, that he appear before you to make plain that which puzzles your Majesty's ministers."

Hwant-sung rejoiced greatly at this information, and bade Ho bring the learned scholar at once into his presence.

Eager with joy, Ho told Lí of the good fortune he had secured for him, but the youth refused to go to the palace. He excused himself by saying he was a poor scholar, and dared not appear before his great majesty.

The unhappy Ho returned to the palace very fearful. Kneeling before the monarch, he exclaimed in a clear voice, "Will his Majesty once more graciously listen? At the last examination this man of whom I have spoken was turned away from the examination hall in disgrace. The examiners, Yang and Kau, would not accept his composi-

tion. Will it, then, please your Majesty to show some favor to this man Lí, that he may properly present himself before your Majesty?"

"It shall be done," exclaimed the emperor. "We give him the title of Doctor, together with the purple robe and yellow belt of the scholar. Go bring him before us."

Ho returned to his home with joy and told Lí what the emperor had done. Lí put on the robe and belt, and, looking like a prince, went with Ho to the palace.

Hwant-sung received the new doctor with kindness, and handed him the paper which he was to explain.

Taking the paper, and looking toward Yang and Kau, Lí said: "How can a poor scholar like me know more than these learned men? Know, O Mighty Emperor, the great judges, Yang and Kau, thought me unworthy to pass your Majesty's examination. Surely, then, they must be wiser than I."

Charmed with the youth's reply, the emperor smiled upon him graciously, and commanded the two shamefaced examiners to leave the room.

Lí read the message without difficulty, and turning to the emperor, said, "Know, O Wise Emperor, that this is a message from the king of Po-Hai. He demands in insulting language that your Majesty restore to him a part of Korea, and also pay him yearly a large amount of money."

The face of Hwant-sung grew black as midnight. He was about to order the messengers of Po-Hai to be instantly put to death, when Lí cried boldly, "May it please your Gracious Majesty to have these rude men brought into your presence. I will teach them how to respect the mighty

"SURELY THEY MUST BE WISER THAN I

Hwant-sung." The emperor ordered the messengers to be brought in immediately.

Lí talked with them in their own language. "To-morrow morning," said he, "his Sovereign Majesty will have an answer prepared to send to your king, who is but an earthworm compared to the great emperor of China. In the meantime, thank God that he permits you to live."

The emperor, pleased with Lí's knowledge and wisdom, that evening invited him to a banquet where he met the wise men of the court. The feast lasted until late in the night.

The next day, when the emperor met with his advisers to consider the reply to the messengers of the bold Po-Hai, Lí was not present. He did not appear until the emperor had sent for him twice. The courtiers shook their heads and were sure of trouble. Yang and Kau became bold again, for they were certain that this impudent boy would soon feel the anger of the Celestial Monarch. "To be twice commanded into the emperor's presence, indeed!" said they to each other. "No doubt he will lose his head for this offense."

After the court had waited some time, Lí walked into the hall, his feet in slippers. To the surprise of all, the emperor graciously extended his hand and asked after Lí's health.

The emperor commanded his servants to place a cushion upon the platform, near his footstool. This cushion was of the royal yellow, embroidered with gold and silver. In front of the cushion the servants placed a table of mother-of-pearl, richly set with emeralds. Upon it they put a cake of perfumed ink, a sheet of flowery paper, a hair-pencil in a golden holder, and a small jade stone with which to rub the ink.

"Ascend the platform, learned doctor," said the em-

peror, waving his hand, "and sit upon this cushion, while we give our answer to these slaves."

"O glory of the Earth," replied Lí, "my feet are not in proper dress to approach you. May it please your Majesty to command that new shoes be brought for me?"

The emperor at once granted this request. Then glancing at Yang and Kau, who stood near, pale with rage, Lí again addressed the emperor. "May it please your Gracious Majesty to grant your servant one more request? At the examination this year, I was turned away in disgrace by Yang and Kau. At that time Yang said I knew only enough to grind his ink, and Kau said I was fit only to lace his shoes. Will it please your Majesty now to command Yang to grind my ink and Kau to lace my shoes?"

There was a murmur of indignation from one end of the hall to the other. But Hwant-sung was well pleased to punish the injustice of his examiners; so he ordered them both to approach and do the bidding of Lí. To disobey meant death; therefore they came forward. While Lí sat at ease upon the soft cushion, Kau knelt and laced the young man's shoes, and Yang stood at his side rubbing and mixing his ink.

Taking the brush, Lí wrote the emperor's reply rapidly and easily. Then standing erect at the right hand of the throne, he read it aloud to the trembling messengers.

"Now return," added Lí, "and teach your king that foxes must not war with lions, nor pigeons steal into the eagle's nest. Tell him he is like an angry grasshopper trying to fight against the chariot that will crush him, or like a fly in the jaws of the dragon. If this does not please

your master, tell him that the mighty Hwant-sung will send men to seize his territory. Then the blood of his subjects will flow like rain from a summer cloud."

The messengers knelt in great fear before the throne and knocked their heads upon the floor to show their submission, after which they withdrew and returned to their king with the message.

Thus Lí, the fisher boy, became the emperor's adviser.

— *From the Chinese.*

WHICH WAY DOES THE WIND BLOW?

Which way does the wind blow,
  Which way does he go?
He rides over the water,
  He rides over snow;

O'er wood and o'er valley,
  And o'er rocky height,
Which the goat cannot traverse,
  He taketh his flight.

He rages and tosses
  In every bare tree,
As, if you look upwards,
  You plainly may see.

But whence he both cometh
  And whither he goes,
There's never a scholar
  In England that knows.

— Lucy Aikin.

ABRAM AND ZIMRI

Abram and Zimri owned a field together —
A level field hid in a happy vale.
They plowed it with one plow, and in the spring
Sowed, walking side by side, the fruitful seed.
In harvest, when the glad earth smiled with grain,
Each carried to his home one half the sheaves
And stored them with much labor in his barns.
Now, Abram had a wife and seven sons,
But Zimri dwelt alone within his house.

One night, before the sheaves were gathered in,
And Zimri lay upon his lonely bed
And counted in his mind his little gains,
He thought upon his brother Abram's lot,
And said, "I dwell alone within my house,
But Abram hath a wife and seven sons,
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.
He surely needeth more for life than I;
I will arise and gird myself, and go
Down to the field and add to his from mine."

So he arose and girded up his loins,
And went out softly to the level field.
The moon shone out from dusky bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the cold blue sky,
The branches waved and whispered in the wind;
So Zimri, guided by the shifting light,
Went down the mountain path and found the field,
Took from his sheaves a generous third
And bore them gladly to his brother's heap,
And then went back to sleep and happy dreams.

Now that same night, as Abram lay in bed,
Thinking upon his blissful state in life,

He thought upon his brother Zimri's lot,
And said, "He dwells within his house alone,
He goeth forth to toil with few to help,
He goeth home at night to a cold house,
And hath few other friends but me and mine."
(For these two tilled the happy vale alone.)
"While I, whom Heaven hath very greatly blessed,
Dwell happy with my wife and seven sons,
Who aid me in my toil and make it light;
And yet we share the harvest sheaves alike.
This surely is not pleasing unto God;
I will arise and gird myself, and go
Out to the field and borrow from my store
And add unto my brother Zimri's pile."

So he arose and girded up his loins,
And went down softly to the level field.
The moon shone out from silver bars of clouds,
The trees stood black against the starry sky,
The dark leaves waved and whispered in the breeze:
So Abram, guided by the doubtful light,
Passed down the mountain path and found the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous third
And added them unto his brother's heap;
Then he went back to sleep and happy dreams.

So the next morning with the early sun
The brothers rose and went out to their toil;
And when they came to see the heavy sheaves,
Each wondered in his heart to find his heap,
Though he had given a third, was still the same.
Now the next night went Zimri to the field,
Took from his store of sheaves a generous share
And placed them on his brother Abram's heap,
And then lay down behind his pile to watch.
The moon looked out from bars of silvery cloud,

The cedars stood up black against the sky,
The olive branches whispered in the wind.

Then Abram came down softly from his home,
And, looking to the right and left, went on,
Took from his ample store a generous third
And laid it on his brother Zimri's pile.
Then Zimri rose and caught him in his arms,
And wept upon his neck and kissed his cheek;
And Abram saw the whole, and could not speak,
Neither could Zimri. So they walked along
Back to their homes, and thanked their God in prayer
That he had bound them in such loving bands.

— CLARENCE COOK.

NESTS

Make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet know, for none of us have been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts, proof against all adversity; bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us; houses built without hands, for our souls to live in. — JOHN RUSKIN.

ULYSSES AND POLYPHEMUS

conquest	subsistence	abreast
embark	crafty	mariners

Ulysses, wisest of men, and King of Ithaca, was one of the great Greek generals who won glory for Greece in the conquest of Troy. After a struggle of ten years Troy was destroyed. During all those weary years, Ulysses had not once visited his home in Ithaca, had not seen his beautiful wife, Penelope, nor his young son Telemachus. Now that the final victory was won, he was anxious to return to Ithaca. Embarking his troops in twelve ships, he joyously set sail, eager to reach his native land. Ithaca was a poor country compared with the rich fields of the Trojans, but in the eyes of Ulysses, no land was so dear as his own.

Sailing westward many days and nights among unknown islands, the fleet at length arrived at the island of the Cyclops. The Cyclops were a race of savage giants, each having but one eye, and that eye in the middle of the forehead. They were a shepherd people, tending their flocks in the midst of fertile fields, in which grew wild grapes, barley, and wheat. They neither plowed nor sowed their fields, nor made wine of the grapes. They had neither boats nor ships. They dwelt in caves in the sides of the mountains, each family living apart from all the rest.

Weary with the long voyage, the soldiers begged Ulysses to land, that they might secure fresh water and meat, and rest awhile before venturing farther on their homeward

journey. Anchoring his ships in the small bay, and selecting twelve companions, Ulysses landed to explore the place and to make the acquaintance of its inhabitants. Wishing to show himself friendly, Ulysses carried with him a skin of choice wine.

The company soon came to a huge cave with evergreens growing on the rocky roof, and with an entrance formed by great pillars made from the trunks of oaks and pines. Ulysses, admiring the place, led the way inside. The cave was empty, and the men began to look curiously about. They saw baskets heaped with cheese, and troughs and pails filled with milk. The fresh sweet meat of sheep and goats lay ready to be cooked for the owner's evening meal. How tempting it all appeared to the Greeks after their long weeks of subsistence on salt fish and dry ship biscuit! There were pens where the sheep and goats slept at night; but these were now empty, for the flocks were still feeding on the distant hillsides. Everything about the cave showed that its occupant was strong and of enormous size, but rude and untrained in his way of living.

While still examining the place, they were startled by a noise like thunder at the entrance. Turning in the direction of the noise, they beheld the gigantic owner standing within the opening with a huge pile of tree trunks at his feet. These he had brought from the grove to cook his evening meal, and, dropping them as he entered, their fall had caused the alarming sound. The name of this monster was Polyphemus, and he was the largest and fiercest of the Cyclops. At sight of him the Greeks fled in terror and hid themselves in the farthest corners of the cave.

Polyphemus was so immense that he looked more like a mountain crag than a man, and his mind was as brutish as his body was huge. Driving his flocks in before him, the giant closed the entrance with a stone so large that twenty oxen could not have drawn it. This done, he milked the sheep and the goats, and secured them for the night in the various pens. Then, in preparation for his supper, he kindled a fire with the pile of trees, and turning his one glaring eye from side to side, the giant discovered by its blaze the terrified followers of Ulysses.

"It seems that I have guests in my house. Ho there!" cried Polyphemus. "Who are you, merchants or wandering thieves?" The roar of his voice shook the cave.

"We are neither merchants nor thieves," said Ulysses, coming from his hiding place. "We are Greeks returning from Troy. We have landed upon your shore, sir, to beg of you meat and drink for the remainder of our voyage."

"What care I for Greeks or Trojans?" bellowed Polyphemus. "You shall have nothing from me. You have landed upon my shore without invitation. You have entered my home unbidden. You are my prisoners in this cave, and I shall kill you when it pleases me. Go back to the place you have chosen. I am weary! I must have food after my long day with the flocks."

Ulysses retired until the Cyclops had cooked and eaten great portions of goat's flesh and swallowed huge bowls of milk. Then carrying the skin of wine in his arms, he again ventured to address his jailer. "You will at least," said he, very humbly, "accept a gift of wine from the despised strangers. We brought it from the ship. It is the

most delicious drink in the world. It will refresh you after your weary day in the pastures."

The savage took the skin from the hands of the Greek and drank, greatly enjoying its contents, for the taste was new to him. Smacking his lips, he drank again and again of the fragrant wine until the skin was empty. Now this delicious wine was seven times stronger than men usually drink, and the crafty Ulysses knew that under its influence the one round eye of the Cyclops would soon close in slumber.

The stupid giant soon began to doze, and in a few minutes he lay at full length before the fire, snoring so loudly that the walls of the cavern echoed with the sound.

Ulysses would have thrust his sword into the sleeping monster's heart and killed him without delay, but this would not have been wise; for even this band of hardy warriors could never have removed the stone from the cave's mouth without his aid. "But," he said, "I must take from this rude savage, while he sleeps, the power to harm us." So, calling his men from their hiding places, and selecting a tree trunk for his purpose, he bade them sharpen one end of it as quickly and quietly as possible. This done, they heated the sharpened end in the fire, and with it put out the Cyclops's eye.

The giant awoke, roaring with pain, and snatched the beam from his eye. With rage and agony he sought to find his enemies. Because of the great size of the place, he failed. Then feeling his way to the entrance, and hoping that the Greeks would attempt to escape with the sheep and goats as they went forth to pasture, he sat in the doorway and waited.

J. M. W. Turner

THE MARINERS WENT FORTH WITH A FORWARD GALE

But Ulysses in the meantime made cords of willow twigs from the giant's bed. With these he tied the fattest and fleeciest of the sheep together, three abreast, or side by side. On the under side of each middle sheep he tied one of his friends. Last of all he managed somehow to hide himself in the long thick wool of the largest of the flock.

Polyphemus put his hands upon the backs of the sheep as they passed, feeling for his enemies, never dreaming that they hung beneath the animals.

Once without, Ulysses freed his companions; and, driving the sheep before them they fled to the ships. When the sails were set, and the vessels had moved from the shore, Ulysses called back to Polyphemus:—

"O cruel and wicked Cyclops! May the loss of your eye teach you wisdom. When strangers come again to you asking only for food and shelter, you will not refuse to supply their needs."

In his rage, Polyphemus tore a fragment of rock from the hillside, and threw it with all his might into the bay. It fell into the water with a terrific noise. It narrowly escaped lighting upon the ship which held Ulysses, and the wave caused by the falling rock bore his vessel back to the shore.

"Polyphemus," shouted Ulysses, "if any man ask you who put out your eye, say it was Ulysses, king of Ithaca, waster of rebellious cities. Say he did it to repay your ill treatment of wind-beaten and hungry strangers."

Then the mariners put on more sail, beat the old sea with their strong oars, and went forth with a forward gale.

THE SHIPWRECK

grazing	oath
counsel	famine

After long wandering and many adventures among the islands of the sea, Ulysses and his companions at last reached the shore of Trinacria. Landing there, they saw oxen of such wonderful size and beauty grazing upon the green meadows that Ulysses knew they must be the oxen of the Sun. Examining the land, and finding three steep cliffs extending out into the sea, he rightly judged this to be the island on which the oxen of the Sun feed.

Now in those old days, the Greeks supposed the sun to be a god whom they called Apollo. They thought this island and these cattle belonged to Apollo, and considered the cattle very sacred.

Ulysses was in terror lest through his own fault or the fault of his hungry men harm might come to the sacred oxen. So, though they were tired with the labors and dangers of the voyage, and though night was coming on, he bade them return immediately to their ships, and make their way from this place of temptation. But his men with one voice opposed going to sea in the darkness. Even the cautious Eurylochus objected. The weary, sea-worn men so longed for a little ease and refreshment that the danger of putting out to sea at night seemed greater than the possible danger of harming Apollo's cattle by remaining.

"Your nerves seem to be made of steel, great Ulysses," they cried, "and your limbs do not grow weary. You do not need sleep like other men. But we are common men, and must have food and rest. In the nighttime winds blow that are the most destructive to ships. The safest thing to do at night is to eat and sleep on quiet shores."

Thus they overcame the wise counsel of Ulysses, and remained upon the land. But he first drew from them an oath that they would neither injure nor kill any of the sacred cattle so quietly feeding all about. This they promised, man by man, at the same time calling down evil upon any who should break his promise. Then anchoring their vessels at the mouth of a creek, they contented themselves that night with such food as they had within the ships.

In the morning Ulysses reminded his followers of their oath, and urged them not to attempt to kill any of the herd, but to be satisfied with the ship's food. "For," said he, "the god who owns those cattle sees and knows all you do." They faithfully obeyed, and remained in that good mind for a month. Contrary winds meantime kept them upon the island. At the end of the time stores of bread and wine were gone. Then Ulysses prayed for food, that his hungry men might not be tempted to eat the sacred oxen. But the ears of Heaven seemed shut against his cry.

From long watching and anxiety, at midday Ulysses fell into a sleep so deep that he knew nothing of the act of friend or enemy. Eurylochus took advantage of Ulysses' sleep. He was the man chief in command after Ulysses. Quietly calling the men together, he addressed them thus: —

"Friends, you know the misery of our condition. Death

by famine is most painful. The food which we can get by bow and net is uncertain. The winds do not seem to favor our escape. We must remain here and perish unless we take the food we find ready at our hands. Ulysses is wise, but he may be mistaken in his belief that these oxen are sacred to Apollo. And even if they are the property of the Sun, the Sun neither eats nor drinks. It may be that he intends them for our use."

With such arguments Eurylochus prevailed upon his half-famished companions to break their oaths. They killed seven of the fairest and fattest of the herd. Part they roasted and ate, and part they sacrificed to Apollo, God of the Sun, vowing to build a temple to him when they should reach Ithaca. Vain men! to think that a future deed of good can excuse a present wrong.

They began to feast, dividing the roasted portions of the flesh among themselves. It was pleasant meat to them, but a sad sight to Ulysses, who awoke too late to prevent the rash banquet.

The Sun from his burning chariot in the sky saw that Ulysses' men had slain his cattle, and called upon the winds and waves for vengeance.

Six days the Grecians feasted in spite of the signs of a coming tempest. On the seventh, the wind changing, they set their sails and left the island. Their hearts were cheerful with the banquets they had held. But the heart of Ulysses sank within him. With wet eyes he looked at these friends of his toils and sufferings, and knew that they were lost.

The ships had not gone many leagues before a dreadful

tempest burst upon them. Its fury broke their masts and smashed their rudders. The vessels drove along at the mercy of the wind. Thunders roared, and terrible lightning flashed. A bolt struck Eurylochus; then came another and another until all the crew were killed. Their bodies swam about like sea birds among the broken pieces of ships. Ulysses alone survived. He had no hope of safety, but he tied himself to a floating mast, where he sat riding upon the waves like one determined to conquer all ill fortune. Nine days he floated about with all the motions of the sea. The tenth night cast him, all spent and weary, upon the friendly shores of Ogygia.

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE

A life on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep,
Where the scattered waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
We shoot through the sparkling foam
Like an ocean-bird set free;—
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say let the storm come down!
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave.

—Epes Sargent.

THE SWORD OF HILDEBRAND

PART I

fortress	corridor
stately	marksman

RUDOLPH'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

On a high cliff beside the Rhine stood a strong old castle which belonged to the counts of Erlstein. It was a fierce-looking fortress surrounded by a thick wall, from the top of which rose many strong towers. In ages past watchmen looked out from these towers to guard the village in the valley below. Within the castle were many vast rooms connected by long corridors. Upon the walls hung family portraits, curious weapons, and the heads and skins of

animals. These told of the struggles and heroic victories of generations of Erlsteins long since dead.

It was Christmas Eve. The great hall was decorated with evergreen boughs and was bright with the light of many lamps and candles. At either end of the hall was a huge fireplace and in these fireplaces great burning logs were sending forth their light and warmth. The long table had been removed from the center of the room, leaving a space clear for the dance.

It was the fourteenth birthday of young Count Rudolph, the heir of the estate, and a gay company had gathered to celebrate the event with song and dance and merry games. The guests were dressed in costumes like those worn by kings and queens, knights and ladies, and other great people of olden times. Count Rudolph himself wore a rich suit of velvet made in the fashion of the sixteenth century.

Rudolph and his fair young cousin Marguerite led in the stately dance. Merry games followed the dance, and with these the real fun of the evening began. One game quickly followed another, and the merry shouts of the young people rang through the old castle, filling it with a merriment unheard for years within its lonely walls.

"Set Rudolph a task! Have him do something to prove his courage," cried one of the boys, turning to Marguerite. "Yes, set Rudolph a task," cried all the children, clustering about his chair.

"Come, cousin Marguerite," said Rudolph, with a laugh. "I know you have some mischievous plan in your mind. Tell us what it is, and set me about my task. I am four-

teen to-day, and ought to be courageous enough to perform any task you may set."

"Yes, yes!" again shouted the young people. "Give Rudolph something to do!"

Marguerite gave her cousin a half-mischievous, half-fearful look, as she raised her hand to quiet her companions.

"My cousin Rudolph is dressed as a knight. He is fourteen years old to-day and a von Erlstein, so he ought to have courage. Here is the task that will prove his courage. He shall go alone to the secret chamber where the Sword of Hildebrand hangs, and return with it to the hall."

Marguerite's command was followed by a deep silence. The secret chamber was in a distant part of the castle, and was reached by long corridors that were dim even in the daytime; but at night they were still more dark and gloomy. None of the guests had ever visited this lonely chamber, and all had heard tales of mystery about the Sword of Hildebrand that had filled many of their minds with terror.

The silence lasted until Rudolph spoke. "Is that all, cousin Marguerite?" asked he. "Your command shall be obeyed. Why is every one silent?" he asked, turning to the others. "You seem to think Marguerite has asked me to do something dangerous, but this is not true. It requires very little courage. I will go to the secret chamber and return with the sword of my ancestor."

So saying, he took a lighted torch in his hand and started alone through long, dimly-lighted corridors that led to the secret chamber. He had made the journey many times before, and was not afraid.

Entering the chamber, he placed the torch in a bracket

and began to look for the famous sword among the armor and weapons hanging upon the wall. He found it at last hanging in a corner by itself. Standing upon a bench he took it down, and for the first time in his life, held the great Sword of Hildebrand in his hand. Carrying it to the light, Rudolph examined it carefully. As the rays of the torch fell upon the blade, they showed the following motto, written upon it in the German language: —

I will do no wrong that I will not right.

"That is truly a brave motto," said the boy, as he slowly spelled out the words. "Its user should be a brave man and a strong one."

Rudolph had learned to fence; that is, to defend himself with the sword. Taking his place as if facing an enemy, he aimed at a small ornament in a panel of the wall. The sword was heavy, and his first stroke missed the ornament by a few inches. He aimed again, and again he missed the mark.

"I must be a poor marksman," he said, "or else this sword is too heavy. I will try once more." Steadying himself, he aimed the third time, and struck the center of the ornament. "Good!" the lad exclaimed; "I will now carry the sword to my cousin."

THE SWORD OF HILDEBRAND

PART II

THE HIDDEN PASSAGE

But suddenly, before his eyes the panel which the sword had struck began to move, and an opening appeared in the wall. The panel was a secret door. "How strange!" he said. "I did not know of a secret doorway. What lies beyond?"

Forgetting those who waited for his return to the great hall, the eager boy passed through the opening to explore what lay beyond. A faint click caused him to look backward just in time to see the panel closing behind him. This startled the boy, and he returned and began to feel for the lock. Finding neither lock nor handle, he then became thoroughly frightened. He remembered his waiting friends in the great hall below, and knew that if he did not return, they, also, would be alarmed. Shut away from them in this hole in the wall, he began to wonder what he should do. As he could not reënter the chamber, nothing remained to be done but to go forward.

Feeling his way, therefore, with fingers against the wall, he moved slowly down the dark passage. Turning a corner, he suddenly saw directly ahead of him a thin ray of light shining in the distance. Following this light, he advanced until he reached a stairway, leading downward. The light increased as Rudolph descended. At the foot

of the stairs lay another long passageway, ending in an opening in the rock wall, through which the light shone. He approached this opening, and saw far below the roofs and towers of the town of Erlstein shining in the bright moonlight. The boy had found a secret passage leading from the castle which had been unused for so many centuries that no one living knew that it was there. In olden times the dwellers in the castle fled through it when all other ways were closed by the conquering enemy.

Creeping through the opening upon his hands and knees, young von Erlstein descended to a narrow ledge of rock a few feet below. Moving carefully along this ledge, and supporting himself by the roots and branches of trees, he descended to a level place some distance lower down. Then looking about him, he saw smoke coming from an opening in the side of the cliff which he had just descended. From the same opening, he heard voices. This was a welcome sound to the boy after his strange and lonely journey.

Hurrying in the direction of the sound, he discovered an old wooden door that closed the entrance to a cave. He knocked, and heard a girl's voice from within saying, "Some one knocks at the door, grandfather."

"It cannot be, my child," returned a feeble voice. "We have no visitors. No stranger has come to our door in many years. It is your fancy. Or maybe it is the wind talking among the branches."

Rudolph knocked again, and louder. The door was then opened promptly by the hand of an old man, bent and trembling. "Who comes at this hour to our quiet home?" he asked.

"I am Rudolph von Erlstein, and I have lost my way," answered the youth. "Can you give me shelter for the remainder of the night, or will you guide me back to the castle?"

"The young Count von Erlstein is welcome to my humble dwelling," said the aged man, "but I never expected one of your race to visit the old servant of your family in this poor place."

"Then you are one of the old servants of the castle," said the young heir. "It is strange that I have never seen you before. Why did you not come to wish me blessings on my birthday? And why are you not feasting in the servants' hall at this hour?"

"The answer to your questions will be long. Will you not first enter and warm yourself and tell me how you happen to be here at this hour of the night?"

Rudolph gladly entered and seated himself in front of the open fireplace, for he was chilled by his long cold walk.

"We were playing games in the great hall this evening, and to test my courage cousin Marguerite sent me to the secret chamber to bring her the Sword of Hildebrand. When I took the sword from the wall I began to play with it; and in one of my strokes I touched an ornament in a panel on the wall, causing the panel to open. In my excitement at seeing the panel open, I stepped inside the opening and the panel closed behind me. I could not reopen the door, and so was compelled to find some other way out. I discovered a passageway which led me to a stairway and a passage below. At the end of the lower passage, I found an opening in the wall, through which I

escaped to the cliff above this cave. Clinging to the bushes, I descended to your door."

"My God!" cried the old man. "The mystery is at last explained! It also explains why I could not go to the castle this morning to wish you blessing upon your birthday. May heaven be praised! Now I am ready to answer your questions.

"The noble count, your father, was an only child. He was a handsome youth, winning in his manner, but with a hasty temper. He married a young wife who was as charming and sweet-mannered as himself. After a time you were born, bringing great happiness to the family.

"While you were still a babe, your father was invited to take part in a great fencing game that was to be given by a neighboring nobleman. He wished to honor the event by taking and using the Sword of Hildebrand, but your grandfather refused to allow the sword to be taken from the castle. The young count became very angry, and said, 'I am determined to take the sword to the games.' So saying, he went to the chamber where it hung. His father followed quickly, and after the son had entered, he turned the key upon him.

"I was steward of the castle," continued the old man in great excitement; "I had served the family faithfully for many years. When the old count locked the door upon his son, he placed the key in my hand, saying, 'Unlock this door only at my command.' It was a hard task to be jailer to the lad whom I loved as my own son. But the count was my master, and as I had never yet failed in my duty, I felt that I must obey.

"At night, he sent me word to release his son. When I unlocked the door, to my astonishment, I found the room was empty. I called for lights, but the young man was not to be found. Your grandfather came to the room. He first feared his son had tried to escape through one of the windows; but the windows had not been touched. Everything in the room remained exactly as it was when your father was made prisoner.

"'You dog!' shouted my master, turning to me. 'You have betrayed your trust. You have secretly released my son. You shall suffer for this disobedience!' Drawing his sword he raised it as if to slay me. I showed no fear, for I was innocent.

"'My lord count,' said I, 'I have loved and served you since we were lads together, and not once have I ever betrayed my trust. From the time you gave me the key until you commanded me to unlock the door, I have not once approached this room. I love the young count, but I have not failed to obey his father, my master.'

"Your grandfather then dropped his sword to his side, but still flushed with anger, said, 'We shall see. First find my son; then explain this mystery.'

"We sent out messengers in all directions to seek the young man. The searchers were absent all night, and there was no rest in the castle. The following morning was Christmas, but a sorrowful morning it proved to be. At sunrise one of the grooms entered and said that the young count's horse had returned to the stable without a rider. A few hours later, a woodcutter brought word that he had found the young man's dead body in the forest. He had

died by a blow from an overhanging branch as he rode swiftly through the trees.

"The father's great grief made him tender and pitiful toward the young wife and babe, but it turned to fierce anger against me, for he believed that I had caused his son's death by releasing him from the chamber. 'Leave my presence,' he cried. 'Never let me look upon your face again. You have destroyed the joy of my life. Because you have served me faithfully in the past, you shall not go homeless, but in my house you shall not stay.' So he took away my keys of office, and put me out of the castle to live in this cave in the rock. From that day until this I have never beheld the face of a single member of your family, and no one has ever known how your father escaped from the locked chamber. You have discovered the mystery by finding this secret passage. You have also proved my innocence, for no doubt the passage was also found and used by your father on that sorrowful Christmas Eve when he fled in wrath from the castle."

"The mystery is indeed made clear," said young Rudolph, trembling with excitement, and laying his hands upon the bowed shoulders of the faithful old man. "You have been cruelly wronged. But if the motto on the old sword is true, you shall soon be righted. Show me the way to the castle, that I may tell the story to my grandfather. He is a just man, and when he knows the truth he will restore you to your office. This has been a joyful instead of a sorrowful Christmas Eve. I would willingly suffer all the fright again to right this wrong."

So the two set out for the castle, the old man leading the way.

THE SWORD OF HILDEBRAND

PART III

WRONG MADE RIGHT

The great clock in the courtyard was striking the hour of midnight. Everything in the castle was in the greatest confusion. Guests had been hastily sent to their homes, servants had searched through the castle in vain for the young count, and messengers had gone out in all directions on the same errand. Every one in the castle was full of anxiety, but the old count and little Marguerite were completely overcome with grief. The count walked from room to room, in deep sorrow. . . .

Suddenly Rudolph entered the hall, followed by the old servant. He went alone to his grandfather.

"God be praised, my son, that you have returned to me. I feared you were lost, even as your father was lost. Thirteen years ago this very night he left the mysterious chamber in some manner, and was never seen alive again."

"I know, I know, grandfather, how my father disappeared. When I went for the Sword of Hildebrand a few hours ago, I found a secret doorway leading to an underground passage. The open door interested me so much that I stepped inside, and before I could return, the door closed as suddenly as it had opened. I was obliged to seek for some other way out, and I discovered an underground passage through which I at last escaped into the open air, on the side of the cliff, above the village. Climbing down,

I reached the door of a cave, and asked the man who lived there to show me the way to the castle."

"My son, my son!" cried the old man, with tears in his eyes. "All these years I have been unjust to a faithful servant. May God forgive me! I must send for him and restore to him his keys of office. It is the least that I can do."

"The old servant is now in the hall, dear grandfather. It was he who guided me back, and he now awaits your pleasure. This will be a great day for him, if he may once more be restored to his old place in your household."

"Bid all the servants assemble in the great hall," commanded the old count. "This faithful servant was once publicly disgraced. He shall now be publicly restored to office. Bring down the Sword of Hildebrand, my Rudolph."

Entering the hall, he called the old servant to him, and greeted him graciously. The old man's joy knew no bounds. Then, with his grandson beside him holding the famous sword, the count said: "Thirteen years ago to-night, I lost my only son in a mysterious way. In my haste I wrongfully accused a faithful servant of releasing him from a room in which he had been locked. This night the young Count Rudolph discovered the secret passage by which his father escaped. The mystery is made clear, and the innocence of my servant is proved. The Sword of Hildebrand says, 'I will do no wrong that I will not right.' This is the motto of our house. Therefore I restore to him, before you all, his keys of office."

The old servant, with tears streaming down his face, took the keys from his master's hand, while the other servants shouted, "Long live Count Rudolph, Lord of Erlstein."

GUESSING SONG

Oh ho! oh ho! Pray, who can I be?
I sweep o'er the land, I scour o'er the sea;
I cuff the tall trees till they bow down their heads,
And I rock the wee birdies asleep in their beds.
Oh ho! oh ho! And who can I be,
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?

I rumple the breast of the gray-headed daw,
I tip the rook's tail up and make him cry "caw";
But though I love fun, I'm so big and so strong,
At a puff of my breath the great ships sail along.
Oh ho! oh ho! And who can I be,
That sweep o'er the land and sail o'er the sea?

I swing all the weathercocks this way and that,
I play hare and hounds with a runaway hat;
But however I wander, I never can stray,
For go where I will, I've a free right of way!
Oh ho! oh ho! And who can I be,
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?

I skim o'er the heather, I dance up the street,
I've foes that I laugh at, and friends that I greet;
I'm known in the country, I'm named in the town,
For all the world over extends my renown.
Oh ho! oh ho! And who can I be,
That sweep o'er the land and scour o'er the sea?

— HENRY JOHNSTONE.

THE MOON

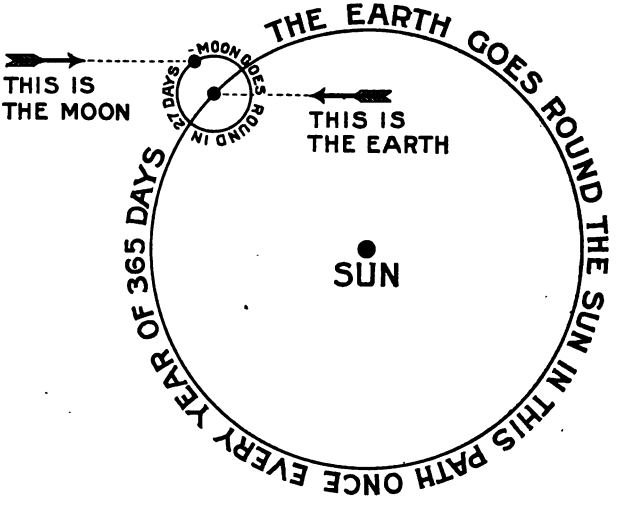
barren crater volcano

The first day of the week is named in honor of the sun, and we call that day Sun-day. The second day receives its name from the moon, for though we do not actually say Moon-day, we do say Monday, which is very nearly the same.

Since the sun and the moon seem to us the two biggest, brightest objects in the sky, we might think of them as being very much alike. But they are really very different. The sun is a tremendous ball of hot gases which sends out light and heat in every direction for millions of miles. The moon is a cold, dark little world, which shines only because it reflects the light of the sun. If the sun should stop sending out light, we should not be able to see the moon at all.

In comparison with the earth, the sun is of tremendous size. A million bodies as big as the earth, all put together in a sphere, would not be so large as the sun. But the moon is many times smaller than the earth. The reason that the sun does not look enormously larger than the moon is because it is so much farther away from us. If you could fly through space at the rate of a mile a minute, you would get to the moon in less than half a year; but it would take you nearly one hundred seventy-five years to reach the sun.

The earth, as you know, travels yearly around the great sun; but the little moon circles round the earth. Closer to us than any other body in the sky, the moon is the companion of the earth in its journey around the sun; yet at the same time it constantly encircles us, as the diagram


THE EARTH GOES ROUND THE SUN IN THIS PATH ONCE EVERY YEAR OF 365 DAYS
THIS IS THE MOON
MOON GOES ROUND IN 27 DAYS
THIS IS THE EARTH
SUN

shows you. The earth requires three hundred sixty-five days for its journey, but the moon needs only twenty-seven for its shorter trip around the earth.

When you see the moon shining, pale and lovely, in the evening sky, it is hard to realize that it is a barren, old world, quite black and gloomy except where it receives the rays of the sun. It is not only wrinkled and old, but a dead world. Ages and ages ago, there may possibly have been rivers and oceans, and plants and animals on the moon. But now its surface is dry, and furrowed with the

marks of age. All the beauty it may have had in the days of its youth has long since disappeared; and it is only the light borrowed from the sun which gives it a seeming loveliness.

So if you could now go to the moon, you would not find a tree nor a flower nor a blade of grass, nor a lake nor a river nor a brook. On all its vast mountains and plains there is not a drop of water; nor is there any air. Not a living thing that we know could exist on the moon for a single second. For air and water are necessary to every form of life, from the tiniest moss up to the largest elephant.

Because there is no air, scenes on the moon would be very different from scenes on the earth. You could see the stars shining, night and day, in a perfectly black sky. You could see the mountains sharply outlined, miles and miles away. There would never be any clouds, or rain, or haze, or mist. Every object would stand out as hard and angular as if it were cut out of pasteboard. There would be no half lights nor soft shadows. Everything would be intensely bright or intensely black. Going down a hill, you would find yourself stepping immediately from blinding light into pitch darkness.

Another thing that would seem strange to you on the moon would be the absolute stillness. No matter how hard you shouted, you would not be able to make the slightest noise, for there would be no air to carry the sound of your voice. Talking, except by sign language, would be entirely useless. And you could fire off a dozen cannon without hearing the least disturbance.

Imagine yourself standing in that glaring silence on a

mountain top, looking off on the moon's landscape with its wide bright stretches of desert and its black valleys. You would see mountains as high as the highest on the earth, and plains so vast that it is thought they may once have been ocean beds. You would particularly notice the great rings, like those in the picture, which are the craters of dead volcanoes. Many of these rings are much larger than any craters on the earth, some of them being more than one hundred miles wide. Ages and ages ago, these volcanoes must have been raging with a fury greater than that of any active volcano now on the earth. It was these volcanoes which cut up the moon's surface in the form in which we see it, and which it has had for a long period of time.

A PLAIN WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN AN OCEAN BED

Strangely enough, if you really could go to the moon, you would find that you would weigh only one sixth as much as you do here on the earth. If you weigh ninety-six pounds here, on the moon you would weigh only sixteen pounds. This is because the moon is much smaller than the earth, and so "pulls" objects

on its surface with far less force than the earth would draw the same objects if they were on our globe. Every object on the moon would weigh but one sixth part of its weight on

THE CRATERS OF VOLCANOES ON THE MOON

the earth. One of our pound boxes of candy, for instance, would weigh only two or three ounces on the moon; and a laborer who can carry one sack of rice on his back here could just as easily carry six sacks there.

One learned man has imagined the queer things that would happen if a baseball team could fly to the moon and play a game there. "As the ball would be drawn toward the moon by only one sixth the force with which the earth draws it," he says, "it would be found to be as light as a rubber ball. It would stay long in the air when batted, and home runs would be made all the time."

But even for the great advantage of weighing less, it seems doubtful whether any of us would really care to live on the moon, with its dazzling lights and its utter darkness, its bleak mountains and barren plains, "exposed to the pitiless cold of open space, and heated, when heated at all, by scorching sunbeams."

WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?

Who has seen the wind?
  Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling
  The wind is passing through.

Who has seen the wind?
  Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads
  The wind is passing by.

—CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

THE WIND AND THE MOON

Said the Wind to the Moon, "I will blow you out;
You stare
In the air
Like a ghost in a chair,
Always looking what I am about —
I hate to be watched, I'll blow you out."

The Wind blew hard, and out went the Moon.
So, deep
On a heap
Of clouds to sleep,
Down lay the Wind, and slumbered soon,
Muttering low, "I've done for that Moon."

He turned in his bed; she was there again!
On high
In the sky,
With her one ghost eye,
The Moon shone white and alive and plain.
Said the Wind, "I will blow you out again."

The Wind blew hard, and the Moon grew dim
"With my sledge
And my wedge,
I have knocked off her edge!
If only I blow right fierce and grim,
The creature will soon be dimmer than dim."

He blew and he blew, and she thinned to a thread.
"One puff
More's enough
To blow her to snuff!
One good puff more where the last was bred,
And glimmer, glim, glum will go the thread."

"SLOWLY SHE GREW — TILL SHE FILLED THE NIGHT"

He blew a great blast, and the thread was gone.
In the air
Nowhere
Was a moonbeam bare;
Far off and harmless the shy stars shone —
Sure and certain the Moon was gone.

The Wind he took to his revels once more;
On down,
In town,
Like a merry-mad clown,
He leaped and hallooed with whistle and roar —
"What's that?" The glimmering thread once more!

Slowly she grew — till she filled the night,
And shone
On her throne
In the sky alone,
A matchless, wonderful, silvery light,
Radiant and lovely, the queen of the night.

Said the Wind, "What a marvel of power am I!
With my breath,
Good faith!
I blew her to death —
First blew her away right out of the sky,
Then blew her in. What strength have I!"

But the Moon she knew nothing about the affair;
For high
In the sky,
With her one white eye,
Motionless, miles above the air,
She had never heard the great Wind blare.

— GEORGE MACDONALD.

VOCABULARY

A

a bide' (ȧ bīd'), *v.*, to wait, to live in one place.

a breast' (ȧ brĕst'), *a.*, side by side.

a buse' (ȧ būz'), *v.*, to put to a bad use, to use wrongly, to treat cruelly.

a chieve' (ȧ chēv'), *v.*, to perform, to accomplish, to finish.

ac knowl'edg ment (ăk nŏl'ĕj mĕnt), *n.*, a confession, the owning to the truth.

ac quire'ment (ă kwīr'mĕnt), *n.*, act of gaining or securing as one's own.

ac quit' (ă kwĭt'), *v.*, to set free, to pay back.

a dapt' (ȧ dăpt'), *v.*, to make suitable or fit for a new use, to change.

ad mit'tance (ăd mĭt'ăns), *n.*, permission or right to enter.

af fairs' (ă fârz'), *n.*, business of any kind.

ag'i tate (ăj'ĭ tāt), *v.*, to stir up, to excite.

ag'o ny (ăg'ō nĭ), *n.*, great pain, grief, or suffering.

a larm' (ȧ lärm'), *v.*, to give notice of an approaching danger, to disturb.

a larm'ing (ȧ lärm'ing), *a.*, causing fear or excitement.

am mu ni'tion (ăm'ū nĭsh'ŭn), *n.*, articles used in charging firearms.

am'ple (ăm'p'l), *a.*, large, plentiful.

an'ces tor (ăn'sĕs tẽr), *n.*, one from whom a person is descended.

an'te date (ăn'tē dāt), *v.*, to anticipate, to take before the true time.

a pol'o gy (ȧ pŏl' ō jĭ), *n.*, an excuse for something done, a defense for some act.

ap peal' (ă pēl'), *v. & n.*, to beg; a call for help.

ap prov'ing ly (ă prōōv'ing lĭ), *adv.*, in a manner which shows that one thinks well of a thing.

apt (ăpt), *a.*, quick to learn, prompt.

ar cade' (är kād'), *n.*, a series of arches with columns to support them, a covered passageway.

ar'gu ment (är'gū mĕnt), *n.*, proof, or reasons offered as a proof.

ash'es (ăsh'ĕz), *n.*, the mineral part which remains after wood or coal has been burned.

as tron'o my (ăs trŏn'ō mĭ), *n.*, the study of the stars and other heavenly bodies.

a sy'lum (ȧ sĭ'lŭm), *n.*, a place of refuge or protection for unfortunate persons.

at'mos phere (ăt'mŏs fēr), *n.*, the portion of air in any locality.

at'tri bute (at'rĭ būt), *n.*, a quality or characteristic belonging to a person or thing.

au ro'ra (ô rō'rȧ), *n.*, the light of the rising sun in the morning, the dawn of day.

a vail'a ble (ȧ vāl'ȧ b'l), *a.*, usable, suited for a purpose.

av'a lanche (ăv'ȧ lânch), *n.*, a large mass of snow and ice or of earth and rock sliding down a mountain side.

ax (ăks), *n.*, a tool for cutting down trees.

ay (ī), *interj.*, ah, alas.

B

baf'fle (băf'l), *v.*, to cheat, to defeat or check by placing difficulties in the way.

bal'co ny (băl'kŏ nĭ), *n.*, a small platform inclosed by a railing, usually in front of a window.

ban'ish ment (băn'ĭsh mĕnt), *n.*, time spent away from home or country by order of the government.

bare'ly (bâr'lĭ), *adv.*, with nothing to spare, but just enough.

bar'ley (bär'lĭ), *n.*, a seed or grain obtained from a grass, and used for food.

bar'ren (băr'ĕn), *a.*, not producing vegetation.

be deck' (bē dĕk'), *v.*, to trim, to ornament or adorn.

be lat'ed (bē lāt'ĕd), *a.*, delayed beyond the usual time.

be long'ings (bē lŏng'ĭngs), *n.*, one's property or goods.

be nev'o lent (bē nĕv'ŏ lĕnt), *a.*, kind, generous.

be night'ed (bē nīt'ĕd), *a.*, overtaken by darkness or night.

be tray' (bē trā'), *v.*, to prove false.

blast (blâst), *v.* & *n.*, to become withered, to curse ; a sudden noise.

bloom (blōōm), *v.* & *n.*, to flower ; a blossom.

bore (bōr), *v.*, to make a hole.

boun'ti ful (boun'tĭ fo͝ol), *a.*, free in giving, plentiful.

break'er (brāk'ĕr), *n.*, a wave breaking into foam against the rocks or shore.

breech'ing (brĭch'ĭng), *n.*, part of a horse's harness.

bribe (brīb), *v.* & *n.*, to give a present in return for a favor ; a reward for an unlawful act.

bri'dle (brī'd'l), *n.*, the head strap by which a horse is governed.

brist'ling (brĭs'lĭng), *a.*, standing out stiffly.

bronze (brŏnz), *v.*, to make a reddish brown color.

bruise (brōōz), *v.*, to injure by a blow, to pound.

buck'skin (bŭk'skĭn), *n.*, a strong leather, yellow or gray in color.

buf'fet (bŭf'ĕt), *v.*, to strike repeatedly, to beat.

bu'gle (bū'g'l), *n.*, a horn used in the army, and by hunters.

bust'ling (bŭs'ling), *a.*, active, busy.

C

cal cu la'tion (kăl kŭ lā'shŭn), *n.*, the act of counting, reckoning, or estimating.

car'pet (kär'pĕt), *n.*, a floor covering made of heavy cloth.

cart'er (kär'tĕr), *n.*, one who drives a cart.

case (kās), *n.*, that which happens, a chance event or deed ; also, a chest or frame for anything.

case (kās), *v.*, to inclose in a framework or covering.

cash (kăsh), *n.*, money in silver, gold, or copper.

cast'a way (cást'ȧ wā), *n.*, a shipwrecked man.

cat'a ract (kăt'ȧ răkt), *n.*, a great fall of water over a precipice.

ca the'dral (kȧ thē'drăl), *n.*, a large church.

ceil'ing (sēl'ing), *n.*, the overhead wall of a room.

ce les'tial (sė lĕs'chăl), *a.*, heavenly, divine.

chance (chȧns), *v.*, to happen, to venture upon.

char'coal (chär'kōl), *n.*, coal made by burning wood until it is charred.

char'i ty (chăr'ĭ tĭ), *n.*, love for one's neighbor, good will, kindly feeling.

chat'ter (chăt'ĕr), *v.*, to talk noisily.

cher'ish (chĕr'ĭsh), *v.*, to care for, to aid or hold dear.

chest'nut (chĕs'nŭt), *n.*, a kind of tree.

chop'stick (chŏp'stĭk), *n.*, one of two small sticks of wood or ivory used by the Chinese to convey food to the mouth.

chron'i cle (krŏn'ĭ k'l), *n.*, an account of facts arranged in order of time.

chuck'le (chŭk'l), *v.*, to laugh in a suppressed manner.

cir'cuit (sûr'kĭt), *v.* & *n.*, to go around; the distance about any space.

clam'ber (klăm'bĕr), *v.*, to climb.

clam'or ous (klăm'ĕr ŭs), *a*, loud, noisy.

clat'ter (klăt'ĕr), *v.*, to rattle.

clum'sy (klŭm'zĭ), *a.*, stiff, awkward, without grace or skill.

coach (kōch), *v.*, to train or teach.

coax (kōks), *v.*, to persuade, to influence another.

coax'ing ly (kōks'ĭng lĭ), *adv.*, in a flattering manner.

co coon' (kŏ kōōn'), *n.*, a silky covering made by insects for protection.

com'ic (kŏm'ĭk), *a.*, funny, causing laughter.

com mend' (kŏ mĕnd'), *v.*, to praise.

com mit' (kŏ mĭt'), *v.*, to do, to give over to.

com mo'tion (kŏ mō shŭn), *n.*, disorder, excitement.

com pact' (kŏm păkt'), *a.*, firm, solid, close.

com pet'i tive (kŏm pĕt'ĭ tĭv), *a.*, striving after the same object in contest with another.

con ceal' (kŏn sēl'), *v.*, to hide, to cover from sight.

con duct' (kŏn dŭkt'), *v.*, to lead, to guide or direct.

con'science (kŏn'shĕns), *n.*, one's sense of right and wrong.

con'se quence (kŏn'sė kwĕnz), *n.*, a result following an act.

con sid er ate (kŏn sĭd'ĕr ȧt), *a.*, careful, thoughtful of another.

con so la'tion (kŏn sŏ lā'shŭn), *n.*, that which relieves misery or distress.

con sume' (kŏn sūm'), *v.*, to use, to spend, to destroy.

cor'ri dor (kŏr'ĭ dôr), *n.*, a passageway connecting several apartments of a building.

cot (kŏt), *n.*, a small house or hut.

court (kōrt), *n.*, a body of people who attend the king; a hall where the king receives his subjects.

court'ier (kōrt'yĕr), *n.*, one who is in attendance upon the king.

court'yard (kōrt'yärd), *n.*, a court or inclosure attached to a house or castle.

crack (krăk), *v.*, to break, to open without separating into pieces.

craf'ty (kráf'tĭ), *a.*, skillful at deceiving others, cunning.

cramp (krămp), *v.*, to restrain from free action.

cra'ter (krā'tĕr) *n.*, the cavity formed by the explosion of a volcano.

crime (krīm), *n.*, a great wrong, an unlawful action.

crim'i nal (krĭm'ĭ năl), *n.*, one who has committed a crime.

crouch (krouch), *v.*, to bend or stoop close to the ground.

crump (krŭmp), *v.*, to chew noisily.

crunch (krŭnch), *v.*, to make a grinding noise.

crup'per (krŭp'er; krōōp'ĕr), *n.*, part of a horse's harness.

crys'tal (krĭs'tăl), *a*, clear, shining.

cud (kŭd), *n.*, that portion of food which is brought up from the first stomach by certain animals and chewed a second time.

cud'dle (kŭd''l), *v.*, to lie close to, to fondle or caress.

cuff (kŭf), *n.*, a band turned back on the lower part of a sleeve.

cull (kŭl), *v.*, to pick, to gather; as, to *cull* flowers.

cu'rate (kū'rāt), *n.*, an assistant to a rector or vicar.

cu ri os'i ty (kū rĭ ŏs'ĭ tĭ), *n.*, the desire to know about things.

cu'ri ous (kū'rĭ ŭs), *a.*, inquiring, eager to learn, questioning.

cush'ion (kōōsh'ŭn), *n.*, a case or bag stuffed with some soft material and used to lie or sit upon.

D

dam'age (dăm'ăj), *v.*, to hurt, to harm or injure.

daw (dô), *n.*, a common bird of Europe similar to a crow.

de ci'sion (dĕ sĭzh'ŭn), *n.*, the act of deciding upon or settling a matter.

de fect' (dĕ fĕkt'), *n.*, an imperfection caused by the absence of something, injury.

de fense' (dĕ fĕns'), *n.*, a guard or protection.

del'uge (dĕl'ūj), *v.*, to overflow or cover with water.

de pend'ence (dĕ pĕn'dĕns), *n.*, trust, confidence in a person.

de tect' (dĕ tĕkt'), *v.*, to discover.

dex'ter (dĕks'tĕr), *a.*, on the right hand.

di'al (dī'ăl), *n.*, the face of a clock, formerly an instrument used to tell the time of day by the length of the shadows.

dig'ni ty (dĭg'nĭ tĭ), *n.*, high office, rank, noble character and bearing.

dis ap point' (dĭs ă point'), *v.*, to prevent the gaining of a hope or desire.

dis as'ter (dĭz ăs'tĕr), *v. & n.*, to bring harm upon or to injure; a serious misfortune, ruin.

dis con'so late (dĭs kŏn'sō lāt), *a.*, sad, cheerless.

dis cord'ant (dĭs kôr'dănt), *a.*, harsh, quarrelsome.

dis dain' (dĭs dān'), *v.*, to think unworthy, to be scornful.

disk (dĭsk), *n.*, a flat, round plate.

dis may' (dĭs mā'), *v. & n.*, to terrify; fear.

dis patch' (dĭs păch'), *v.*, to send away.

dis perse' (dĭs pûrs'), *v.*, to scatter, to go in different directions.

dis tinc'tive (dĭs tĭnk'tĭv), *a.*, of a special kind, different from others

dis tri bu'tion (dĭs trĭ bū'shŭn), *n.*, a scattering, separation, or division.

ditch (dĭch), *n.*, any small channel for water.

di ver'sion (dĭ vûr'shŭn), *n.*, the act of turning aside from any object; sport or play.

doc'ile (dŏs'ĭl), *a.*, easy to teach.

dol'phin (dŏl'fĭn), *n.*, large fish, usually about seven feet long.

don'key (dŏn'kĭ), *n.*, an animal used for carrying heavy loads.

drift (drĭft), *v.* & *n.*, to float, without purpose; material piled in one spot.

drow'sy (drou'zĭ), *a.*, sleepy.

dun (dŭn), *a.*, of a dull brownish or grayish color.

dus'ky (dŭs'kĭ), *a.*, partially dark, or obscure.

E

ef fi'cient (ĕ fĭsh'ĕnt), *a.*, able to do, active.

el e va'tion (ĕl ē vā'shŭn), *n.*, that which is raised up.

em bark' (ĕm bärk'), *v.*, to go on board a vessel or boat, to put on shipboard.

e mo'tion (ē mō'shŭn), *n.*, any feeling; as, love, joy, hate.

en er get'ic (ĕn ĕr jĕt'ĭk), *a.*, active in work, vigorous.

en tice' (ĕn tīs'), *v.*, to attract, or tempt.

en treat'y (ĕn trēt'ĭ), *n.*, a request, an earnest asking.

e quip'ment (ē kwĭp'mĕnt), *n.*, supplies or needful outfit for travel.

ere while' (âr hwīl'), *adv.*, early, soon.

ev'i dence (ĕv'ĭ dĕns), *n.*, a proof, a clear fact which shows a truth.

ex act'ing (ĕg zăkt'ĭng), *a.*, not reasonable in one's demands.

ex haust'ed (ĕg zôs'tĕd), *a.*, used up, spent, tired out.

ex pec ta'tion (ĕks pĕk tā'shŭn), *n.*, a looking forward to an event.

ex per'i ment (ĕks pĕr'ĭ mĕnt), *n.*, the act of trying or testing something.

ex press'man (ĕks prĕs'măn), *n.*, a man who drives a wagon for moving trunks and other articles.

ex'tri cate (ĕks'trĭ kāt), *v.*, to set free.

F

fab'ric (făb'rĭk), *n.*, any woven cloth, such as silk.

fain (fān), *adv.*, with pleasure, gladly.

fair (fâr), *a.*, clean, pleasing.

fam'ine (făm'ĭn), *n.*, lack of food, starvation.

fash'ion (făsh'ŭn), *v.* & *n.*, to make; the customs or manners of the times.

fa'tal (fā'tăl), *a.*, causing death.

fa'vor ite (fā'vēr ĭt), *a.* & *n.*, best loved; one who is held in greatest affection.

fes tiv'i ty (fĕs tĭv'ĭ tĭ), *n.*, gayety, a joyous time, a celebration.

fi del'i ty (fī dĕl'ĭ tĭ), *n.*, faithfulness, truth, loyalty.

fi na'le (fē nä'lā), *n.*, the last movement in a musical composition.

five'score (fīv'skōr), *n.*, a hundred.

flat'ter (flăt'ĕr), *v.*, to praise deceitfully.

flat'ter er, *n.*, one who gives praise insincerely.

flew (flōō), *v.*, past tense of to fly; to go through the air on wings.

flex'i ble (flĕk'sĭ b'l), *a.*, easily bent or twisted without breaking.

flick'er (flĭk'ĕr), *v.*, to tremble, to waver.

floun'der (floun'dĕr), *v.*, to struggle, to make an effort to move.

flour'ish ing (flŭr'ĭsh ĭng), *a.*, growing quickly, increasing in size.

for bear'ance (fôr bâr'ăns), *n.*, patience and gentleness with the faults of others.

for'tress (fôr'trĕs), *n.*, a place of defense or security.

fos'sil (fŏs'ĭl), *n.*, the remains of a plant or animal of past ages, which have been preserved in rocks.

frag'ment (frăg'mĕnt), *n.*, a small piece left over.

fran'ti cal ly (frăn'tĭ kăl ĭ), *adv.*, wildly, in an insane manner.

freight (frāt), *n.*, any load or burden.

fren'zied (frĕn'zĭd), *a.*, crazed, maddened.

fres'co (frĕs'kō), *n.*, a painting on plaster, for decoration of a room.

frisk (frĭsk), *v.*, to dance about, jump, or play.

fron'tier (frŏn'tēr), *n.*, that part of the country which borders on another, the extreme border.

frown (froun), *n.*, a scowl, a stern, cross look.

fume (fūm), *n.*, smoke.

furl (fûrl), *v.*, to wrap or roll into a bundle.

fur'row (fŭr'ō), *n.*, a narrow ditch made by a plow.

G

gainst (gĕnst), *contr. of prep.* against; facing, from an opposite direction.

gar'ri son (găr'ĭ s'n), *n.*, the soldiers of a fort.

gen er a'tion (jĕn ĕr ā'shŭn), *n.*, a lifetime, the average lifetime of a person.

gen'ius (jēn'yŭs), *n.*, natural skill or power.

ge ol'o gist (jē ŏl'ŏ gĭst), *n.*, a student of geology, or the history of the earth as recorded in rocks.

gird (gûrd), *v.*, to secure clothing with a cord or belt.

grace (grās), *n.*, beauty, nimbleness in motion.

gra'cious (grā'shŭs), *a.*, pleasant, courteous.

gran'deur (grăn'dūr), *n.*, dignity and nobility in thought and action, magnificence.

graze (grāz), *v.*, to feed on grass from a pasture.

grum'ble (grŭm'b'l), *v.*, to find fault with, to be discontented.

guard'i an (gär'dĭ ăn), *n.*, one who gives protection, guards, and takes care of some one else.

H

hare'bell (hâr'bĕl), *n.*, a slender plant having blue flowers.

hark (härk), *v.*, to listen.

haunt (hänt; hônt), *n.*, a place to which one goes often.

head fore'most (hĕd fōr'mōst), *adv.*, headfirst, quickly.

head'stall (hĕd'stôl), *n.*, part of a horse's bridle.

heed'less ness (hēd'lĕs nĕs), *n.*, carelessness, action without thought.

heir (âr), *n.*, the rightful possessor of property on the death of its owner.

hes i ta'tion (hĕz ĭ tā'shŭn), *n.*, doubt, a faltering in speech or action.

hom'age (hŏm'ăj), *n.*, honor, respect, and reverence.

hov'er (hŭv'ẽr), *v.*, to hang fluttering in the air about an object.

hue (hū), *n.*, color.

hull (hŭl), *n.*, the outside covering of any fruit or seed; also the body of a ship.

hus'band (hŭz'bănd), *v.*, to plow or cultivate land.

hus'band man, *n.*, a farmer.

husk, *v.*, to strip off the outer covering.

hymn (hĭm), *n.*, a song of praise or worship.

I

i de'al (i dē'ăl), *n.*, a standard of perfection, a perfect model.

il lus'tri ous (ĭ lŭs'trĭ ŭs), *a.*, famous, noble, splendid.

im'ple ment (ĭm'plẽ mĕnt), *n.*, a tool or instrument.

im pos'ing (ĭm pōz'ĭng), *a.*, commanding, proud.

im pres'sion a ble (ĭm prĕsh' ŭn ă b'l), *a.*, easily marked, printed upon, or stamped.

im print' (ĭm prĭnt'), *v.*, to mark or stamp.

im pro vise' (ĭm prŏ vīz'), *v.*, to play a musical composition without previous study.

in ces'sant ly (ĭn sĕs'ănt lĭ), *adv.*, without stopping or making a pause.

in'ci dent (ĭn'sĭ dĕnt), *n.*, an unlooked-for event.

in cli na'tion (ĭn klĭ nā'shŭn), *n.*, the desire to do a thing.

in de ci'sion (ĭn dẽ sĭzh'ŭn), *n.*, a want of purpose and firmness.

in'di cate (ĭn'dĭ kāt), *v.*, to point out.

in dus'tri ous (ĭn dŭs'trĭ ŭs), *a.*, steadily active, busy.

in fe'ri or (ĭn fẽ'rĭ ẽr), *n.*, a person of lower degree or rank.

in gen'ious (ĭn jēn'yŭs), *a.*, skillful, having unusual talent and ability.

in'got (ĭn'gŏt), *n.*, a mold in which metals are cast; a mass of metal already cast.

in i'tials (ĭn ĭsh'ălz), *n.*, the first letters of a person's name.

in'no cence (ĭn'ŏ sĕns), *n.*, purity, ignorance of sin.

in'road (ĭn'rōd), *n.*, an entrance by force.

in spect' (ĭn spĕkt'), *v.*, to look at a thing closely and carefully.

in'stance (ĭn'stăns), *n.*, an example.

in sti tu'tion (ĭn stĭ tū'shŭn), *n.*, a custom that has become established by long use; also a school founded by certain methods.

in tense' (ĭn tĕns'), *a.*, extreme, feeling deeply.

in ten'tion (ĭn tĕn'shŭn), *n.*, purpose, aim.

in'ter val (ĭn'tẽr văl), *n.*, space between two points.

in'va lid (ĭn'vă lĭd), *n.*, one who is ill or feeble.

in ven'tor (ĭn vĕn'tẽr), *n.*, one who discovers facts and makes new things.

in ves'ti gate (ĭn vĕs'tĭ gāt), *v.*, to make a study of, to look into.

in vol un ta'ri ly (ĭn vŏl ŭn tă'rĭ lĭ), *adv.*, without thought.

J

jeal ous ly (jĕl'ŭs lĭ), *adv.*, carefully, anxiously.

judge (jŭj), *v. & n.*, to decide upon the

truth of a matter, to think; one who has official power to decide cases in a court.

jug (jŭg), *n.*, an earthen pitcher.

junk (jŭnk), *n.*, waste material, such as, old rags, iron, glass, etc.

K

ki mo'no (kĭ mō'nō), *n.*, a loose gown worn by the Japanese women.

L

lair (lâr), *n.*, the bed of a wild animal, a cave or den.

lance (lăns), *n.*, a long handle with a sharp steel head, used in war.

lap'pet (lăp'ĕt), *n.*, a fold of cloth on a cap to keep the ears warm.

liege (lēj), *n.*, one to whom loyalty and service are due.

li'quor (lĭk'ĕr), *n.*, any liquid substance; as water or milk.

loath (lōth), *a.*, unwilling to do a thing.

loft (lŏft), *n.*, an upper room; also the sky or upper air.

look'out (lŏŏk'out), *n.*, a watcher, a guard.

lus'cious (lŭsh'ŭs), *a.*, good to taste or smell, sweet, delicious.

M

mag nif'i cent (măg nĭf'ĭ sĕnt), *a.*, splendid, imposing.

mal'ice (măl'ĭs), *n.*, evil, hatred, envy.

mal treat' (măl trēt'), *v.*, to abuse or ill use, to treat badly.

man'da rin (măn'dȧ rĭn), *n.*, a Chinese public officer of high rank.

mane (mān), *n.*, the long hair growing on the upper side of a horse's head.

man'tle (măn't'l), *n.*, a cloak.

man'u script (măn'ū skrĭpt), *n.*, something written with the hand, an author's copy of a book.

mare (mâr), *n.*, a female of the horse.

mar'i ner (măr'ĭ nĕr), *n.*, a seaman or sailor.

mark (märk), *n.*, a written or printed sign.

marks'man (märks'măn), *n.*, one skillful in hitting a mark.

mat'tress (măt'rĕs), *n.*, a bed stuffed with hair or moss.

mer'cy (mûr'sĭ), *n.*, kindness, gentleness.

met'al (mĕt'ăl), *n.*, the gold, copper, etc., taken from clay or other hardened substance.

met'tle (met''l), *n.*, a quality of disposition, such as honor and courage.

min'is ter (mĭn'ĭs tĕr), *v.* & *n.*, to serve, or wait upon; one holding a public office.

mis'chief (mĭs'chĭf), *n.*, an action which causes trouble or annoys, a thoughtless act done in fun.

moan (mōn), *v.*, to complain, to grieve.

mob (mŏb), *n.*, a disorderly crowd of people.

mock (mŏk), *v.*, to make fun of.

mod'er ate (mŏd'ĕr ȧt), *a.*, calm, slow, careful.

moss'y (mŏs'ĭ), *a.*, covered with moss.

moth'er-of-pearl', *n.*, the hard, pearly internal layer of several kinds of shells.

mu si'cian (mū zĭsh'ăn), *n.*, one who knows music.

mut'ter (mŭt'ĕr), *v.*, to speak in a low voice, to grumble.

N

neigh (nā), *v.*, to utter the cry of a horse.

nick (nĭk), *v.*, to break out a small piece of anything.

non'sense (nŏn'sĕns), *n.*, that which has no meaning, that which is foolish.

numb (nŭm), *a.*, helpless, without feeling.

O

o blig'ing (ō blīj'ĭng), *a.*, helpful, kind.

ob serv'ance (ŏb zûr'văns), *n.*, the act of following a law or custom, attention.

ob ser va'tion (ŏb zĕr vā'shŭn), *n.*, act of seeing or noticing; also the finding of a ship's position at sea by studying the stars.

oc ca'sion al (ō kā'zhŭn ăl), *a.*, happening only once in a while.

o'men (ō'mĕn), *n.*, a sign supposed to show the character of some future event.

op press' (ŏ prĕs'), *v.*, to crush, to rule harshly.

or'gan ize (ôr'găn īz), *v.*, to arrange many parts in an orderly manner.

or'i gin (ŏr'ĭ-jĭn), *n.*, that from which anything first springs.

o rig'i nate (ō rĭj'ĭ nāt), *v.*, to begin to exist, to produce.

out'skirt (out'skûrt), *n.*, the edge or border; as, the *outskirts* of a town.

o ver bear'ing (ō vĕr bâr'ĭng), *a.*, proud, exercising power over.

o ver cast' (ō vĕr kăst'), *v.*, to darken.

o ver come' (ō vĕr kŭm'), *v.*, to get the better of, to conquer.

ox (ŏks), *n.*, a kind of domestic animal used to draw heavy loads.

P

pales (pālz), *n.*, the pointed slats of a fence.

pan'ther (păn'thĕr), *n.*, a fierce wild animal like a tiger.

parch'ment (pärch'mĕnt), *n.*, the skin of some animal prepared to write upon.

par'tial (pär'shăl), *a.*, affecting a part only, inclined to favor or care for greatly.

par tic'u lar ly (pär tĭk'ū lär lĭ), *adv.*, in a special manner.

pass (pās), *n.* & *v.*, a narrow path or road between mountains; to move by a person or object.

pas'sion (păsh'ŭn), *n.*, a strong feeling; as, anger.

pa trol' (pā trōl'), *n.* & *v.*, a guard; to watch or guard.

ped'dler (pĕd'lĕr), *n.*, one who goes from place to place selling goods.

ped'es tal (pĕd'ĕs tăl), *n.*, a block that serves as a support or foundation.

peer (pēr), *v.*, to look at.

pen (pĕn), *n.*, a small space fenced off, in which to keep animals; also an instrument with which to write.

pen'al ty (pĕn'ăl tĭ), *n.*, a punishment for a wrong act or crime.

perch (pûrch), *v.*, to settle upon, or sit.

per fec'tion (pĕr fĕk'shŭn), *n.*, a state of being perfect, or complete.

per form'ance (pĕr fôr'măns), *n.*, an action, a thing done.

per plexed' (pĕr plĕkst'), *a.*, not understanding, puzzled.

per'se cute (pûr'sē kūt), *v.*, to injure, to follow up, hunt, or chase.

per se vere' (pûr sē vēr'), *v.*, to work steadily to gain an object.

per sua'sion (pûr swā'zhŭn), *n.*, power to move or influence people.

pique (pēk), *v.*, to anger, to displease.

plea (plē), *n.*, a prayer, a defense.

plot (plŏt), *v.*, to plan secretly.

plow (plou), *n.*, a farm instrument for turning up the soil.

poise (poiz), *v.*, to balance or hold in a certain position.

pon'iard (pŏn'yărd), *n.*, a kind of dagger with a three-sided blade.

poo'dle (pōō'd'l), *n.*, a small dog, noted for its ability to learn tricks.

por'ce lain (pôr'sē lăn), *n.*, a smooth white earthenware.

por'poise (pôr'pŭs), *n.*, a kind of fish.

por'tal (pōr'tăl), *n.*, a door, or gate.

port'rig ging, *n.*, the ropes, chains, etc., on the left side of a ship.

post'sta tion (pōst'stā shŭn), *n.*, one of a series of stopping places built at regular distances on the road.

poul'try (pōl'trĭ), *n.*, domestic fowls, raised for eating, and for their eggs.

prance (prăns), *v.*, to spring or bound from the hind legs.

pre cau'tion (prē kô'shŭn), *n.*, a warning.

prim'i tive (prĭm'ĭ tĭv), *a.*, pertaining to early times.

prith'ee (prĭth'ē), *interj.*, a shortened form of "I pray thee."

pro cure' (prō kūr'), *v.*, to get, to gain.

prod'i gal (prŏd'ĭ găl), *a.*, wasteful, spending a great amount of money.

pro duc'tive ness (prō dŭk'tĭv nĕs), *n.*, richness.

pros e cu'tion (prŏs ē kū'shŭn), *n.*, the carrying out of a plan to punish a wrong.

pro trude' (prō trōōd'), *v.*, to extend beyond a certain limit.

pul'ver ize (pŭl'vēr īz), *v.*, to reduce to fine powder or dust.

punc tu al'i ty (pŭŋk tū ăl'ĭ tĭ), *n.*, exactness, habit of being prompt, or on time.

purge (pûrj), *v.*, to make clean.

puz'zling (pŭz'lĭng), *a.*, hard to understand, confusing.

Q

quench (kwĕnch), *v.*, to put out, to make disappear; as, to *quench* a fire.

R

rad'i cal (răd'ĭ kăl), *a.*, pertaining to the root or origin.

raft'er (răf'tĕr), *n.*, one of the sloping timbers of a roof.

rap'ture (răp'tūr), *n.*, delight, extreme joy and happiness.

rav'e nous (răv'n ŭs), *a.*, very hungry.

real (rē'ăl), *a.*, actually being or existing.

re cep'ta cle (rē sĕp'tă k'l), *n.*, that which is used to hold something.

re cog ni'tion (rē kŏg nĭsh'ŭn), *n.*, the act of perceiving that a person or thing has been known before.

rec'ord (rĕk'ŏrd), *n.*, a written account of facts.

reel (rēl), *v.*, to wind upon a whirling wheel called a reel.

rem'nant (rĕm'nănt), *n.*, the piece which remains after a part has been taken.

re morse' (rē môrs'), *n.*, sorrow over a wrong act.

re mu'ner a tive (rē mū'nĕr ā tĭv), *a.*,

gainful, giving back something in return.

re nown' (rē noun'), *n.*, fame.

rent, *n.*, a long opening made by tearing cloth.

re serve' (rē zûrv'), *v.* & *n.*, to keep for a special use; careful in words and action.

res'er voir (rĕz'ĕr vwôr), *n.*, a place for storing water used to supply pipes, fountains, or towns.

re sist'less (rē zĭst'lĕs), *a.*, having no power to resist.

re spon si bil'i ty (rē spŏn sĭ bĭl'ĭ tĭ), *n.*, state of being held answerable for a trust.

res'tive (rĕs'tĭv), *a.*, uneasy, impatient.

re tort' (rē tôrt'), *v.*, to answer in a quick, sharp manner.

rev'er ie (rĕv'ĕr-ĭ), *n.*, deep thought, a day dream.

rev o lu'tion ize (rĕv ō lū'shŭn īz), *v.*, to change wholly.

rid'dle (rĭd''l), *n.*, anything hard to guess.

rime (rīm), *n.*, a composition in verse form.

rug'ged (rŭg'ĕd), *a.*, not smooth.

ru'mor (rōō'mĕr), *n.*, a report.

rus'tle (rŭs''l), *v.*, to make small sounds; as, those made by dry leaves.

S

sa gac'i ty (sȧ găs'ĭ tĭ), *n.*, quickness to understand.

sal'a ry (săl'ȧ rĭ), *n.*, a fixed and regular wage.

sal'low (săl'ō), *a.*, of a pale, sickly color.

sal'ly (săl'ĭ), *v.*, to rush out suddenly.

sa lon' (sȧ lôN'), *n.*, a room for the formal reception of company.

scarf (skärf), *n.*, a broad band worn over the shoulders or about the waist.

scene (sēn), *n.*, a view, a part of the landscape.

scim'i tar (sĭm'ĭ tĕr), *n.*, a sword with a curved blade used by the Arabians and Persians.

scrap (skrăp), *n.*, a small piece, a bit of something.

scrawl (skrôl), *v.* & *n.*, to write carelessly; a poorly written letter.

scru'pu lous (skrōō'pŭ lŭs), *a.*, careful.

scuf'fle (skŭf''l), *v.*, to make a scraping sound, to shuffle the feet.

scull (skŭl), *v.*, to send a boat forward with a short oar.

self-re li'ance (sĕlf-rē lī'ăns), *n.*, trust in one's own powers.

self sac'ri fice (sĕlf-săk'rĭ-fīs), *n.*, yielding up one's own interest for others.

shal'low (shăl'ō), *a.*, not deep.

shave (shāv), *v.*, to cut the hair from the head and face.

shim'mer (shĭm'ĕr), *v.*, to shine, to glisten.

shin'gle (shĭŋ'g'l), *n.*, a thin piece of wood for covering roofs.

shiv'er (shĭv'ĕr), *v.*, to shake; as, from cold.

shud'der (shŭd'ĕr), *v.*, to tremble from fear.

sky'light (skī'līt), *n.*, a window in the roof.

slang, *n.*, a new word or expression that has no real reason for being.

smoth'ered (smŭ͟th'ĕrd), *a.*, indistinct, half-heard.

snow'shoe (snō'shōō), *n.*, a framework of wood worn under the shoe to enable the wearer to walk on snow.

snug, *a.*, cozy, protected in any way; as, a *snug* corner.

so ci'e ty (sō sī'ē tĭ), *n.*, the relationship of men united to one another in any way.

so lem'ni ty (sŏ lĕm'nĭ tĭ), *n.*, a religious ceremony or formal rite.

sol'i tude (sŏl'ĭ tūd), *n.*, state of being alone, a separation from other people.

so na'ta (sō nä'tä), *n.*, a musical composition for one or more instruments with more than one movement.

sooth (sōōth), *a.*, true.

sound'ing, *n.*, a measurement taken at sea with a line to find out the depth.

sov'er eign (sŏv'ĕr ĭn), *a.*, chief or highest, supreme.

spec ta'tor (spĕk tā'tĕr), *n.*, one who looks on.

spir'it (spĭr'ĭt), *n.*, life, the soul, supposed to be separated from the body.

spite'ful ly (spīt'fo͝ol lĭ), *a.*, in a manner to anger one.

splint'er (splĭn'tĕr), *n.*, a small piece of wood broken off.

spout, *n.*, the mouth of a pipe for carrying water.

spy (spī), *v.* & *n.*, to examine; one who watches secretly the action of others.

squat (skwŏt), *v.*, to sit down upon the heels.

squawk (skwôk), *v.*, to give out a harsh scream.

squeeze (skwēz), *v.*, to press the sides together closely; as, to *squeeze* an orange to get the juice.

sta'ble (stā'b'l), *n.*, a building for beasts to lodge and feed in.

stage (stāj), *n.*, the distance between two places of rest on a road.

stall (stôl), *v.* & *n.*, to stand still; a place where horses or cattle are kept.

stam'mer (stăm'ĕr), *v.*, to hesitate in speaking words.

stern'ly (stûrn'lĭ), *a.*, in a harsh manner.

stif'fle (stĭf'f'l), *v.*, to choke, to stop the breath by crowding something into the windpipe.

stilts (stĭltz), *n.*, poles made with a step to raise the foot above the ground in walking.

stir'rup (stĭr'ŭp), *n.*, a metal ring for receiving the foot of a rider.

straight for'ward (strāt fôr'wĕrd), *a.*, honest.

stride (strīd), *n.*, a long step.

stun (stŭn), *v.*, to make senseless by a blow on the head.

sub sis'tence (sŭb sĭs'tĕns), *n.*, living, existence.

sub stan'tial (sŭb stăn'shăl), *a.*, solid, strong.

sub'sti tute (sŭb'stĭ tūt), *v.*, to exchange, to put in the place of another.

suds (sŭdz), *n.*, water made foamy with soap.

suf fi'cient (sŭ fĭsh'ĕnt), *a.*, enough.

sum'mon (sŭm'ŭn), *v.*, to call.

su preme' (sū prēm'), *a.*, highest in place or power.

surf'man (sûrf'măn), *n.*, one employed in the life-saving service, skilled in handling a boat.

sus pi'cion (sŭs pĭsh'ŭn), *a.*, distrust, doubt.

sym'pa thy (sĭm'pă thĭ), *n.*, sorrow over another's grief.

T

tempt, *v.*, to try to influence some one to do something, to test.

test, *v.* & *n.*, to try the truth of; a trial.

tes'ti mo ny (tĕs'tĭ mō nĭ), *n.*, a public confession or declaration.

thrift'y (thrĭf'tĭ), *a.*, careful to save.

till'age (tĭl'ăj), *n.*, the improving of land for cultivation.

tilt, *n.*, a military exercise on horseback.

too (tōo), *adv.*, more than enough over; as, *too* high, *too* many.

tour'na ment (tōōr'nȧ mĕnt), *n.*, a contest in which knights armed with lances take part.

tract'a ble (trăk'tȧ b'l), *a.*, easily led, taught, or handled.

tran'sient (trăn'shĕnt), *a.*, lasting but a short time, brief.

trans par'ent (trăns pâr'ĕnt), *a.*, bright, clear.

tray (trā), *n.*, a flat plate with a low rim made of silver, wood, etc., on which to carry things.

treach'er ous (trĕch'ĕr ŭs), *a.*, false.

tro'phy (trō'fĭ), *n.*, a reward, anything taken from an enemy and kept as a sign of his defeat; such as, arms, flags, etc.

trough (trŏf), *n.*, a long, shallow vessel used to hold water.

try (trī), *v.*, to prove, to make a trial of.

type (tīp), *n.*, a block of metal or wood having a face so shaped as to print a letter or figure.

U

un can'ny (ŭn kăn'ĭ), *a.*, strange, unusual.

un con'quer a ble (ŭn kŏn'kĕr ȧ b'l), *a.*, cannot be conquered.

un fas'ten (ŭn fȧs''n), *v.*, to untie, loosen.

un fre quent'ed (ŭn frē kwĕn'tĕd), *a.*, not often visited.

un furl' (ŭn fûrl'), *v.*, to unfold or open out; as, to *unfurl* a flag.

un grate'ful (ŭn grāt'fo͝ol), *a.*, not thankful, making no return for kindness.

un lim'it ed (ŭn lĭm'ĭ tĕd), *a.*, having no bounds.

un man'age a ble (ŭn măn'ăj ȧ b'l), *a.*, not submitting to control.

un mo lest'ed (ŭn mō lĕst'ĕd), *a.*, left unharmed.

un sur passed' (ŭn sŭr pȧst'), *a.*, not to be equaled.

V

vague (vāg), *a.*, not clear, uncertain.

van'ish (văn'ĭsh), *v.*, to go out of sight.

ve'hi cle (vē'hĭ k'l), *n.*, that in which a person or thing may be carried; as, a car or wagon.

ven'ture (vĕn't ûr), *v.*, to dare, to undertake something.

vil'lain (vĭl'ĭn), *n.*, one guilty of a crime.

vol ca'no (vŏl kā'nō), *n.*, an opening in the earth's surface from which hot rock, steam, etc., issue.

W

wad'dle (wŏd'l), *v.*, to walk with short steps, swaying from side to side like a duck.

war'rant (wŏr'ănt), *v.*, to insure, to support by proof.

weath'er cock (wĕth'ĕr kŏk), *n.*, a slip of wood, often cut in the shape of

a cock, which turns with the wind and shows its direction.

ween (wēn), *v.*, to think, suppose.

whence (hwĕns), *adv.*, from what or which place.

will'ful (wĭl'fo͝ol), *a.*, governed by one's own desire.

wrap'ping (răp'ing), *n.*, covering.

wretch'ed (rĕch'ĕd), *a.*, very unhappy.

MEANING OF PHRASES

a desperate situation, a condition of affairs in which there is no hope of relief.

badge of knighthood, the sword and spears given to a man when he was knighted.

beaten track, the road most used for travel.

billow's crown, the top of the wave.

blocked up the main entrance, closed the passage through the principal gate.

cabin skylights, the windows in a ship's cabin.

closed again, seized each other for another wrestling match.

cloven tongue, a split tongue, a tongue cut into two parts.

curseth the warning bird, wishes evil upon the bird which always comes before a storm at sea.

Damascus blade, a sword made in the ancient city of Damascus.

drinking trough, a shallow vessel for holding drinking water.

drowns the moon, hides the moon.

flag of truce, a white flag, showing that an enemy desires an interview.

forest of Sherwood, an ancient royal forest in England.

gamboled at play, jumped or danced at play.

gems of wisdom, wise, short sayings.

hard by the casement, near the window.

hardly tasked, burdened, overloaded.

Hot cross-buns, buns or cakes marked with a cross, commonly eaten on Good Friday.

If rumor spoke the simple truth, if the report was true.

lady-in-waiting, a lady of the court who attends the queen.

lion of Egypt, the lion who lives on the Sahara desert.

matter of fact, in the usual manner, commonplace.

may keep the wolf from the door, may keep hunger from the house.

natural hard proud strength disown, refuse to claim that they have any strength as compared with the sea.

oozed away, leaked out, or escaped slowly.

oriental squat, sitting on the heels.

perplexed the royal brain, puzzled the king's mind.

pilgrim's staff, a stick carried by a traveler going to the Holy Land.

port rigging, the ropes, chains, etc., on the left or port side of a ship.
puffed up, blown up, swelled up, having a very high opinion of one's self.
rain of lead, a large number of bullets.
rare product of divinest Art, a beautiful work in sculpture or painting.
raw material, material in its natural state.
raw silk, silk as it is taken from the cocoon.
red vault, red sky overhead.
royal speech, words spoken by the king.
saddle girths, bands fastening a saddle to a horse's back.
sage's cunning, a wise man's skill or knowledge.
shades of antiquity, ancient times.
shot upward, went up suddenly.
solitary trunks, trees standing alone.
source of silkworm seed, a kind of silkworm suitable to use as a beginning for silk raising.
sou'west, southwest.
starboard side, the right side of a ship.
symphony in F, one of Beethoven's famous musical compositions.
tempest's tune, noise of the water in a storm.
to be on good terms, to be in agreement, to be good friends.
to boot, besides, in addition to.
turned out, went out.
utmost desire, greatest wish.
very rapture, extreme joy and pleasure.
wide vision, power to look ahead and plan for large future results.
wont to heed, accustomed to listen and obey.

PROPER NAMES

An tæ'us (An tē'ŭs), a giant famous for his strength in wrestling.
Bed'ou ins (Bĕd'ōō ĭnz), wandering tribes of Arabians who live on the desert.
Ca scine' (Kä shĕn'), a park or public garden.
Gal i le'o (Găl ĭ lē'ō), an Italian astronomer who lived between 1564 and 1642.
Her'cu les (Hûr'kū lēz), a Greek hero celebrated for his great strength.
Hirsch'vo gel (Hĭrsch'fō gĕl), the name of an old German potter.
La Tour d'Au vergne' (Lä Tōōr dō vĕrn'y'), a French soldier named Theophile Malo Corret, called "the first grenadier of France."
Ma yence' (Mä yäns'), a city on the Rhine River, Germany.
Mem'phis (Mĕm'fĭs), an ancient city in Lower Egypt, on the Nile River.
Nic'ol e (Nĭk'ō lē), the name of a horse belonging to Prince Arnauld.

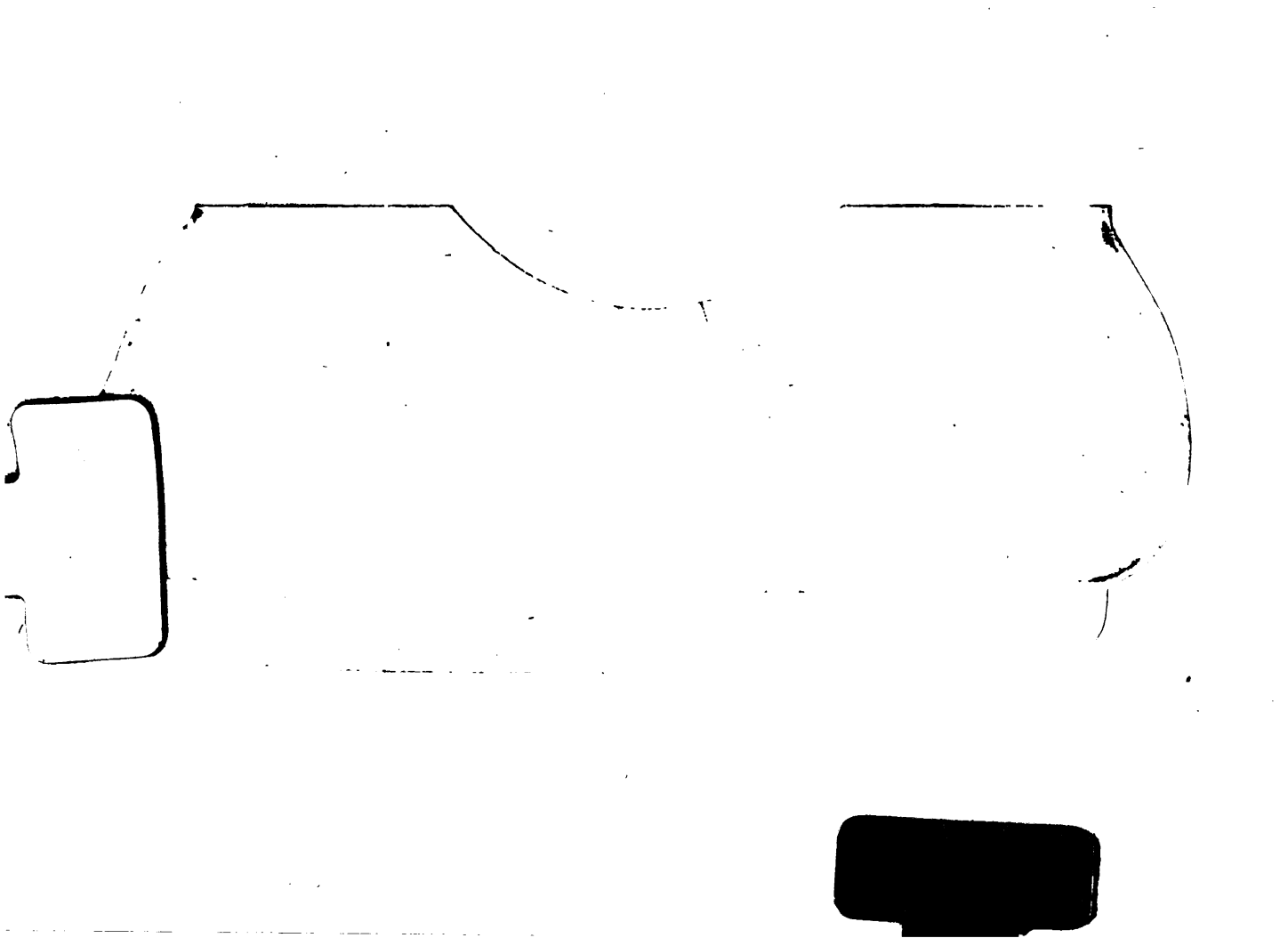
Pha'raoh (fā'rō), the title of sovereigns of ancient Egypt.

Sal'a din (Săl'ȧ dĭn), name of a horse owned by young King Edward of England.

She'ba (Shē'bȧ), an ancient country of South Arabia.

Sol'o mon (Sŏl'ō mŭn), a king of ancient Israel noted for his wisdom.

Uf fi'zi (o͞o fēt'sē), a celebrated Florentine palace containing a fine collection of paintings.

U'me o (o͞o'mĕ ō), a river in Sweden which flows into the Gulf of Bothnia.

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